Edinburgh & Country Croonings

James Ormaden

Stera. Old Dunedin
rising gray and grand.

EDINBURGH AND COUNTRY CROONINGS

BEING

Selections from the Shorter Poetic Writings

OF

JAMES LUMSDEN

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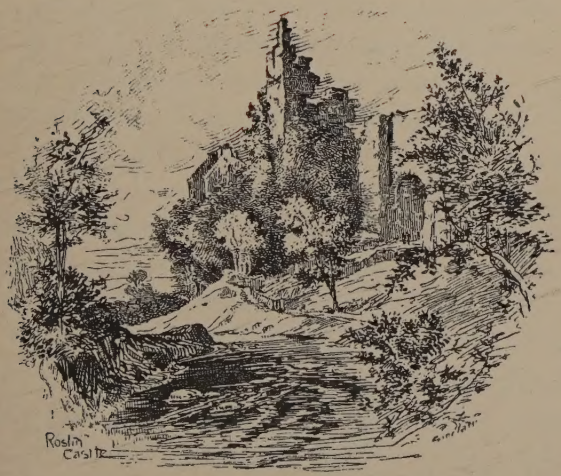

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PREFACE.

OWING to increasing years and frailties I have not felt in strong enough fettle for some time to undertake the writing of another entirely new work, and I stated this to the publishers.

They, while regretting the fact, have generously suggested that, instead of an entirely new book, I might perhaps see my way to selecting and revising a volume from the whole of my shorter poetic musings —new and old, published and unpublished—from all of them, in short, still extant and within reach.

I fell in with this flattering proposal all the more readily as I was painfully conscious that many of my earlier effusions in verse were produced in unfavourable circumstances and urgently demanded revision.

The limited task which I thus undertook I have now completed, and I may be allowed to indulge the hope that in sending forth this volume it will give pleasure to many readers and friends alike in my native country, and in Scottish settlements beyond the seas.

The Glossary which I have appended I trust will prove useful to many of those unacquainted with the more uncommon words in "braid Scots."

J. L.

EDINBURGH, 1905.

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EDINBURGH CROONINGS.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

STERN, Old Dunedin! rising gray and grand,
Stately and dauntless in thy maze of smoke;
Up-towering on thy heights firm thou dost stand,
And steadfast as thine own enduring rock!
A city that the ages cannot mock!
The stronghold of the land—secure, supreme,
The mother fit of Nature's sturdiest stock,
Thy wondrous aspect in the noonday gleam,
Is as an epic's rare—a god's embodied dream!

Majestic spreading—stretching low and high,
And far away hung up on either hand,
With turrets manifold ris'n to the sky,
And towers and palaces built to command
A world's renown, and glorify the land
Thou rulest from this high eternal seat,
Unequalled over earth—so fair, so grand,
Mountain and valley rolling to thy feet,
And island-studded sea, thy bound and border meet!

Like to an eagle on a cloud-girt height,
An eagle that with ruffled plumes dost ward
Her nestlings from the envy, day and night,
Of rieving cragsmen, wily, bold, and hard,
Thou seemest eager all thy hills to guard,
Longing to gather them beneath thy wing
And clasp them to thy breast in fond regard,
So distant thy gray pinions dost thou fling,
As even the Pentlands high thou wouldst thee nearer bring!

Dunedin! truly art thou magnified,
Enhanced, enchanted by this mystic site!
Uplifted to the clouds in princely pride
By citadel and monumental height!
Thy Calton and thy Castle—mind and might—
Rare Art and Nature, nurslings of thy clime,
That make thee matchless ever, and bedight
Thy regal form with wonder thro' all time,
With grandeur and romance—majestic, rare, sublime!

Along thy beautiful unrivalled way*
I wend with all my mind and heart aflame;
This is the Scottish Athens, people say,
Though never Athens yet, save but the name
Of outward semblance, could this glory claim,
This splendour and this wealth—a blended scene
Of Art and Nature, challenging the fame
Of aught in the whole world that e'er hath been,
Or is, or may arise, till Doomsday supervene!

Palaces and monuments at every step,
And in near distance ridges, rocks, and hills,
Glimpses of sea through many a northern gap,†
Avenues and promenades the prospect fills,
Gardens and parks—to surfeit ev'n the wills
And prudish tastes of idle multitudes,
Whom "learned leisure" or rank *ennui* kills
In longed-for time, in many-varying moods
Of discontented "ease" which *all disease* includes.

And deep down into earth thy gorges cut,
As deep below as do thy cliffs above
Protrude in middle air, and weird abut
On thy gray sky; gully, ravine, and cove,
The pristine works of Nature when she strove
In her young days, with ready tools or toys,—
Earthquakes, volcanoes, glaciers—powers that Jove
And she alone could wield, or swing and poise,
And in Creation's dawn far hurl them and rejoice!

* Princes Street. † Streets of the New Town.

Beyond the central valley, ridgèd high,
  Runs thy most ancient and most famous way,*
On whose broad stage, down-sweeping royally,
  Hath been enacted Scotia's wondrous play:
  From time's dim dawning to this higher day
Her mixed array of kings and mountebanks—
  Lords, beggars, sages—motley, grave, and gay—
Has down this avenue its nameless ranks
Poured to the dark abyss—death-girt, front, rear, and flanks!

Imagination shudders to recall
  The wild scenes witnessed here age after age,
The misery, the squalor, and withal
  The revelry, the hunger, and the rage
  Of frenzied multitudes, whom to assuage
Oft death itself was vain, and pains and blood
  Were but as spurs to make them fiercer wage
Havoc and riot, as a torrent's flood
Sweeps wilder to the main the more it is withstood!

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!" Alas!
  Thou art no "seat" at all to thousands born
Within thy shadow, nor unto the mass
  Of those who seek thee, weary and forlorn,
  Who plead for succour and gain spite and scorn,
And for their "leave to toil" but sanction get
  To pass thro' thy foul dens to that dark bourne,
Whence none returns thee more to chafe or fret—
Heaven grant they may not curse, but strive all to forget!

Away! Edina! with vainglorious pride!
  Away with cant, hypocrisy, and lies!
Away with thy foul blots on every side,
  Thy dens of darkness, sinks, and human styes!
  Let in the light that not for centuries
Hath ray'd their lurid and hell-looking gloom;
  Raze to the rocks the hideous rookeries!
Exalt thyself, victorious o'er the tomb
Of thy dread, sordid Past, now given to death and doom!

* High Street and Canongate.

Then, on thy hills, look up to Heaven's blue
And shake from thee the dust of evil years!
In resolution fixed, thy youth renew,
Made stronger by thy sufferings, griefs, and fears!
March in the van, amidst thy first compeers!
For truth and justice let thy pulses beat,
And songs of charity enthrall thine ears!
So shall thy Poet's plaudits sound more meet,
And thou be hail'd in truth old Scotia's "Darling Seat!"

THE TWA CAPITALS: EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

Twa capitals to ae land is richtly rare—
But Scotland thro' a' time was aye "ane mair"!

FIRE-FLAUGHTS and thunder cam' wi' fa' o' nicht—
Black, pitchy darkness and red glaring licht,
Abrupt, harsh, startling, awe-inspiring sound,
And peace as sudden, eldritch, and profound,
Alternate fell owre Lead's affirichten'd hills,
Ae autumn eve, as, worn by mony ills,
I warstled owre them, dune, and sair beset
Which track to tak' to my friend's house to get,
For I *must* see him, he was "dying fast,"
As said my telegram at noon by past.

But a' in vain, for, last o' mony fa's,
I stumbled owre the scaur at Garlie Shaws,
And lay, insensible of dying friend,
Thunder and lichtnin' and my journey's end,
As I'd been in the Mid-Atlantic's bed
Tomb'd ten leagues deep, or centuries been dead!

How lang I lay, I couldna tell for sure—
But a gey whilie, ablins twa-three hour,
For at that warlock's scaur foot, thro' my brain
Rumaged Infinity, ere I again
Seem'd to up-wauken at the witchin' hour,
And saw—guid kens—a sight that made me cow'r !

The lift a' whombled, whiles 'twas day, whiles nicht—
A mixtie-maxtie potch o' mirk and licht,
But mirk prevail'd, for shadow, I opine,
Held three parts o' the moor, and o'er the line
That wends by Tintoc it was dark and black,
As that which over-veils the Future's track.
I startit up, and glower'd, yet lauch'd, "Ha ! ha !"
For I was neither kill'd nor scaith'd ava !
But where was I ?—Lo ! owre the moving moor
Troops o' strange shadows forthwith 'gan to pour ;
Hush'd and dumfounded lay the breathless earth,
Unable to gi'e ev'n a zephyr birth ;
But sune the clouds disparting, o'er me grew,
Upwards and sidewards, strips and blauds o' blue,
Between the cluds, full in my sicht display'd,
As e'en the welkin had a Scots ovation made.

But weirdly now the scene did seem to change,
A ghaistly, mystic licht the moor did range.
As does a creeping mist—but faster far
Than a mere trailing haze, or sea-born haur ;
For, ere my dazzled een could vision it,
The wilderness around was flaming lit ;
And, in its eerie glare, far things appeared
As plain and patent as the hillocks rear'd
Within a circle o' a stane-cast braid
Of where I lay—like ane by Deils betray'd.

Close, on my richt, uprose "Auld Reekie" dear—
(The "Modern Athens" of those nice o' ear)—
Romantic as her wildest lover wills,
Throned like auld Athens on her hundred hills ;

And on my left St. Mungo's city cast
Another empire and dominion vast
Of man's devising—houses, stalks, and spires,
And ship-masts peakin' thro' the smeek and fires.

Belyve a' clouds dissolved, and thro' the glim
O' the weird licht, the stars begoud to trim
Their winkin' lamps, and in the east the Mune
Was as a sea-fire in the month o' June ;
Syne thick, around, the shadows now were seen
In numbers vast—vast multitudes—I ween,
A' glidin' owre the Moor frae space unknown,
And swallowed up in it again when gone ;
Frae east and west they cam', frae south, frae north,
Legions on legions met, mix'd, and sped forth,
Hurrying like humans wham we've aften seen
Mad rushing hamewards frae the play at e'en.

Thae mobs o' shades belang'd to ev'ry age,
But only to our Scots clime, I'se engage,
For a' were cap'd and clad in such array
As only Caledonians wad essay ;
Breekless the feck o' them at first skelp'd past,
Syne crowds cam shrouded round in tartans vast ;
Then woollens blue, and hamely hodden gray,
As warmly theek't and busk'd as mony mae ;
Anon the Modern tribes gaed skipping by,
In ev'ry stuff and colour neath thy sky,
Or in itsel' ; or bows that brig it hie,
When sweet May's sunny showers refresh the lea.

When a' the moderns had jiggit past,
The eerie, lurid licht became o'ercast,
And was succeeded by a nameless glim
Whilk made the wide moor near me eithly trim
As fancy pleased, sae now on ilka hand,
Seeming nigh ilk ither, did the great touns stand
Edwina and St. Mungo, whilst between
Them baith, halfway, I lay and watch'd the scene !

Thus a' appear'd around me on the moor—
A wondrous vision truly, yet how poor
To that which was to follow! Up the sky,
Beyond Carmyle and Kenmuir, there shot high
A spout o' flaming fire, that plain disclosed—
As plain's a ship in open sea disposed—
A wingèd figure up the Vale o' Clyde
Come fleein' heavily in power and pride;
A maist stupendous sprite she was, I trow,
Stamped "Second o' the Empire!" on the brow,
For she was naething less than Glasgow's sprite
And *genus loci* of that town of might!
Up, up she flew, wi' pond'rous flapping wing,
Yet steadfast as the hunting hawk in spring,
Nor baited she one jot in speed or aim
Till the Cathedral opposite she came;
There she swerved northward wi' the grace of power,
And lichted crousely by her ancient tower.
She seemed a vera auld, but gash guidwife,
Wha mair than maist had made the best o' life;
Her piercin' een missed nocht, and she was clad
In fire and waterproofs frae heels to head;
Her auld umbrella in her hand I knew,
And lo'ed its amplitude o' cotton blue!

But jimp her back was leaned against the Tower,
When in the east I heard a driedfu' stour,
A horrid sound, as if auld Bass the while,
Thro' some earth ongauns, sair had got the bile;
But this was wrang, the unco din was made
By proud Edina out on the parade!

This time 'twas with a purpose—West she flew,
And on her Castle perch'd wi' grand ado;
She looked a very high and ancient dame,—
Ane made owre haughty by her world-wide fame;
Blae was her visage, and her learn'd wig,
With pedantry and pride was puff'd out big,
And bobbit owre her brow as if to say
"I am a Queen, behold the lands I sway!"

Her sable dress was like a lawyer's goun,
Bund wi' a brewer's brat securely roun';
Perch'd on her Castle Rock she stared straucht west,
And thus her Glasgow tittie bauld address'd :—

EDINBURGH.

Thou'rt there again, I see, on that auld tower—
How canst thou in that fashion at me glower?
Thou kens I am the greater—all do ken,
Altho' thou art a wonder, too, to men!
Thy sons have powers in the mechanic line,
Yet are as seedlin's when compared wi' mine!
Talent's, like 'tatoes, a drap sap mak's grow.
But constant deluges rot a' below!

CLASGOW.

Proud Madam! I but laugh at thy conceit,
Tho' whiles thy saucy ways prompt me to greet!
What art thou at thy best compared wi' me?—
A windy borough by a straik o' sea!
Thy sons—a shilly-shally batch o' boys,
Wha, out o' schule, dow nocht but mak' a noise!
A lot of go-aheaders strange are they
Wha drawl and waste the best o' ev'ry day,
Get aff—sair wark!—some scraps o' lang-dead lear,
Syne cock their nebs as prodigies they were!
I grant, indeed, thou'st reared a man or twa—
Scott, Carlyle, Hume—the greatest o' them a'—
And Kames, and Stewart, and Will Hamilton,
And a wheen ither lesser lads ye own,
But whaur's thy Grahames, thy Kelvins, or thy Cairds,
Thy Campbells, Hutchesons, or ev'n thy Bairds?
This country ca'ed the West outshines the East
As much as Clyde thy burn o' Leith, at least!

EDINBURGH.

My "burn o' Leith!" Thou big impudent jade,
How darest thou speak so o' the stream I've made
As pure and as pellucid 's that which ran
Thro' Eden in the days o' the First Man,

And stock'd wi' trouts forbye—the finest fish !—
That my young gentlemen may catch a dish,
When I do grien for them ? Don't rake up Clyde !
Oh ! daughter of St. Mungo, let it bide !
It is an open reekin' sewer now,
Sin' it thou ditch'd and deepen'd, years ago !
Its nameless horrors will pollute the sea—
Yea, ev'n the braid Atlantic, if lat free
Much langer in its spacious fields o' brine,
Tho' they were saut as Lot's wife was langsyne !
Upo' a par wi' this are thy fause words
About my laddies—thae warld-famous lords !—
Wha o'er oblivion and dark death uprear
Their fronts immortal, as my mountains here
Shoot high their lion taps abune the rack
Of that sad reek that never lea's my track—
Nae mair than thine—the only ill I fear,
Wi' the spring winds, and aft they mak' me sweer ?

GLASGOW.

I weel believe't ! Yet pride maun hae a drag,
Or it micht tapple owre the nearest crag,
As now it threatens owre the paltry curn
O' smertish callants wham thou've schuled or borne.
Oh, guid be thankit ! of sic pride I'm free,
Or wi' my Roll Renowned, what wad I be !
Its names to tell, a yule nicht wad be brief !
Past computation a'—and a' death-prief !
How I micht crouse craw owre my Doctors Reid,
Strang, Hunter, Baillie, Cullen, and, in feide,
Name giant Adie Smith, mine ain bred bairn !
Worth a' thy Blairs, an' Bells, an' Browns, I'se warran',
Tauld twenty times ! As for thy men o' lear',
They downa either weel wi' mine compare !
Ev'n if we tak' but them wha lived and dee'd
Before this century had shot a-heid :
Wha canst thou pit against sich deevils dour
As Jardine, Anderson, Dunlop, and Moor ?

Or Bishop Trummel, founder, lang ago,
Of my First College—when thou'dst nane to show!
Forbye the Boyds, an' Beaton, Wodrow, Graham,
Maclaurin, Forbes, Wellwood—chiels that Fame
Hath crown'd and thronèd high for aye owre men,
In ne'er-disputed richt to rule and reign!
Kings absolute in erudition, till
Scots folk for learning tine baith wut and will!

EDINBURGH.

Bawl not thy musty pedagogues at me!
Nor haud them up as if, on bended knee,
I should fa' doun and worship! Adam Smith—
And he was frae our Lang Toun owre the Firth—
Is maist the only worthy o' the batch!
The rest's a lang-forgotten, prosy hatch
O' book-worm grubs! wham to compare wi' those,
That I, within the period thou impose,
Sent marvels owre the world to lead and bless
Entire humanity frae than to this,
Wad be a jest, I trow, were it not meant
By thee, in spite, to gi'e my heart a dint,
But, saucy limmer! tak' thou tit for tat,
And syne match me the gods whom I've begat!

GLASGOW.

The "gods!" how dost thou name them, Lady Grand?
I'd think thy "gods" were but an impish band!
Thou lookst mair like a dam o' ghouls than gods—
But name the idols ere my patience nods!

EDINBURGH.

Tho' "Second o' our Empire" thou are named,
'Tis for thy size, not sense, thou art sae famed!
Taste and refinement give thee a wide berth,
But of their opposites thou kens nae dearth!
Still, wishing thy amendment, ere I'm done
I'se featly o'er my matchless laddies run,

Beginning ere thy Bishop Trummel dee'd,
Or he had ta'en that Pig-cruive frae his heid,
Thy quaint "First College," and end near the day
When sank thy lark that sang "The Sabbath" lay :—
First comes Dunbar, the wisest Scottish bard
Sin' Tam the Rhymer in Elfland was heard ;
Sir Richard Maitland next, auld Scotland's friend,
Her poet an' historian to his end ;
Sir Dawvid Lindsay o' the Mount I claim,
He in this East was born, had lands, and hame ;
Nae satirist e'er plied a sharper quill,
Nae dry-nurse ever shrewder hushèd still
A royal squaller, or gat less for it,
Than droll Sir Dawvid—maugre a' his wit ;
The martyr Wishart, too, was of the East—
That garden o' the gods—and not their least !—
There Knox and Heriot, too, upsprang to fame ;
There Merchiston's great Napier's deathless name ;
Drummond the dove of Hawthornden,
And butt and censor of the burly Ben ;
And Bishop Burnett, and that patriot born,
Fletcher of Saltoun, wham nae bribe could turn ;
Carstairs and Rutherford, the great divines ;
Johnston, the judge, and Leslie—wha the lines
Of ev'n Cromwell did bamboozle aft,
Till he lost a' by zealots waur than daft !

GLASGOW.

My high-bred complimenter, that will do !
The cock will craw belyve ! Are ye near through ?
Gin thou prose on at this Auld-Reekie rate,
I fear some o' thy "gods" will have to wait !

EDINBURGH.

It's dune in self-defence ! I'll hae my say,
And thou sall listen, whether yea or nae !
Crichton the admirable I claim as mine,
And e'en great Henderson the Fife divine ;

And Ramsay, wi' his "Gentle Shepherd's" fame—
Why on this vera Rock he built his hame!
Lord Forbes, too, Eldin, and Donaldson;
Dick and Dalrymple, and Lords Gardenstone,
Monboddo, and Glencairn!! The Muses' fry:—
Douglas, Hamilton, and Buchanan high;
Him o' "The Seasons;" an' Falconer—
A' "Makkars" trusty, and true men of honour!—
With Mallet, Blacklock, and sweet Michael Bruce,
And poor young Ferguson, rare, blythe, and crouse!
Macneil, Macpherson—e'en the prosy ane,
Wha faither'd his fanse fudge on Ossian!—
Boswell, and Blair, the grave bard of the tomb;
And great John Leyden, and wee Johnny Home—

GLASGOW.

Ye raving, railing, randie! rant nae mair!—
Thy "Godlings" company we weel can spare!
For what want we wi' a' thae auncient fools!
We're happy they're a' happit i' the mools!
Grahame, Campbell, Pollok, Burns, and Tannahill
Are worth ten shiploads o' sich shavers still!

EDINBURGH.

Thou must be rude—it is thy nature to,
As thou hast ever done, so must thou do!
I named these lights as a mere group o' mine—
Some stars that in my firmament still shine!—
But tho' I multiplied the list by ten,
I wadna half exhaust my bead-roll then?
I hae but tauld the chief to Home and Blair,
O'erleaping dizzens worthy nicer care,
As John o' Duns; the Erskines, and Munroes;
The Browns, Dundases,—and, in short, a' those—
An unco number!—whom I'd no in mind,
Belanging to the span o' time design'd.
But what's the odds? Sister! ye trow richt weel,
That, in a' pints, I tower owre thee a deal!

" My great book trade
Puts even muckle London in the shade!"

Tak' trade for ane,—behold my breweries!
Haill streets in length, and aye the newer is
The langest o' the lot! they tell whare siller is,
Baith them, and my renoun'd distilleries!
And warn ye, thou canst not a candle haud
To my great trade in liquour—guid and bad!

GLASGOW.

I'se no dispute it! Pity that this trade
Sae mony o' thy sons imbeciles made!
My callants tell me they've sae tint their glee,
They never smile but when they're on the spree!

EDINBURGH.

A vile, ridiculous insinuation,
Born of base spite and vaulting, mad ambition,
And so beneath my note! My great book trade
Puts even muckle London in the shade!
My schules *are* schules, wharein education
Exacts frae thousands murd'rous occupation!
My learn'd Professors, ever sin' their birth,
Have hardly daur'd to creep out owre my hearth;
My lions of the law are kenn'd a' owre,
And, being sae, why needs I roose them more?

GLASGOW.

Nae need ava, they can do that themsel's,
Better than wedders that do bear the bells!—
Void a' thy spleen at ance! This rivalry
Thro' a' this century has sicken'd me!
And sae it was that I did thee invite
Unto this conference and chat to-night,
To see could we no' come to better terms,
Whereby, for guid, we micht lay doun our airms,
And no' provoke ilk other thus, nor mak'
The haill roused country point at us and talk
Between its loud "Ha! Ha's!" which aft are heard—
Nocht to our honour, or our high regard—
As far as Fleet Street, where that Aircher, "Punch,"
Sits whetting his dreid dairts at us to launch!

As for our trades, thou kens as weel as me
They downa be compared, nor e'er can be ;
As weel compare a match lowe to the fire
Wi' which my Vulcans grim, when they desire,
Gar solid airn rin like spates o' slush
That doun thy gutters in a thaw do gush !

EDINBURGH.

Thou grants me naething ! How can I cry "Peace !"
When not one tittle of thy claim thou'lt cease,
But rather go on adding to it mair,
As if it were thy scheme to whelm me fair,
And owre my sunk heid raise thy upstart toun,
As the sole capital o' Scotland groun ?
Thou baith my trade and great men laughs to scorn,
And law and education floutst in turn !
But thou'lt admit—since ever I was boun'
By Malcolm Canmore to the Scottish Croun,
Doun to this hour, I've been the supreme seat
Of Scotland's sovereignty, and the retreat—
The loved retreat—of her nobility,
And a' her greatest born 'twixt sea and sea ?
Her legislative and law-making place,
And scource executive, since Jamie's race,
At Perth, was stappit by avenging Grahame ?
And further, thou'lt allow that I, in fame,
Do out and out outshine thy vulgar name
For airn wark, and ships, and deaving din—
Things mere mechanical, and base as tin ?
But these aside, why, my aspiring dame,
Nature herself doth me supreme proclaim,
As witness'd by her pledge—this Queenly site,
Here heaved sky-high on mony a rugged height,
There plunged into the depths and womb of earth,
Where Titans only have appropriate birth ?

GLASGOW.

Waur, waur ! Of ev'n thy site this truth is trite—
Thy site 's thy site, but *thou* art not that site ?

And if it be thy badge, as thou mainteen,
Then, I'm *queen'd* too! for, how mony a scene
Of grandeur, and of beauty unexcell'd,
Within my area can be beheld!
Up to my verra wa's the glory fills!—
Westhorn is mine; Cathkin, and Campsie Hills;
The Wangel, and Kilpatrick; Pollokshaws;
Bothwell and Blantyre, and its Priory wa's;
Gleniffer Braes; Bardowie Loch; and, last,
My Kelvin valley—*Elfland o' the Wast!*
And mony ithers—a' as fair as thine,
Tho' nae Sir Walter yet has cried "Divine!"

EDINBURGH.

Thou gars me laugh in turn, and in my hairt
I'm half inclined to cede thy wish'd-for pairt!
What is it thou wad hae? In reason speak,
And let us aff thae nasty wranglings break!
Shute thou to me thy cotton unberell,
And do thou wairp this muffler round thysel',
Tied steeve about thy chafts, 'twill fend thee weel,
When doun thy Clutha Eastlin snell winds steal!
Come, tittie, come! say what will buy us peace,
And mak' this feide unseemly instant cease?
Thou ne'er canst be as me, nor me as thee,
But we may, Love! agree to disagree?

GLASGOW.

Sin' I hae min', nae words upo' my ear
Did ever fa' that gied me greater cheer!
Thy muffler, frae the cauld blasts me to fend,
I do accept and welcome! sister; friend!
For a' our testy bickerings, I trow,
Our herts were never vera far astrow!
An' we agree to let the past *be* past,
Of course we'se understan' that, first and last,
In thy best pints I equal thee, and that
In mony ithers I owertap thee flat!

In trade, in population, in great men,
In general importance, power, and strain,
And, abune a', in our great public schemes,
Mine far outstrip thy vague and tortuous dreams,
Bungled in planning, and in carrying through,
'Maist lost in muddles of a vast ado!
This free admitted, then we can agree,—
As thou hast been continue still to be,
In a' relating to the law and courts,
Thy Governmental places and resorts,
Have still thy General Post Office, dear,
And I'se keep mine intact—that thou may swear!
The public proclamations at the Cross
They maun be made in baith touns—or nae loss
O' time be tholed until they're swept awa,
Wi' a' their "use and wont," like last year's snaw!
Thou'lt be the capital in name galore,
I'se be the capital in wealth and power!
Maintain thy jurisdiction where thou can,
And I will mine extend on mine ain plan!
Feed fat thy bouk on thochts o' thy grand sel'—
How thou'rt of a' the warld the city belle!
And I will quately, doucely jog alang,
My toun improving and renewing strang!

EDINBURGH.

For sake o' peace, and that I have the while
My ain thochts on the great themes thou revile—
Thochts that thou canna, ne'er will understand,
Because thou'rt made to wield thy great command
Owre forces differing frae those o' mine
As much as our twa natures in design;
The cock will craw anon! 'Tis Sunday morn,
Else lang ere this we'd to our caves been borne,
By early toilers, and the rush and rair
O' trains that 'tween our touns whirl evermair.
Hand me thy umberell! pledge o' our pact,
I'll keep it in my Castle here intact—

Gif I find room for't—and just lainch it out
To show great visitors, when they're about,
Or when I gang to Lon'on or the Queen's,
An honour'd guest amang her honour'd freens!

GLASGOW.

Bravo, Edwina! Glasgow's sister-twin!
Accept this sacred token that our sin
Of living erst estranged is deid, and now
Repented of and coosten, stick and stow!
Ta-ta, twin-tittie? may we aften meet
'Tween blasts o' Eastlin wind and Westlin weet!

Thae words were hardly spoken when I heard
The Dawn of Day by chanticleer declared,
And instant frae their eyries the twa sprites
Spontaneously arose and took their flights—
Ane east, the ither west, whilst on the moor
I wauken'd wi' a start—near my friend's door!
For, in sooth, straucht fornent me, by the Shaw.
The weel-kenn'd house, some hundred yairds awa',
Stude brent afore my een in the gray dawn,
Smoking richt gaylie 'midst its verdant lawn!
I scrambled to the door and rang the bell,
Which swith was answer'd by Miss Howe hersel',
Wha, smiling, told me that her billie dear
Had pass'd the crisis, and wad sune be fier!
"But what is that" quo' she, "upon your brow?"
I liftit up my hand and felt—O, wow!
A new developement—a bump, I ween,
As lairge as ever turkey's egg was seen!
'Twas plain at once: I *had* fa'en owre the Scaur
And knock'd my pow against some jutting spar,
Or muckle stane; then in delirious sleep,
Had lain for lang hours by the Warlock's steep,
And dream'd the while, what here is set in sma',
The strange convention o' the spirits twa,
Wha represent and guide the cities great
Of Edinboro' and Glasgow to their fate!

"JOCK EEZIL'S" DREAM.*

[An Edinburgh Fairy Fête.]

"JOCK Eezil" was an artist, born
Near the dean ca'ed Haw-thorn
Ae unco Hallowe'en ;
His mither was a sorceress,
A spae-wife, howdie, doctoress—
A far-kenn'd skeely quean ;
His daddy was a clerkin' chiel,
Pent in a lawyer's offish ;
A caird who lo'ed his drams owre weel,
And was considered "waufish ;"
But he jee'd, and sune dee'd,
And swith was laid aside ;
And Jock grew boyhood through,
His "Ma's" ae boast an' pride.

This artist's genius did appear
As early as his green ninth year,
For he drew then on's schule slatie
A "likeness" o' his Auntie Katie,
Busk'd in a new gown, brave an' braw,
Wi' her buck teeth, new wig, and a' ;
And, case that ony should mistak'
The lady for a last year's stack,
The discreet laddie wrote below—
"*Thiss is mi deer Ant Kat, yu no' !*"

Praised as a "jainus" for this wark,
Jock sune grien'd sair for "fame ;"
And preen'd his plumes for higher mark,
To bring doun grander game.

* The writing of this poem was begun at the time of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations—June 1897—but it had to be postponed, and was not resumed and completed until February, 1898.

Within a book his minnie bocht,
  Sune "drawin's"—by the score—
O' maist things ever seen or thocht,
  He added to his store ;
And these his mither's minister,
  A "guid believing man,"
On seeing, did himsel' bestir
  For Jock to work an' plan,
That he micht sune a student be,
  In terms o' 'ts constitution,
O' our great Scots Academy,
  Or Royal Institution.

There three years, Jock wi' time sae deal'd,
  That, wi' twa mair at Rome,
He, on his coming back, was hail'd,
  And strecht aff did become
A leading landscape limner o'
  The modern "Scottish Schule,"
A race whase "geniuses" elbow
  Fu' mony a mista'en fule.

At the first Exhibition on the Mound,
  After his bright return to his ain shore,
Jock had five samples hung, which, at one bound,
  Did land him in among the foremost core
  Of painters whom their native touns adore,
Which—bless them for 't !—they never fail to do,
  When ance they've broken frae ilk youthfu' splore,
And fairly have out-launch'd upon the new
And dark rough tide of life—the "Modern Athens stew !"

By crowds o' folk Jock's praise was sung an' heard,
  And a' his pictures "met a ready sale ;"
Still, some were not content,—but, *were he spared,*
  Next year he'd gar thae stubborn critics quail !
  A subtle scheme he'd plan to rout them haill !
This was to paint twa "glories" nane could beat,
  Or ev'n equal, on a "whuppin" scale,
Ane of *Midnicht*, wi' Moon and Stars complete,
The ither, *Dawn o' Day*—as seen frae Arthur's Seat !

Thae matchless triumphs o' the keel an' brush
Were to be won within the Jubilee year
O' our maist gracious Queen, sae Jock did push
Up to the summit o' that mountain dear,
Ae nicht when moon an' stars shawn full an' clear ;
Stored an' provided 'gainst his nicht-lang watch
Wi' rowth o' sandwiches an' ither cheer,
Including flask, tobacco, pipe, an' match,
With which his sublime task in comfort to dispatch !

Souple an' strang, he scorn'd the easy way,
Which from Dunsappie gently tracks the hill,
An' rises by sma' gradients up the brae,
Preferring, rather, by his valiant skill,
To storm the steep, unwitting aucht of ill,
Sheer from the gorge that's hight St. Anton's Dell,
From crag to crag upspringing blythe, until
Upon the rocky croun he fand himsel',
When he his flask would tap, an' smoke, an' rest a spell.

Now, lang ere this the king o' day had sunk
In's gowden glory doun the occident,
An a' wide heaven was azured owre be-junk,
And wi' nicht's starry legions was besprent,
Led by the queen-like Moon, maist radiant,
All fresh an' glowing frae her silvern bowers,
Inclosed 'midst Neptune's empire orient,
Wherein his Naiads knit thae snawy flowers,
That crest his sea-green waves an' wreath his wat'ry towers.

Across the Firth, and a' the land a-near,
And o'er the silent hill he stude upon,
Saft breezes wafted, an' did sough fu' drear,
And eerie shadows pass'd him and were gone,
Whilst still the Moon and stars unclouded shone,
And the great city smeek'd, and glared its lichts,
A thousand fiery points on darkness sown,
Not like the stars abune, but blae as wichts,
Exiled and pris'ners held, unworthy skyey richts.

Jock fell to wark amain, an' sune had he
The scene sublime weel sketch'd and in his pow
Whate'er he couldna draw o' land or sea,
Or star-jewel'd firmament, for, high and low,
Nae jot escaped his eager gaze, I trow ;
And syne he saucht a bield to rest him well—
Till Dawn peep'd blushing owre her Lammer Knowe.
The dowff moon-ridden Nicht's closed reign to tell,
And void the haill wide lift for Sovran Sol himsel' !

This fand he sune below a towering rock,
O'erlooking the great gorge and crags beneath,
Where keenly frae his flask he suck'd—nae mock,
But a deep draucht o' Stewart's, through his teeth,
Him to replenish, and his heart ensheath
Wi' hope and courage, for the fateful fray
And strife wi' nature, for the victor's wreath,
Which with to garland his lang locks that day
When Art upon the Mound made her next grand display !

The nectar being prime, Jock felt at ease,
And sae sat doun—his back against the rock ;
But to sleep's border-land, by slow degrees,
His spirit drifted, as his meershaum's smoke,
Grew less and less, then, sudden he awoke,
Hazy an' stupid, strangely—*as he thocht*—
And wondering what it was that could provoke
This unco fit, when he sae weel had focht,
And ev'n the half had won o' the high prize he socht.

Before him spread a wide-extending flat
O' greenest swaird, a' free o' whins an' broom,
Starn'd owre wi' wild-flowers bonnilie, I wat,
Daisies an' buttercups in summer bloom,
Which Jock scarce saw, because there was nae room
In moments sae supreme to spare for them,
For, faster than electric lichts illume
The North Brig wi' their incandescent flame,
Vast multitudes o' elves frae Fairyland there came !

Aff ilka airt the surging crouds rush'd on ;
The haill Hill gapit wi' ten thousand holes,
Frae whilk the Fairy legions pour'd anon,
Not singly, but in dreidfu' swarms, or shoals,
Beyond a' count—ouphes, knurlins, goblins, ghouls,
Fays, guid and wickit, frae the Nether Realms,
Gentle and semple, Wisdom's sons, and fools,
A motley mob of doucelike folk an' blellums,
Up-hauders o' the warld, an' those the warld o'erwhelms.

Jock, in his cosy nook, kenn'd weel the fact—
The Fairies had annexèd Arthur's Seat,
What time TRUE THOMAS, by ane glaikit act,
Lured here the Moonshine Race, on promise sweet,
The then unborn Kilmeny's sprite to meet,
By virtue of their native power to be
Where'er they wis, or fancy can entreat,
In past or future, or on land or sea,
Seen or unseen, as thochts, ranging eternity.

Wi' a' this Jock was perfectly acquent,
" But what," quoth he, " is a' the steer 'enoo ? "
An auld, staid elf, in passing, on him bent
A kindly glance, and ev'n made a bow,
Syne turn'd an' gently said, " Mortal ! unto thou
I may reply, because thou'rt of the core
That rangest Nature over, through and through,
Hunting for wonders, which thy hearts adore,
That ye in paint to men their glories may restore !

" Know, then, O Mortal ! I am *Tomalin*,
His Majesty King Oberon's Knight-at-Arms,
In whose loved service I use up my years
Since Wizard Spenser unto me gave name,
And gave my office, not the *sanction* merely,
Bet the *approval* of the world as well.
I'm of the BODY GUARDS, a company
Of knights and gentlemen of Fairyland,
Enroll'd, and sworn on oath of Arrarat,
With all our might to serve our Emperor

In fearless honour till the crack of doom
And vanishment of earth. For that I love
Thy simple truthful heart, and fancy rare—
And eke as quaint as e'er was berth'd withal
In brain of Scottish mould—I'll thee enfold
The meaning and occasion of this Play,
Now being staged within thy human ken."

JOCK.

Wi' a my heart I thank ye, Tammy Lin!
Knichthood apart, ye are, I needs must say,
A proper gentleman!—for handsome is
That handsome does, and, truly, not ae hair
Care I for your dimensions, for an ant,
Nae bigger than this pimple on my nose,
Evolves and teaches even giant Man
Forethocht an' wisdom, sae superlative,
That neither sage nor seer can better it!
Go on, sir knight! go on, dear oracle!
My twa lugs gape to drink thy wondrous tale!

TOMALIN.

This is thy Diamond Jubilee year, and 'tis
In Fairyland the Ter-Centenary
Of our so gracious, dear Titania,
Queen Consort, and joint monarch of the Fays!
Man! Mortal! three centuries have sped
Since by the might of Shakespeare she was raised,
Named, crown'd our Queen majestic evermore,
In an Athenian wood one summer's night,
As this moon haps, *three hundred years ago!*
Following that Moon's bright sphere around the globe,
We celebrate our yearly *fête* this time
Most opportunely and most fitly here,
The noble heart romantic of the land
Most loved and loving of the stainless Queen,
Whose sixty years of rule last week did see
Fulfill'd, and honour'd by a million towns,
And joyful cities ev'rywhere o'er earth,

'Twixt Pole and Pole! Lo, Mortal! hearest thou
The music of the Underworld advance?
It is to fitly proclaim the approach
Of their High Majesties—in chariots drawn
By steeds Olympian of fire and light,
And wingèd as the eagles of the North—
Oberon and Titania, who, in state,
Meet here this night the sapient Magistrates—
Lord Provost Thistle and his Bailies stout,
Together with the faithful Dean of Guild,
And gifted Treasurer, the elf Mac Hat,
And all the loyal herd of Councillors
Of this old capital, both to receive
Their homage, and addresses dutiful,
And offered in the name collectively
Of all their fellow ouphes located in
The limits of these ancient territories—
This Kingdom Caledonian—well belov'd!
The music's chiefly vocal. Hear to them!

FAIRY SONG: DUNEDIN.

Dunedin hills are rockie,
  Dunedin hills are hie;
But to our Fairy folk aye
  Nae bonnier hills there be!
Nae bonnier hills there be,
  Nor ony e'en as fair,—
Oh, ye hie hills o' Dunedin,
  We dow never lea' ye mair!

Dud'inston loch is lonely,
  Dud'inston loch is drear.
But beauty dwells there only
  That dwells nae ither whare;
That dwells nae ither whare,
  In a' our Fairy Round,
When midnight waters murmur,
  An' flowers in tears are found!

Dunsappie loch is bonnie,
Dunsappie loch is sweet,
An' aft its pleasant borders
Are skipped by Fairy feet!
Are skipped by Fairy feet,
When the proud Moon beams bright,
An' she sees in the waters
Her face the lee-lang night!

Saint Marget's loch is cheerie,
Saint Marget's loch is bright—
Altho' St. Anton's near aye,
An' his auld howff's in sight!—
An' his auld howff's in sight,
The what o' 't 's to the fore—
The last sad scrap now left us
O' his far days o' yore!

Dunedin hills are rockie,
Dud'inston loch is drear,
Dunsappie's sweet an' bonnie,
Saint Marget's lo'ed for cheer;
Saint Marget's lo'ed for cheer,
When bairns its boaties fill,
An' when the Moon, to kiss it,
Her airms throws owre the hill!

JOCK.

My rare freend, Tammy Lin—or, pardon me!—
Sir Tammas, rather—Man! sae sweet a strain,
Sich deevine maisick, by the Saul o' Airt,
Ne'er reach'd my heart before! Whare be the folk?
Naething I see but moving multitudes
O' tots o' men and women garb'd in green,
Or muneshine lookin' white—where be the gods,
The seraphs that that Melody o' Heaven
Sent soonding owre this hill three meenits since?

TOMALIN.

They're still in Fairyland, tho' on the way;—
Rest thou in patience, thou wilt see them soon,
Hark! hark!—they play again!

FAIRY SONG: THE QUEEN.

For that Night is nigh its noon,
Cometh our Queen Monarch soon,
Hand in Hand with Oberon,
To her Car of State!
Ev'ry vile thing flee anon!
Be with flowers her progress stroun!
Flowers on earth and stars aboon!
Meet for Oberon's Mate!

Hence pismires and hissing snakes,
Black night ravens, and fire-drakes,
Screech-owls, jackdaws, corncraiks—
Hence till dawn of day!
Come not near her thou blind-worm,
Horn'd snails keep all thy form!
Toads, and leeches, hide, and swarm
In thy bogs—away!

Golden flowers of whin and broom
Fall in showers, and perfume
Her night-path, and it illume—
Ev'ry bloom a star!
Anemone, and primrose,
Honeysuckle, and all those
That make bright Midsummer's close,
Rain thy sweets on her!—

Pansy, violet, bluebell,
And the tiny pimpernel,
With the stonecrop, that lov'st well
Her rock home on high;
Bugloss, now that celandine
Is past flowering, and doth pine
In the meadows—tho' sunshine
Gilds all earth and sky!—

Bring all these, and that there be
A *fête* meet for such as she,
Carry hither rosemarie,
And, with banks of thyme,

All the roses—every one,
Be they whole or partly blown,
For the Queen of Oberon
Make thee all things prime!

JOCK.

That cowes Leith Harbour! Whence comes the music?
It's neither of the airth nor of the air,
Altho' baith airth an' air were fou of it,
And naething else! Oh, gracious Tammy Lin,
Be ev'n further gracious, an' tell me
Whaur be the glorious fountains o' that flood
Of heavenly melody?

TOMALIN.

In Fairyland;
Whose citizens in closed-packed multitudes
Mosaic now this Hill– whose bosom is
All hollow-caveren'd, as the sea-worn rocks—
The old-world's bulwarks—on the stormy shores
Of iron-bound Dunbar.—This local haunt—
A city capital it is to us,—
One bravely order'd too! no finer town
In all our Fairy Empire couldst thou find,
Nor one more law-abiding, or which hates
Disloyal tumult, strife, or anarchy
With such a soul determined and convinced!
So, being, as we're known, the archetypes
Of thou dull Mortals of this middle world,
We have our Kings and Queens, and royal fry,
Whose princely privilege it is to gad,
And suck the honey of the working bees,
And pay them with contempt! All castes, all ranks,
All useful posts and sinecures Men know,
Have in our Commonwealth their prototypes,
And patterns eterne. That level plat,
Beneath this cliff, is the appointed stage,
Whereon, to-night, their Mighty Majesties,
Oberon and Titania, shall receive,
From the Right Hon.'ble Lord Provost Thistle,

With all the Magistrates and Councillors,
And Heads of many other bellied Bodies,
Of this Metropolis and loyal land,
Addresses dutiful and to the point,
Congratulating them on this Great Day—
The Flower of Time! the Ter-Centenary,
The Day commemorative evermore,
Of Mab's Accession to the Fairy Throne!

JOCK.

Whan does the show begin? I'd like to see't,
For that's a bonnie plot o' gress, I trow!—
It looks like Glasca Green!

TOMALIN.

So well it may!
See'st not, to-wards the East, yon noble pile
Arise in glory, as of blessings built?
The "Fane of Concord," 'tis, the *People's Palace*,
Which, after the Centenary rites are o'er,
Is to be open'd with the first *éclat*,
By ev'n the Fairies' Chief, Lord Primrosebery—
The prototype, of course, of one of thine—
For evermore it is our mission high
To shadow forth, by sp'ritual sights and sounds,
The future doings of the sons of Men,
And all their varied ways, words, thoughts, and acts.

JOCK.

Bravo, Auld Tam! "Lord Primrosebery,"
I take to be your model of a Scot,
Wha's mair an' mair admired, esteem'd, an' loved
The mair he's kenn'd?—Rush throo the Royal Farce!
I'm in a fidge to hear an' see Lord Prim!

TOMALIN.

Hush! listen! Mortal! if thou canst, and quake!
Their sovran Majesties are on the Move!

And Bunkum Palace for St. Anton's left,
Ev'n as we talk! Now all along the route
Of the procession, Fairy nations crowd,
Thicker than gray-faced sheep at Falkirk Tryst,
And *maa* and *baa* e'en more! Here come the firsts!—
Soldiers in regiments, and troops, and corps!
None nameless! none unknown! and there, O Scott!—
The old SCOTS GREYS of Fairyland themselves!—
Accoutred and equipp'd as Heroes be!—
Their bearskins fearful as the frowning brows
Of Fate o'erstooping Sin! Their chargers, too,
Those War steeds terrible—what joy to see,
Defiling round these mountain butresses,
Larger than farm-yard mice round barley stacks,
But sleek as new-born kittens ere they're drown'd!
"*Second to none*" they are! That Blenheim knew,
Ramillies, Oudenarde,— Malplaquet, too!
And Waterloo! and Balaclava!—where
They cut their way to Glory's citadel,
And so enrobed themselves with high renown,
They caper now like *Mars* for evermore!
Oh list that music coming from our types,
The Elfin Scots Greys, playing Scottish airs!—

FAIRY SONG: THE AULD SCOTS GREYS.

Should a' the battles be forgot
O' reg'ments of the line?
Should the Auld Greys be mention'd not,
An' tugs o' war langsyne?

Chorus—

For auld lang syne, comrades,
For auld lang syne,
We'll birl the bicker turn about,
For auld lang syne!

In Flanders first we drew our blades,
An' gar'd the Fae to pine!
But we've bled in mony a Forlorn-Hope,
Sin' auld lang syne!
Chorus—sung after each verse.

Frae Tournay, on to Waterloo,
We ne'er a field did tine,
An' mony a stoure we've warstled through,
Sin' auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, etc.

On Balaclava's hichts we gave
A troop to the "Red line,"
An' back like geese the Rooshans drave,
That day, lang syne!
For auld lang syne, etc.

"Scotland for ever!" was the cry,
Forth flash'd thy blade an' mine!
The Rooshans couldna ocht but fly
That charge lang syne!
For auld lang syne, etc.

Then drink a can to the Auld Greys,
That ne'er their fame may dwine!
They've scatter'd aft Auld Britain's faes
Sin' Auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne comrades,
For auld lang syne!
We'll tak a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne!

JOCK.

Great Granton! what a ploy! O Tammy Lin!
Whaur cam' frae a' thae wee bonnie naigies,
The vera miniatures o' leevin' steeds
Now stabled at Jock's Lodge? What *can* they be?

TOMALIN.

Just what they seem and are. The Fairy tongue
Y-clepes them, "Picktree-brags." For cavalry,
Nothing on earth, or ev'n in Elfinland,
Can stand before them! In nature, Fairy,
They are, of course, compact of air and earth—
Part spiritual, part material—

But all immortal, tho' aye subject to
The other ills that plague thou lumps of clay—
But halt !—our Royal Chariots ! Behold !
Behold, poor Mortal, and lament thy kin !
These first are fill'd with various notables—
Princes and potentates from foreign Courts
And leading Colonists, and Chiefs of Ind.,
Then come the awful Officers of State,
Led by our Coalition Premier,
And all his cabinet of giant minds !

JOCK.

I downa bide them !—ane's just like anither !
Whare is the Queen ?—it's *her* I want to see !
But what is a' that noise ?—the sun 's no' burst ?

TOMALIN.

It is their Majesties ! Well may'st thou start,
Ay, *tremble*, till the very sweat of fear
Drop from thy bristles !—but keep good heart still,
For I am with thee, and my influence
Is tantamount to both thy life and weal,
Being now with Oberon paramount,
Hush ! that's the Poet Laureate, and he sings !

THE FAIRY POET LAUREATE'S SONG.

Why shines yon moon so bright ?
Why gleam yon stars of light ?
And all these dewdrops white ?
Lo ! hither comes, this night,
Queen of the Fairies' King !
The Zephyrs scarce can blow,
They're load with fragrance so,
For flowers would die with woe
Did the night winds forego
Their perfumes Mab to bring !

Into Oblivion's shade
Three hundred years have sped,

Since, in Athenian glade,
She our great Queen was made,
By Shakespeare, the man-god!
All hail, then, bright, loved Queen!
Myriads of Fays are seen,
All crowding round this Green,
That they may say they've been
Whereon our Ladye rode!

Pipe, tabour, gittern, harp,
Be heard from scarp to scarp!
Let not one ill wind warp
The music quaint and sharp,
With which we welcome her!
Thou fretful seas be still!
Low murmur brook and rill!
And with thy joyaunce fill
This raptured Night until
Glad Morn comes from afar!

JOCK.

Altho' no' just sae weak as some we've had,
This Poet Laur'at, like them a', is bad!
But here comes ane—a local Fairy ane—
His mouth wide open, ready to begin!—

A LOCAL FAIRY POET'S SONG.

The Little Craigs, Sal'sbury Craigs,
Samson's Ribs, the Echoin' Rock,
The Windy Goul, St. Leonard's Hill,
Are crouded a' wi' Fairy folk!

Radical Road, Duddyston Road,
The Queen's Drive, the Palace Yaird—
The Hunter's Bog—they're a' in vogue,
Ne'er sich a Ploy's been seen or heard!

St. Anton's Well, St. Marget's Well,
The Wells o' Wearie, e'en forbye,
By Elfin squads, gif their drouth hauds,
Ere morn sall a' be drucken dry!

Our neibors spier—"What's a' the steer?"
An' glow'r again, an' rub their een!
They little ken, thae sons o' men,
The love we bear our Fairy Queen!

Her Empire's girth is wide as earth,
The Mune ne'er sets on't it's sae great!
Myriads o' Fays, a' happie, praise,
An' bless Hersel', her throne, an' state!

JOCK.

I liked the last song better than the ither,
Because it seem'd, atweel, a heartier blether.
But, mercy, dear Sir Tammas, where's the Queen?
To drive frae Bunkum what a time she 's ta'en,
An' 's no here yet!

TOMALIN.

She is detain'd, no doubt,
Getting addresses from her loyal elves.
But, Mortal! ere she comes, list thou to me!
Thou must be hidden from her piercing eyes!
Wherefore, know thou there groweth nigh a plant,
The common Vervain it is call'd of men;
And tho' 'tis lilac-blossom'd, small, and fair,
'Tis the most hated flower of us that grows!
No Fairy worth his salt will look on it,
For 'tis a poison to our eyes and nose—
A curse, in short, eternal as our race!
From earliest times, this deadly little weed,
By Mortals who have been our enemies,
Hath been esteem'd as "holy," for it holds
A sap, or essence, antipathetic
To every spirit other than mere Man's;
Wouldst thou believe it—with this noxious herb
In ancient times they strew'd their homes at night,
To keep our wandering Ouphes from ent'ring them?
Nay! tied it round their children's very necks,
In little bags—oft deck'd with ribbons gay—

Infection to avert, and 's amulets,
To charm our Fairies from them ! Greatest men—
Priests, Officers of State, Ambassadors—
They, of all men !—when done treaty making,
In sacrificial rites and incantations,
Did solemnly employ it ! So it is—
To *us*, but not to *thee*—therefore, go hide
Behind that rock, for there the dev'lish plant
Grows and pollutes, with *stench*, this balmy night !
Fear no approach of Fairy Sprite or Form,
For not the wildest fay from Elfinland,
Would come anear it tho' his mother pray'd !

JOCK.

I ken the flow'r richt weel, its habitat
Is in waste places near to towns—like that,
But, dear Sir Thomas, if frae me ye go,
I'll ne'er divine the meanin' o' the show ?

TOMALIN.

Mortal ! the voice of duty calls me hence,
For, when the Chariots halt on yonder Green,
I must approach their Majesties at once
And usher all the Leaders of this Land
Into their August presence : never fear !
Thou wilt see all, and understand it too,
Tho' too far off to hear the spoken words
Of all the trembling herd, or the replies—
(More musical than a Peri's hymns,
And beautiful as waterfalls in May,
When heaven high your Scottish Laverock sings !)—
Of our ethereal Queen,—I'm in thine eye,
And, when I lift my hand—like this—stand forth,
Secure in perfect trust, and care of me !

JOCK.

Weel, vera weel—go on ! I'll see it out,
Altho' my " trust " should gape, and cry, ' Hout-tout ! "

TOMALIN.

That's right, child !—I'm off !—the chariots come !
Fear thee nought, Mortal ! for tho' they're sublime,
The Monarchs of the Fairies are not fiends !

JOCK (Alone).

This is the funkiest farce I e'er was in !
That little deevil !—weel named "Tammy Lin !"
He mak's me lauch !—What fear I for the fry
Of Elfin princelets, peers, and potentates.
And a' the pigmy rabble scurrying bye ?
But, here's the carriages ! O Wow ! fill'd fou,
Wi lion Aulphs, wha'll mak' a great ado,
Because they're ablins sib the Royal bluid,
Or in direct descent sin' Noah's flude,—
Oh, weel, weel, weel ! What are their cairriages ?
Just like themsel's !—truth nocht dispairages,
And it is true that, a' their cars are shells
Are walnuts, or the prickly pine-tree's bells,
That in gray Autumn, on the Woodland grass,
Crunch underneth our feet as on we pass.
Eh ! !—*here's the Queen !* Newhaven ! I must say
She's gash—an' fat—extr'ord'nar—for a fay !
Wha wad describe her dress must needs wear specs,
For it is of sae mony films an' flecks,
Infiniteisimal an' gosamer,
My merest breath wad rend it did it stir !
An' ev'n a bridegroom's tears wad draigle't a',
Waur than sale petticoats in Patter-raw !
Noo, at the far end o' the Green, she stops,
Maist graciously to please yon lollipops,
Wha're to present addresses, an' receive
Her three words in reply, syne tak' their leave,
As if a god had spoken, an' how fine
She lifted up ae ee, an' smiled divine,
Ere she 'gan blawing of the Royal nose,
Wi' a white cobweb, perfumed by the rose !
O Portobello ! but the Queen's nae *fool !*—
She kens a paste bead frae a gowden jew'l !

Upo' her countenance I see impress'd
Shrewdness, an' circumspection, of the best—
I like her weel!—an' in this distant view,
She looks the *Perfect Woman*, through an' through—
Sedate an' cool, an' motherly, an' kind,—
Fou, fou o' hert, and lairge, and just in mind!
Her locks are white as is the newest snaw,
But she is beautiful despite it a',
Because she is sae true, an' bright, an' "good,"
Sae mindfu' minded o' baith mild an' rude;
But her twa staring een wad dykes see through,
An' ev'ry character ope to her view;
She, at first sicht o' ev'ry elf, or man,
Sees a' his past, an' a' himsel' doth scan!—
But, yonder Tammy Lin hauds up his hand!—
And I step furth, obedient to command!

TOMALIN.

Mortal! draw hither!—'tis the Queen's decree,
That thou approach her instantly with me!—
Most Mighty Sovereign, Jock Eezil's here!

TITANIA.

Lie on thy belly that thy height be less,—
Thou Mortals are so hoist on flesh and bone,
We pigmy creatures cannot reach thy "Zone,"
For lack of length when we would speak with thee,
Even sitting in our chariot though we be!—
Artist! we're given to know thou'st made a sketch,
Of Midnight, from the top of Arthur's Seat,
To be, in future, supplemented with
A picture of Sunrise, from this same Hill,—
Canst show me what thou'st done?

JOCK.

Your Maijesty,
Has only but to hint, and that hint's had,
'Maist ere its name is kenn'd! Here is my sketch,

Altho' it merely roughly indicates
The outlines o' my plan, which, briefly, is—
To hang, in our next show upon the Mound,
Twa paintings, that shall out-an'-out defy
A' competition, strife, an' rivalry,
From wheresoever they might come again!

TITANIA.

Ah! ah!
And I shall them inspect on that same Mound,
If moonlight be propitious, I'll be bound!
But, Mortal Artist, I *so* love this sketch,
That I would have the sketcher follow me
Instant to Fairyland, and sit beside
His greatest patroness—Titania!—
Queen, lovablest of queens the wide world o'er!—
For a probationary seven years,
And at their close—if then thou loved'st me,
And all the half-heaven world of Elfinland—
After a visit possible to those
Of all thy kin who had still escapèd death—
A meagre number I would shrewdly fear!—
Say! say!—There, thou would'st have all thy desires—
Straight to return, and never leave me more!
Renown, and ducats, countless as the stars,
For sketches of our scenes,—which are beyond
The utmost fancy of thy greatest bards,
As much as night's 'yond day! Did'st thou but see
My parterres in my Garden Holygood,
With all the beds of flowers that blossom there,
And blow, perennially, and evermore,
Smelling like nectar the gods sip, and dream,
Dreams inconceivable by all but gods!

JOCK.

Your Fairy Majesty,
Doth offer like yersel! I like ye weel!
An' if ocht ever tempts me on to leave
My native hame an' city—Edinbro'—

Which I lo'e dearer than the breath o' life!—
I'se bear your words in mind, but those pentins,
Midnicht an' *Dawn o' Day*, they *maun* be dune,
But *when* they're dune, Great Queen, we'll see, we'll see!
I dinna like my man-life a' thegither!
It's wi' sae mony fashious bathers fraucht,
That, truly, aft my hert is like to brek,
Wi' grievin' for them!

TITANIA.

Well, Ah! very wel!
When thou art ready, seek me on this Hill,
Near this sweet Green, and when the Moon is full,
And hangeth like the targe of warrior Jove
In Heaven's starry hall.

Farewell, poor Jock!
He in the next car's Oberon, my king,
In full dress uniform, as Kurnel of
The Gordon Highlanders of Shadow-land,
The latest sons of Glory soon to be!
Farewell!

JOCK.

Ay, Ay! So long; But, Roslin! what is that?
The haill Hill sings like a Revival Kirk!

FAIRY SONG: TITANIA, O!

A-doun the Westlin welkin jows,
In airy cortege canny, O,
Anointed Oberon and his spouse—
The snawy-fair Titania, O!

The Mune kythes wan gaun doun the sky,
The shootin' stars are many, O;
The moaning breezes idle bye,
Bewailing our Titania, O!

Titania 's sonsy, stout, an' sleek,
And as astute 's she's bonnie, O;
Nae foreign knave daur ev'n prick
The pinkie o' Titania, O!

Wide is her sway, lang last her power!
Her influence o'erspan a', O!
Till to time's vera hin'maist hour,
Let it streetch out, Titania, O!

Nae face sae sweet, nae heart sae pure,
Nae higher mind has ony, O!
Frae India fair to Lapland dour,
The People's Queen 's Titania, O!

Our fays they hae in Germanie
An Emp'ror—or a Zany, O!
An' mony lands high sovrans hae—
But nane to match Titania, O!

Come peace, come weir—she keeps her chair!—
Our Fairy Throne, Britannia, O!—
Tho' ev'ry foreign wolf should rair,
They'd rair in vain, Titania, O!

Our guid Auld King* his hoary baird
She keeps an' kames sae canny, O!
A' things in Elf-land could be spared,
Before our Queen, Titania, O!

JOCK.

Losh! that cowes cudd! Ye tauld me, Tammy Lin,
Ye were our patterns an' exemplars aye?
Yet here hae I the noo just seen an' heard
The similar o' that whilk I did thole
In London's streets but a short week gane bye,
In the eruptions o' our Jub'lee *fêtes?*

TOMALIN.

We play around all Earth. Hadst thou but been
In Australasian Wilds when yon bright Moon
Stood at her fullest in fair Sydney's sky,
Thou mightst have seen thy London revelries
Rehearsed perfectly by our Elfin hosts,
A month before their time!

* Type of JOHN BULL.

JOCK.

Great Scott again! Man! did this rock-based hill,
Turn tapsalteerie, or a sommersault—
Blinding wi' stoure that very "Moon" o' yours—
Ye'd find a reason for't! But what's up noo?
The crouds are a' asteer on ilka knowe,
An' scour about like eemacks!

TOMALIN.

No wonder!
Their sacred Majesties have flown their sight,
And even now are scudding o'er the wave,
Straight for Columbia—*Land of the Free!*
Now, nigh the Green, approaches presently,
A great, distinguish'd company of fays,
Who, with fit pomp and stately ceremony,
Will ope that temple of the Harmonies,*
Y-cleped the *People's Palace*—lo! they come!

JOCK.

Anither Di'mond Jubilee?—The Dwarfs!
Knurlins as wee as Liliputians
That tied doun *Gulliver!* Here come mair troops!
The band and pipers, to the very cuits,
O' the Argyle an' Sutherland Highlanders!—
Playing as *they* can play!—an' singing too—
As is the custom aye in Fairy here—
An air I've surely, surely heard before!

FAIRY SONG: IT'S COMING NOW, FOR A' THAT.

Ye imps o' toil and poverty,
Sunk in despair, and a' that,
Look up this day wi' brighter ee,
And surer hope, and a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Our Ancient chains, and a' that,
The Past has to its limbo gane,
The Future's ours for a' that.

* See the *Scotsman* of January 24, 1898.

Altho' we lang did grane and sweat,
And daredna speak and a' that;
The days when only might was right
Are gane for guid, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
Injustice, scorn, and a' that;
Oppression's sway hath had its day,
Now Right is King, for a' that.

Behold this "Noble"*—he's nae loon—
Ane o' oursel's, and a' that!
And his ae thought 's to help us on,
And lift us up, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Caste, prejudice, and a' that;
His elfin heart disdains to slight
One brither ouphe, for a' that.

Princes may weel hae royal ha's—
The Nation gies them a' that;
But we, wha build a' our ain wa's,
The *People's Palace* ca' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our tippling tricks, and a' that;
We tramp alang, thro' richt an' wrang,
To the "Good Time," for a' that!

Then we'll rejoice wi' heart and voice
That what we've done is a' that,†
And nae mair fear the way's not clear,
To our birthrights, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming *noo*, for a' that!
When elf in elf, the warld o'er,
A brither sees, and a' that!

JOCK.

That sangs a cracker! I do like it weel,
Altho' the singer is a parodist!

* Lord Primrosebery.
† The People's Palace and Winter Garden.

TOMALIN.

He is no parodist—*your man one is!*
The imp is full of skill and antique lore!
Wisdom, philosophy, and cranky wit,
He fires by turns, and sometimes makes a hit.
Another of these "parodists" comes on—
It is the "Singing Piper!"—Hear *him*, John!

THE FAIRY PIPER'S SONG: THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

In the Hall of our council the Lord Provost spoke—
"What I'm gaun to propose is by nae means a joke;
Lon'on 's dune it already, an' why shouldna we
A braw People's Pailace in Glesca sune see?

Chorus—

"Come fill up your cups, come fill up your cans,
Come gather your forces an' sattle your plans;
Then doun on the Green let us a' squatter free
Till a Pailace an' Gairden unequall'd hae we!

"This question, once mooted, will meet wi' applause,
For the People in Glesca hae freends o' their cause,
Wha for spirit an' siller their maiks downa be,
Frae the tap o' Tintoc' to the sole o' the Sea!
Sae fill up your cups, etc.

"It is only but justice the People should hae
Their Pailace an' Gairden in this later day!
For the People, we ken weel! our maisters now be,
And it's frae their ain savin's this gift we'll them gie!
Sae fill up your cups, etc.

"Not a stiver 'twill tak' frae our private estates.
It will be a mere eetem o' chairge on the rates;
But, eureka, my boys! its great credit will be
A' ours, absolutely—as sure's three's three!
Sae fill up your cups, etc.

"Sure its gran' to be noble, an' liberal, an' kind,
An' great benefactors, whene'er we're inclined—
The pouch o' the public, ram'd fou to the ee,
In the public's behoof to toom speedilie!
Sae fill up your cups, etc."

JOCK.

The "Piper," is a would-be "satirist,"
And, like the great feck o' his clan, his darts
He's no' partic'lar whom they wound—if he
Can only frae his victim's agony
Suck "pap" to nurse his vanity. His tribe,
Baith elves an' men, I hate like castor oil!
But yonder come the Openers in cabs!
Oh, Tammy Lin! wha's thae twa in the first?

TOMALIN.

All in good time. But, John, the Piper meant
Offence to none, and didst thou know the elf,
Then wouldst thou know how groundless is thy charge!
Mirth, naught but mirth, was purposed by his song.
The comers in the landau number one?—
The spirit doubles of those still in flesh,
Prototypes in our aerial kind.—
Lord Provost Richman, and his leader fit,
Lord Primrosebery, as illustrious
For wisdom as for wit—through Shadowland,
He reaches 'yond (and still is reaching more)
Two good full lengths, his nearest follower!
As Gladas did our Elfin Derby win,
So will *he* win and rout the Premier field!
Within the "Winter Garden," near that dome,
Whose Fairy outline thou now lookst upon,
The function of inauguration, he—
(In this our first rehearsal of the rite)—
With speech appropriate, will now enact;
And from this coign of vantage and retreat,
Which I from pure regard have brought thee to,
Thou mayst, through the pictured glassy roof,
Behold, and hear, all that transpires within,
As fully, and conveniently, as if
Thou satst upon the platform, in a chair
As high and soft as Ob'ron's! Now they file
Unto their seats upon the spacious dais,
Sir Thomas Lippy, and five hundred others,

All Ouphes of mark and might in Fairyland—
Attention! Lord Provost Richman rises!

JOCK.

Ou, ay! But I now spot Lord Primrosebery,
(Lord, bless an' hap him warm evermair!
And nevermair ae sleepless nicht be his!)
He seems sae near in kin, an' name, an' nature,
Feature, an' figure to the statesman, loved,
By me an' Scotland, as our Wallace is,
The Queen, an' Robert Burns! The Provost 's up!
Lord Provost Richman 's up on end, I see,
A guid fay, truly; but, tho' guid he be,
His richt haun neebor is the imp for me!
I'll never can report a' that he says—
I am nae Charles Dickens at shorthand!—
Some pints I'se mind, but a' the rest maun dee?

TOMALIN.

It is not needful to remember them—
Do just as pressmen do at every meet;
Nor needst thou heed the minor orators,
Because, when comes the *real* opening day,
The watchful papers will give them their due,
Should they be lacking pad!
Now Wills-land's down,
Begin those witty lips and eloquent,
To move and play upon our hearts and minds,
As they were Highland pipes. Hear! hear, Oh, hear!

JOCK.

I'm listenin' like a worn-out factory "hand,"
For "ane o'clock" on Saturday—before the Fair!

LORD PRIMROSEBERY.

Lord Provost, friends, and fellow citizens
(To give our Elfin speech fit Mortal form).

Your invitation to come here to-day
Does me great honour ; and the greatest joy
'Tis to obey, for I allegiance owe
Your good Lord Provost, *as a citizen.*

(Applause.)

JOCK.

New he warms up, now, now he's on the fang,
The vera starns seem to bend an' listen
For the forthcoming flude !

TOMALIN.

Hush, Mortal ! If they hear thee speak but once,
Then art thou broken ! These Elves would rend thee sure,
As do fox-hounds a long-day's-hunted tod !

LORD PRIMROSEBERY.

My Lord Provost,
You have been taken by surprise, you say,
By what you've heard this afternoon, but I
Am much more lamentably taken now.

(Hear, hear.)

I was invited to a quiet lunch
Late in the day. I pictured to myself
That we'd sit down unto a mutton chop
And pint of Bass, and hob-nob couthilie.
But there we were, up in the City Chambers,
Fronting a princely banquet, long drawn out,
Munching knick-knacks, and sipping foreign wines,
And blethering "toasts" and "thanks," like Emperors !

(Laughter and applause.)

In wonder, stupor, yet high admiration,
I asked myself—If these the luncheons are
Of Glasgow's Corporation—then, what then,
Must that great Corporation's dinners be !

(Much laughter.)

They're an experiment that neither time,
Nor nat'ral limitations of Man's life,
Will permit ev'n to try ! (Laughter.)

'Tis said, with truth,
Howe'er omnipotent a man may be,
His wealth will not enable him to dine
Twice in one day ; but I do further go,
And say, that though a man Lord Provost be—
(And sure you know my estimate of one !)—
Ev'n Lord Provost of great Glasgow Town,
Not ev'n such a man, I say, could eat
A luncheon and a dinner in one day
On such a scale as that one given me !
(Laughter, and "Quite right.")
My Lord Provost, ladies, and gentlemen,
Time flies apace, but it needs not, I think,
A special genius for weak platitude,
To tell the manifold advantages
Of buildings such as this. They are, to me,
The hopeful signs of this our age—in which
Many Philosophers find only time
To pessimistic be—that men begin—
Municipalities and private folk—
To recognise their duties in this work ;
And, my Lord Provost, you will recollect,
What is, perhaps, of these new Palaces
The signalest example of them all—
That which was founded, East-end, London,
Upon the inspiration and the hint,
Of one, an author, whose renownèd books
Have given pleasure unto countless hearts,
I mean, SIR WALTER BESANT !—(Great cheering.)
Give honour to whom honour's due, say I,
And to Sir Walter, then, must we ascribe
(In Fairyland prophetically, here)
The honour of suggesting to the mind,
And conscience of this vast community,
That they—the People—should have Palaces
As well as others—What say you, my friends ?*

Great and prolonged applause, which prevented the eavesdroppers outside the Fairy representation of the Palace from

* *Vide* "The Scotsman" of January 24th, 1898.

hearing the remainder of his Lordship's speech. Just after he had resumed his seat, a strange-looking spunkie, said to be a "Peculiar," came forward and introduced himself to the vast assembly, saying that he wanted to sing to the audience a song which he had composed for the occasion. Leave being at once granted (the Fairies are well-known to be enthusiastic lovers and worshippers of music of all kinds), the wonderful-looking little imp at once cleared his throat, and then held forth as follows:—

THE FAIRY "PECULIAR'S" SONG—"GUEST AND HOST."

Guest.—"Lord Provost, when, in courtesie,
I part wi' you to-day, sir,
Dinna let your feelins be
Owre muckle in the way, sir!"
(Hear, hear.)
Host.—"I'll 'feelins' to the mischief throw,
My lord, my lord!
But I shall kiss your bonnie mou'
Twenty times, my dear lord!"
(Laughter.)

Guest.—"Kiss me on the mou', say ye?
What if I do bite, sir,
And a nose scarce leave on thee,
Wad ye ca' that right, sir?"
Host.—"Tho' I'd a trunk like the Auld Duke,
My lord, my lord!
I wadna grudge ye its haill bouk,
Neb an' brig, my leal lord!"
(Much laughter.)

Guest.—"Glasgow's hospitalitie
Far is famed, I ken, sir,
But a Provost's beak for me—
I'd rather that ye'd hain, sir!"
Host.—"The feint a *hain*, e'en *you* to please,
My lord, my lord!
Noses, noddles, knuckles, knees—
A' are yours, my dear lord!"
(Roars of laughter,)

Guest.—"Then I'm stockit! but, my Host,
Seriously tak' tent, sir!
If this goes on,—I'm surely lost,
And a' your cheer 's mis-spent, sir!"
Host.—"We canna treat you owre weel,
My lord, my lord!
Your Lordship is sae fine a chiel
And ye are Scotland's ain lord!"
(Loud applause.)

Guest.—"Oh! I'se come back again, I trew,
Mony times, I trust, sir!—
Sae ye needna spoil me *noo*,
Tho' hame this nicht I must, sir!"
Host.—"It's just because thou'rt gaun awa',
My lord, my lord!
That our heart-felt love we'd shaw
As we feel't, my dear lord!"

(Vociferous cheering, which must have shook the Fairy City of Glasgow to its deepest foundations.)

Guest.—"Dear Lord Provost! Kiss my mou'!
I swear I shanna bite, sir!
This Glesca welcome's pierced me through,
And proud am I this night, sir!"
Host.—"Nae prouder art thou than are we,
My lord, my lord!
A prouder city couldna be,
Than this o' thee, *thou rare lord!*"

(Immediate renewal of the thunderous applause, during which the "Peculiar" was observed to be wisely beating a swift retreat by the nearest portal into the mysterious concave or heart of the mountain—in all probability by a secret labyrinth to his own well-known haunt or cavern in Fairyland.

. . . . . .

After the meeting, Jock remembered nocht,
The haill strange scene was wipit out, he thocht;
And, in ae tick, or instant stretch o' time,
He seem'd frae Fairy to his native clime

To pass as totally as ane that wakes
Frae a delightfu' vision, and forsakes
Elysium for the solid, sordid earth,
And a' earth's life—fears, cares, an' hollow mirth.
'Twas morn—daylicht—the sunshine warmed his rock!
What said his watch? lo! *half-past ten o'clock!*
Up-bounding frae his lair wi' a great oath
New-coined by the occasion—but nae froth!—
No, no! but o' the vera stiffest ore
O' blasphemy that "beasted" man e'er swore!
And, further proof that he was nae weak ass,
He saw an' snatch'd his auld pipe frae the grass,
Whare it had drapt, what time he first did see
The Fairies a' forgatherin' for their spree!
In fa'in', tho', the lunt had burnt a hole
In his braw maud as big's a Fairy's poll!
But this was made amends for by the fact
That his corked flask lay in his pouch intact;
And a guid swig frae it clear'd ev'ry score,
And he cam' toddlin' hame as canty as before!

ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

[An Epistle to Mr. John Cameron, Town Clerk, East Linton.*]

HAITH, Cameron, thou'rt a prophet true!
We are, guid kens, "forfoughten" noo;
But we hae gat the flittin' through,
And here we are,
Unwittin' muckle yet, I trow,
Of what or whaur.

* Since the above was written, poor Mr. Cameron has joined the majority. He was a most able man of affairs, and for many years was one of the writer's most sincere and warm friends.

Our dwelling owre-looks Holyrood,
In a new street, lang, straucht, an' broad,
Twa stane-casts aff the sacred sod
That haps for aye
Fore-runnıng Ferguson, wha show'd
Ev'n Burns the way.

Behind the house, a dinsome wark
Of engineers an' smiths looms dark
Thro' smeek, an' steam, and flying spark,
An' fiery gleams,
Whare black men rin an' bustle stark,
Like deils in dreams.

Anither, near the far street end—
A foundry—ilka nicht doth send
Lowes frae its depths, that waft and wend
Owre half the sky,
An' gie our thochts an eerie trend,
As Nick war' 'nigh.

These are our ills, but, list to me,
We hae some guid things—twa or three—
There is the Park—near, open, free—
The glorious Park !—
The Castle, Calton, and the sea,
For bath or bark !

The Craigs, the East Hill, Arthur's Seat,
Wi' a' the knowes about their feet,
Ane giant family seem complete,
Stretched on their wames,
Their lion heids cocked up to greet
The day's last gleams.

Oh, Cameron, gin I'm spared a-wee,
What may thae mountains mean to me?
Already they are verilee,
To my sad heart,
A soothing balm— life, rapture, glee
Ne'er to depart !

For Nature's joys *are* joys indeed,
A never-drying fount—a feed,
A blessing ever, wine an' breid—
To all like me,
Fell'd by the warld, an' left to bleed,
An' grane an' dee!

Sae here's the Park, and there's the sea,
An' there's my Mecca waiting me—
The adored city, "Auld Reekie,"
"Edinburgh Toun!"
Wha'd hing his phaple here and "dee,"
Haith, he's a loon!

The Powers, wha mak' mankind their wards,
An' haud them aye in their regards,
Upstacking guid chiels, joes, and bards,
A hairst o' cares,
While casting sumphs and knaves rewards
O' their best wares.

O wad they, Cameron, but grant
A curn o' years—tho' only want
An' gutter destitution gaunt
An' lean were found,
How I micht revel, rove, an' rant
Owre a' this bound!

I'd seek the Puir in wynds an' slums,
Whare life frae death is kept wi' crumbs
An' filthy rags—whare never comes
Ae real guid day,
But sin an' sorrow, wedded chums,
Rough rule alway.

I'd note the scenes in sounding streets,
Whare Life her slavey, Traffic, greets;
An' Trade displays her weel-seen freits,
An' vaunty tricks,
As gif folk thocht her silly cheats
Werena auld Nick's!

A' holes an' corners I would scan,
Peer into every ploy an' plan ;
Uplift St. Cuthbert's cowl, an' scan
His phiz a' owre,
An' read his lineaments aff-haun'
Wi' specious power !

Museums, galleries,—a' shows
That this town glorious doth enclose—
Kirks, brigs, an' castles, even those
Beyond her sicht,
But not domain, I'd find, nor lose
But in death's nicht.

Grassmarket ! High Street ! Canongate !
The Hames an' Ha's o' ancient state !
The famous Closes, where the "great,"
For ages dwalt,
Ilk "Leddy Jean" as proud's her mate
Were Charles the Twalt !

The haill Past I'd disclose again,
Ay, e'en ere Randolph an' his men
Scaled castle rocks—great heroes plain !—
I'd up-hunt a',—
The auld kings an' their lordly train,
Antique and braw !

Montrose, Argyll-Covenanters,
Patriots, traitors, saunts, an' ranters,
Draggit to doom—true men an' canters—
Thro' yelling crouds,—
Wild, motley mobs—toun hawks, an' haunters
Of caves an' woods.

At tiers on tiers of winnocks roun'
I'd mark the gentles streetch abune ;
Grim, warlike armour, silken goun,
An' mantele gay,
Gleaming an' streaming up an' doun
The wondrous way.

By Halyrude I'd aft hail fairly
The hair-brained followers o' Prince Charlie,
The sillies !—for I love them dearly !
The daftest o' them
Was made o' stuff we see sae rarely,
We scarcely know them !

The 'caterans,' I would mark them well,
Frae craigs about St. Anton's cell,
Or Duddingstone's lone, lochy dell,
Steal forth at morn,
To range an' rieve—each for himsel'—
Ha,' hut, an' barn.

And I'd watch them slink back at e'en
Laden wi' plunder, telling keen,
In nameless Doric, frien' to frien'
Their unco toils :
How "she shuist drew ta durk a wheen,
And tuke ta spoils !"

"Cot tam ! Prince Shairlie's needin' men,
And men must live by feasts—or nane !
She'll pe ta furst !—pay *you* ta kane,
And pless ta chief .
That ye can ca' thae pyres yer ain,
As hur this peef !"

This city's ever-widening bound,
All over, as 'twere hallow'd ground,
I'd pilgrim proudly, and sae fond
And keen explore !
No such devotee could be found
West Judah's shore !

And, with the past, the present time
I'd pu', an' peel, and cook in rhyme ;
I wadna leave the veriest styme
Upo' my trail
For following bardies o' this clime
To taste their kail !

A' sights an' sounds upo' the street,
Each ferly that the strangers greet—
News-boys, match-vendors, fishwives feat,
Or huge and braw!
Cabmen an' touters—a' complete—
I'd limn them a'!

But wait, my lad! Here comes the crux,
Wha wad look at ye or your buiks?
Of rhyme each week there's such a flux
That ev'ry land
Gives birth, and straucht oblivion chucks,
Shiploads affhand.

Ah, Cameron, there's aye some "rub"
A' airts on Life's owre-crouded dub!
Bards wi' their muses canna club
But comes that scare—
"Utility," and does them drub
Baith het an' sair.

Sae I am left whare I began,
Wi' naething, save this doubtfu' plan,
A scheme that may or may not stan'
The rude world's shock;
But stand or stir, I'm not the man
Mere "doubt" can block.

And 'haps this wark, when risen hie,
May stand a look frae friendly e'e,
As some late ventures were by thee
(In my last bookie)
Held up as "rale fine poetry!"
By hook or crook aye!

Whate'er befa's it, mak' ye sure
'Twill be nae shoddy cheap-John ware;
But fabric honest, strong, an' fair
As I can mak it—
Woven wi' a the skill an' care
O' "Mucklebackit."

When it is dune we'se baith be aulder,
Thou, there, at Linton, getting balder,
Wooing the Provostship, to hald her
Until thou dee !
Me, city-grown, as glum's an elder,
An' drinking tea !

Alas ! sad change from what has been,
A red fat squire o' pastures green,
In flocks an' herds abounding seen,
Them a' his ain !
Now, plackless, tholing morn an' e'en
In wae an' pain !

Pent close within a city street,
Reek a' his air an' fragrance sweet,
His music, tumult—uproar meet
For deils in Hades—
In double sense, sure, his last beat
On the down grade is !

Au Revoir ! I'se write again,
When I can ca' my heid my ain ;
'Enoo, my auld ramfeezled brain
Sae bizzies round,
I scarce can gang or stand alane
On this strange ground.

My best respects to Mrs C.,
An' a' the bairns around her knee !—
For years they hae been kenn'd by me,
And, need I say,
The lion's cubs sall bear the gree,
Like *Dad* some day !

The "Dad" himsel' ! But I'se halt there.
I micht say what thou weel canst spare.
We've a' ae faut, gif thou'st a pair
Haith, close ye hide them !
But "fauts" like thine !—shaw thousands mair,
And I'se abide them !

AN AULD FARMER.

[Now Compulsorily Retired to the City.]

LORD, how he totters, how he creeps alang !
How palzied are the limbs that were sae swift !
How bent the shouthers that were erst sae strang,
And made the wheat sheaves spin thro' air like drift !
That gart the Irish navvies quake wi' fear
When they did riot in the field o' bear
Ae harvest morn.

A-down the street the aged farmer goes,
His auld coat trailing to his shambling heels ;
Within his hands twa staves he doth enclose
Wi' fikey fingers, an' wi' thae he feels
His way, sae unco strange an' singular,
And all unlike the country lanes afar,
This summer morn.

His snawy locks proclaim his many years,
His wan, sunk cheeks, and wither'd, wrinkled brow
Tell o' his changèd life and its dread cares,
And that his dwining days are numbered now ;
For he the earth nae mair shall till or reap,
But in a city grave lie down and sleep
Some early morn !

Oh, what a differ frae the time bygane !
The auld man was a blessing and a pride !
Nae husbandman like him grew green craps o' grain,
Or curler bowl'd in a' the country-side !
Nae happier faither such a family reared
Than that auld man, now wearie, worn, and bleared,
This May-day morn !

His lands, his house, his stock are poindit a',
His curling stanes are biggit into dykes,
His wife is deid, his fam'ly, far awa,
Are deid or married, and a stranger bykes

"A-down the street the aged farmer goes."

I' the fine farm he wraucht sae mony years,
Bykes, an' grows rich at half his rent an' feeres,*
And sings ilk morn.

THE WOLF, Y-CLEPED POVERTY.

THE Wolf cam' doun to our door
When farming times grew hard and ill ;
And, tho' we'd seen it aft before,
That beast we greatly hated still.

The callants even feared it,
The auld man grat for him and his ;
He kenn'd o' nocht wad mak' it flit—
The weird—"For Life!" was in its phiz.

The ill thief's teeth he'd fand aft,
And sair had tholed its sicker spite,
But auld age tender is and saft,
And downa bide nor bark nor bite.

Sae our Auld Man sune left us—
The Kirkyaird robb'd the Wolf o' him ;
An' tho' dark Death is nae sweet lass,
Beside the Wolf he wasna grim.

Our womankind as ill fared,
Tho' they'd outgrown their youthfu' cares ;
Ane follow'd hame to the Kirkyaird
Our Auld Man and his thin gray hairs.

Anither o' them teuk ship,
Forsook for guid her native shore ;
The hinmaist neither airt did trip,
But faced the Wolf brute at the door.

* Feeres, or fiars, the prices of grain in each county, determined yearly by the Sheriff, for fixing certain rates and tenant farmers' rents.

Three blooming roses were they—
A' that were left the parent tree ;
And twa were rudely plucked awae,
The ither left the storm to dree.

My curse be thine, thou Wolf brute,
That such a happy hame could wrack !
We may see mony a year dee out,
But auld lang syne will ne'er come back !

THE LION HILL.*

THE Hill that for a warld's age hath worn
The semblance of our lion† in its croun,
And twa millenniums hath it here upborne—
(Thy truest diadem, O, Caledon,
And glory of thy first richt royal toun !)—

* Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh.

† The resemblance of the summit of Arthur Seat to a resting or 'sleeping' lion, is, from some points of view, very striking, and from no other part is it more so, I think, than from the Public road to Portobello below Jock's Lodge. Coming city-ward one summer day atop one of the tram-cars, I drew the attention of an intelligent English gentleman with whom I was conversing to this fact, and asked him what he thought of it. Looking quickly up at the hill, and noticing for the first time, as he informed me, the remarkable leonine likeness, he excitedly exclaimed—'Ah ! Oh ! A lion it is, and no mistake ! The most astonishing and most exact presentment of an animal in nature' (rock, etc.) 'I ever witnessed or ever heard of ! Why, sir, that one wonder up there, I reckon, is worth coming twenty times from Land's End to see ! Yes, it is another Scottish lion, and the greatest of all the infernal pack of them !—It is ! !'

The type of Scotia's wally mountain race,
The breed of Bannockburn, sire and son,
Wha, true unto themsel's, keep premier place,
As this symbolic Hill, whilk naething doth efface.

Bang! frae Earth's veriest bottoms to the Lift,
Bursting like ragweed adamantine bands,*
Behold, young Scotland, thine immortal gift,
Thy fated and fit emblem 'mongst the lands,
Fashioned by Destiny and Nature's hands,
Arise, furth thy stern heart to thy stern sky,
A mountain marvel that mankind commands,
And a' thy coming foes shall see, and—fly,
E'en the fell Roman spawn, and ither envious fry!

Doun frae high heaven flash'd the grand decree,
And instant in mid-air shot up that Form—
That perfect Figure, through a' time to be
The image of calm Peace prepared for storm!
A sign for ever, boding mortal harm,
To those wha frae her rest fair Scotia broke,
By rash Invasion's rout, or Treason's larum;
That hame-hatched devilry whase whispers mock
The weal o' States throughout—wharever heard or spoke.

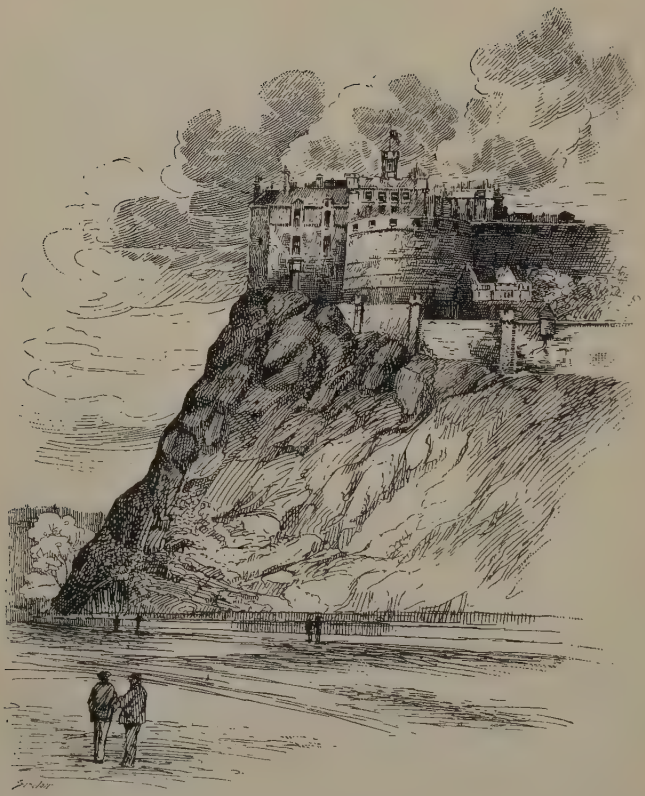
Nae langer "sleeping" syne! hills, far and near,
Wad quake and rummel in his uproused rair,
And foes wad scatter, ance he rushed to weir,
Faster and far'er than their hamald lair,
Or than fear-palsied shanks the loons micht bear.—
As erst at Largs, Stirling, and Waterloo—
And mony mair fell fechts—ten thousan' mair—
Whaur Scotia in full tilt did het pursue,
And haill hordes o' the rogues she overteuk an' slew!

* The hill is a mass of trap of various species, upheaved through the carboniferous strata of central Scotland. . . . The centre and upper part of the hill, and the remarkable columns called "Samson's Ribs," consist of basalt.'—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

Aneth the Lion's tap I've coo'rd my heid,
And cuddled cub-like on his beildy breist,—
(And never wildling yet of a' his breed
Creept fainer to him frae his rear-ward East !)—
To gratifie desires, that ne'er hae ceased
To wyse me back, an' back, an' back again,
His glories being to them as a feast
Is unto starvelings rescued frae the main,
Whan a' but want has fled, an death's been craved in vain !

Rugged the Lion is as weel's may be,
And stout and steeve as Nature's favour'd wean ;
His *Samson ribs* are e'en a joy to see,
And his stark limbs, shot far into the plain,
Are knuckled sae, they seem to swall alane
As "independent mountains"—'fore yon anes,
Ayont the Tweed, ca'd "Wailsh," whilk Southrons vain,
Blaw up as they were veriest Alps or Bens,
And not but bits o' knowes, like ours at Prestonpans !

The Lion only "sleeps" like our Watch Dog !
Nae wonder ! for his "view" wad murder sleep,
Waur than did Macbeth whan he turned a rogue,
And stack his guillie into Duncan deep !
Behauld ! plains, moorlands, mountains—steep on steep—
Dark woods and reeking touns—islands in seas
Like straths Elysian, whare the white waves leap—
Neptune's white fleecy flocks driv'n by the breeze
To seek athort his wealds e'en stormier realms than these



"I am the 'Lion' Wallace saw—
The same dour lion nane may thraw—
Warder of Auld Scotland's law
And true libertie!"

THE CASTLE.

[EDINBURGH.]

I AM the "LION" WALLACE saw—
The same dour lion nane may thraw—
Warder of Auld Scotland's law
And true libertie!

Centuries and ages flown—
What hae they but honours thrown
Round my rugged brow and crown,
Time ne'er steals awae!

I stand up—to a' declare
Scotland's weal and power's my care!
Sib and fremit faes beware—
Bide atowre frae me!

The feck o' ages I hae seen,
Scotland's royal roost I've been,
Freedom's stronghold—staunch, serene,
Bauld and leal for aye!

Freedom is the "Lion's" wean,
Freedom is the "Lion's" ain!
Match the "Lion" in his den—
Or let Freedom be!

Here I stand and watch for aye,
Rair the Hour* out day by day—
Freedom true to sound the sway,
From far sea to sea!

* The daily time gun at 1 p.m.

AT THE FORTH BRIDGE.*

WIFIE an' me took boat at Leith,
An' steam'd awa richt merrilie,
An' far behind us left Inchkeith,
As squat's a deid deuk in the sea ;
We could hae danced a-board that boat,
We were sae proud to be afloat !

For tho' land-lubbers baith are we,
We aye hae caved within the spell
O' the wide-spreadin', witchin' sea,
An' lo'e it mair than maist could tell ;
Sae Bell she laughs, an' cries to me,
"Jim ! I feel splendid ! Hoo do ye ?"

In sooth, it was a glorious day !
Ane in the better end o' June,
Sunshine was a'where, and in play
Saft breezes round us sang in tune !
The glow o' health in Bella's cheek
To neck an' brow at ance did streik !

Newhaven on the south we pass'd,
The Chain Pier, Granton, Cramond, too ;
Syne by Dalmeny's woods sae vast.
Westward afore we kenn'd we flew !
"This boat cowes a' for speed," says Bella,
"Young Galloway's a clever fella !"

*Forth Bridge—Begun in April 1883, and completed in seven years. Its designers were Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker ; its builders, Sir Thomas Tancred and Sir William Arrol, of Glasgow. Its full length is one and a half miles, and it reduced the railway journey between Edinburgh and Perth from 69 to 48 miles, and of course those between Edinburgh and Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., proportionately. It is in all respects a stupendous structure. Total cost, over £3,000,000, and that for its connections £800,000. The steel plates used in the structure weighed 54,000 tons, the rivets used numbered 8,000,000, and the estimated weight of the masonry was 250,000 tons. Over 3,500 workmen were at one time employed in its construction.

"Noo for the Bridge!—the Bridge!—the Bridge!
The Bridge, Jim, we hae come to see!
Eh!! what a Monster! I allege,
An uglier monster couldna be!
An Alligator-crocodile,
An' Dromedary—*in ae pile!*"

Nearer we come: The "Monster's" legs
We mark doun-planted i' the Firth,
As strecht across to Fife it dreggs
Its lang length frae its hole, or "earth,"
Deep-hidden in the south shore hichts
That shut out fair Dalmeny's sichts!

Nearer: "Oh, Jim! it disna move!
It is nae mammoth brute when dune!
But see that train!" shouts Bell, my love,
"It's gaun to cross this ship abune!
What greater ferlie noo remains
Than crossing seas in railway trains!"

"THIS IS AN AGE OF STEEL, my dear,"
I sighed when passing 'neath the Bridge,
"And so this FEAT—but here's the Pier—
Come! let's ashore an' tounward trudge!
I'm hungrier than a caged-up hawk—
The Brig'll stand till we come back!"

Says Bella, while we ate our steak,
"Was not yon train an awfu' sicht?
Lord! they be daurin' men wha take
A rin throo air at sich a hicht!
I'd raither flee in a balloon
Out owre the hills as far's the moon!"

Again, when we had stowed our wames:
"Jim! tell me this. Hoo did they do't?
There's no, I'm sure, 'tween Tay and Thames,
Anither Biggin to match to't?—
Of a' the sichts that e'er I saw,
That Brig's the awfu'est o' them a'!"

Return'd anon unto the Pier,
We sat us doun upon the shore,
An' lang an' silent gazed we here
Upon the Bridge stretch'd us before ;
We had nae choice but sit an' stare,
For we had eyes, and IT was there !

At length we frae our reverie woke,
I look'd at Bell, she look'd at me,
And instant frae her sweet lips broke
Thae rousing exclamations free—
" Lord ! what a Brig ! it's terrible !
It's fearfu' ! awfu' ! horrible ! "

Just at that moment, frae each end
The Bridge, a lang-drawn train did start,
Advanced, and, near its middle bend,
Met, an' shot by each ither smart !
Bell sat wi' open mou' an' stared.
As if the world's last knell she'd heard !

" Thank God they're saved ! " she cried at last,
" I thocht them lost between the humps !
But no ! they met an' smoothly pass'd,
Like twa train'd courtiers in their pumps !
They couldna hae behaved much better
Tho' etiquette-bred to the letter !

Then we gaed back alang the Pier,
An' paid our fares on board again,
Scanning, as lang's it did appear,
The wondrous pile streetch'd owre the main,
And wishing, when we cam' to Leith,
It had been doun as far's Inchkeith !

A SHORT VISIT TO ROSLIN CASTLE AND HAWTHORNDEN.

'TWAS in the month o' warm July
That our wee boy, the wife, and I
Resolved a jaunt we'd hae ;
Alfy—our little lad—was keen
That those far Highlands should be seen
Which ance Rob Roy did sway !
The Wifie cried for Aberdour—
" A week's rest by the sea
Wad health improve, an' gie us power
Cauld winter's ills to dree ! "
" But whaur, please, can bawbees
Be found for sich high jinks ?—
I vote for, we trot for,
Nocht far'er than Leith Links ! "

" Leith Links ! " the Wifie shriek'd, " for shame !
Hoo can ye sich a quarter name—
No' twa mile frae our door !
Gif ye hae no' the cash to spare
To tak' us far'er—onywhare—
Speak ne'er o' *jauntin'* more !
But, yet, as I've ne'er seen the glen
I micht consent—this year—
To veesit only Hawthornden,
An' fair 'Rosslyn,' my dear ! "
Cried I, " Done ! the day's won ! "
Adding, by way of warnin',
" Pack up some fude, an' licquors gude,
We'll gang the morn's mornin' ! "

Sae neist day we loup'd out the train
At Roslin Station, on that plain
Whare auld Sir Simon Fraser
Led on a handfu' o' true Scots
Against the Southrons—*haill three lots*—

An' cowed them in *wan day*, Sir!*
Baith Alf an' 's mither kenn'd the tale,
And, had ye mark'd their een,
Oh, sir! ye couldna surely fail
To note, out-flashing keen,
Their Scots pride, far an' wide
Owre a' that hallow'd ground;
Their set lips, stately steps,
An' thankfulness profound!

But sune we turn'd a neuk, an' saw
The modern clachan's double raw
O' Cots 'langside the road;
Nane higher than twa stories seen—
Slated, an' having them between
The poor man's tiled abode;
Yet up that village street we paced,
Fill'd baith wi' love and awe,
For 'tis wi' mickle interlaced
Of what we deem maist braw
In the haill wondrous tale
Of Scotland's brave career,
And the men, wham, we ken,
The Great Globe canna peer!

Here Wifie said, pookin' my coat,
"I'm perfeckly exousted out!—
Oh, get us, Jim, some tea!"
This was just said, when Alf maun cry—
"Faither! gie me a tip'ny pie—
Nae auld wives' slops for me!"
I kenn'd "The Royal Restaurant,"
An' shoved ajar its door,
An' urged our party throo't to gang,
An' bather me no more!
(Syne did I, kind o' dry,
Slip canny to the *Bar*,
An' took there, what suits mair,
My manly saul—by far!)

* February 24th, 1302.

Replenish'd an' refreshed at last,
We straightway to the Castle pass'd,
Ev'n easier than auld Monk ;
Our valiant youngster led the van,
And, paying tolls to the gate man,
Took the auld "Strength" with spunk ;
Then forward boldly, nocht afraid,
We eagerly did press,
Close following whare our leader led,
Ev'n to each dim recess ;—
Floundering, wondering,
As aye the mair we saw—
Vaults an' keep, dungeons deep,
An' nine-feet-thick auld wa' !

Then, survey dune, on a green knowe,
Benorth the ruin's riven pow,
I sadly sat me doun ;
The sun blazed in the heaven hie,—
It, an' the *ruin'd strength*, to me,
Were there—and they alone :
That wrack below to Sol abune,
What was it ev'n in years ?—
A shadow of the afternune,
Lang, lang ere nicht appears,
An infant, a wean sent
To fret an hour an' dee,
Bewailing, foretelling,
Earth's doom and destinie !

"A Relic of the Ancient days ?"
Na, na ! that batter'd, shatter'd maze,
Of crumbling stane an' lime,
Is but a left-aff ploy of bairns,
Wha, yesterday, piled up their cairns,
To fill up a play time !
Deserted an' forgotten noo,
Their "little housie" fa's,
For rain an' frost mak' sma' ado
To powther its bit wa's !

An' winds sweep, owre yon steep,
An' blaw its dust abroad,
Till, some day, nane can say
Whare the St. Clairs abode !

Yet, frae the point o' living men,
Yon ruckle we sae lo'e an' ken
Is e'en a hoary pile ;
A remnant o' the "distant age,"
When Scots wi' Southrons fierce did wage—
In their ain Scottish style—
Heroic warfare, lang an' sair,—
Hundreds 'gainst thousands set—
As when, as faes, on Bilston Muir,*
They triple armies met,
Defeating, an' beating
Them a' in ae short day !—
Regretting, an fretting,
There war' nae mair to slay !

Later—O, never-ending care !—
Royal revenge the Fortress there,
By sword, an' fire, an' sack,
Did madly havoc an' destroy,
Tho' 'twas to mony lang their joy,
And only hame, alack !
Henry the Bluff, keen to unite
The British Kingdoms twa,
Proposed to join, by marriage rite,
The Royal weanies sma'—
His ae lad, the wee Ned,
An' matchless Mary Stuart ;†
But St. Clair, ev'rywhare,
Denounced it frae his true heart !

For this, the roused King Hal lat loose
His curs of war, an' brak' the truce
Atween the nations twa ;

* Near Roslin. † In 1544.

Hertford was sent owre Tweed to burn,
Sack, an' subvert—each in its turn—
Touns, castles—grit an' sma'—
Whilk had opposed his marriage scheme,
Devised for Ned an' Mary,
An' made it feckless as a dream,
Tho' dream'd by Royal Harry—
Barring them that *true* came
Anent his mony wives ;
For they wha did *them* thraw
Did cheaply haud their lives !

Hertford's invading squadrons came
By sea to Leith—an' brunt that same,
Wi' "*Edinburgh Toun!*"
Syne out to Roslin here they sped,
An' owre that bridge they rush'd like mad,
An' tore our STANDARD doun!
Then pillaged they the Castle a'
Of vertue, stick an' stow !—
And tower, an' donjon keep, an' wa'
Swath'd in a fiery lowe !
Which at length the Auld Strength
Braucht to a sorry pass,
For St. Clair it left there
Lord of a smoulderin' mass !

Anither fateful century,
Rowlin' an' bowlin' low an' high,
Sank to that bourne—"The Past"—
An' then, ance mair, there cam' a day,
When for the tragic Roslin Play
Anither Act was cast ! *

* In 1650. "Then the Castle received a visit from another English army on no peaceful mission. On that occasion it was doomed to feel not the brunt of fire but of artillery. . . . Cromwell, after his splendid triumph (at Dunbar), marched into Edinburgh, which he entered without opposition. There he resided while 'his forces occupied themselves reducing detached castles' —Roslin among others. Thither General Monk was despatched

'Twas war this time—loud-booming war,
Harsh cannon shot and wrack:
Destruction in his Hell-hurl'd car,
Death grinning at his back!
On they push'd, raged an' rush'd,
Leaving in their rear
Disaster sole master,
With Horror—his mate dear!

The ill-doom'd Castle for their prey
The twa had mark'd that harvest day.
Sae, thick the bolts of Monk
Thunder'd on forewark, tower, an' keep,
Till, batter'd doun, a' lay a-heap,
On what they sprung frae sunk—
Huge, rock-like lumps o' stane an' lime,
Bound, an' cemented firm,
Conglomerated in the time
When nae great guns could harm,
Or thunder, an' sunder,
An' pell-mell ding them doun,
As really and freely
As thrissle taps are strewn!

with six hundred men, four pieces of ordnance, and a mortar-piece. He took up a position on the high ground to the north of the castle—at a spot still known as 'Monk's Battery'—in the neighbourhood of Rosebank. Sir John St. Clair—the 'Prince'—was then its proprietor. He held out bravely for a time against the Cromwellian soldiers. But ultimately the powerful cannon of the Commonwealth prevailed. The destruction of the Castle was all but complete. Every part of it was battered down except the 'Modern House,' which still stands. After its surrender the Castle was spoiled of its valuables; everything was carried off that was worth removing, and the brave defender sent a prisoner to Teignmouth Castle. . . . Roslin Castle was never again rebuilt. It is, therefore, safe to affirm that we now look upon the once proud House of 'the lordly line of high St. Clair' pretty much in the same condition as Monk's cannon left it; with this difference, that its ruins have become, through the wasting hand of time and other causes, only more ruinous."—*John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.*

After he'd it bombarded weel,
Monk stormed and took the Ancient Peel,
  Ransack'd it like a Jew !—
But it was thretty year an' mair
Before it gat its hinmaist scare—
  A "scare" frae Scotsmen, too !*
Edinburgh Covenanters,
  Guid, misguided men ;
Fiery theologic ranters,
  Weel meaning, if mista'en,
    To their job led the mob,
      Wha hack'd, an' hash'd, an' stole,
    Like reivers an' thievers—
      Waur than the Knaves o' "Noll !"

But here come Alph an' Wifie back,
Wha to the Chapel made their track,
  When I 'gan clim' this knowe :
"Oh, Dad !" cries Alf, wi' gleaming een,
"The PRENTICE PILLAR we hae seen—
  A strange ane onyhow !—
It's *strange* because that *he* did do't—
  Only a *prentice*, Dad !—
When his auld Boss to Rome had got
  To buy some foreign fad ! "
    And so on our wee son
      Ecstatically chatter'd,
    Baith fearless and careless,
      How little his thochts matter'd !

Abune the Ruin, doun the banks,
We merry trippit to the "stanks," †
  Whare, in "the days of old,"
The Gypsies their theatre made

* Once in its history Roslin Castle suffered from fanaticism. This happened on the 11th December 1688—(exactly as indicated in the poem.)—*John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.*

† The open arena above the Castle by the riverside, and the scene of the Gypsies' theatre in the 16th century, as described in the poem.

On whilk they sang, an' danced, an' play'd,
An' yearly *Fete* did hold ;
Esk out the west meander'd on,
Thro' high o'erhanging wood ;
Brattlin' owre stay an' rocky stone,
In seeming raptured mood ;
Wild birds sang, the Glen rang,
Sol gloriously did shine,
As eastward owre the sward
We left those scenes divine !

We could hae linger'd there a week,
Had we no' had our hame to seek,
An' stow our wames wi' food !—
Sae next we set our steps eastward,
Pacing the sweet uneven sward,
Ev'n in the river's mood—
"Jim !" cried Wee Wifie, "Jim, I say !—
Why are ye gaun sae slow ?
You've seen the Glen afore the day,—
For gude-sake let us go !
Roslin Glen ! Hawthorden !
I trow they'll turn yer mind !
Come on, man ! alone, man,
I'm fear't ye fa' behind !"

By this we had the "Orchard" passed,
And of the Castle seen our last,
An' strecht were facing hame ;
But glories ev'rywhare around
Stay'd us for lang hours, fair spell-bound,
An' thankfu' that we came !
But at the FLAT ROCK we sat doun,
While Wifie dealt us a'
A thick ham sandwich and a scone,
An' "Jim" some usquebaugh—
Sae warming, sae charming !
He thocht to Fairyland
He had flown, or been stown,
In some way "underhand !"

"Hoo bonnie! Oh, hoo grand!" sighed Bell,
Fifty times, ere, doun the Dell,
We'd reach'd the new Toll Brig,
And paid our shillings—sweer eneuch—
Thinkin' the dues are gey an' "teuch"
For folk wha arena "big;"
Yet paid they were, and owre the stream
We slow and thoughtfu' snooved,
Half-wotting yet 'twas a' a dream,
Or eye-sicht naething proved!
Hanging woods, thunder clouds
Of foliage sae green;
In Fairy, sure were we,
Else there I'd never been!

We speel'd the brae to Hawthornden
Like folk wha, 'wilder'd, dinna ken
Whether they dream or no'!
Ev'n Alf left aff bird-nesting there,
An' up an' doun did wilyart stare,
An' fearfu', keek below!
"Nae wonder!" Bell, enravished, cried—
(Ready at ev'ry turn!
She never is nor was tongue-tied
Sin our bless'd Marriage Morn)—
"Nae wonder! by thunder,
This Glen wad turn the Deil!
I ne'er saw scene sae braw,
Nor half its match, atweel!"

"Are thir the 'Caves,'" again quo' she,
"Lord save us a'! what holes they be—
'Howthorn *dens*,' I trew!
'King Bruce's Bedroom' ca' ye this?
Oh, Jim! the times wad be amiss,
When I sty'd here my soo!
I'll think o' Bruce an' Wallace mair,
An' their heroic men,
Noo that I've seen their hiding lair,
In auld Hawthorn Den!

Come awa—leave them a' !
Wow ! what a warld we're in !—
Out-bye fair ; inside, there !—
Tombs to keep hale folk's skin !" *

At train time, stationward we set
But baith wi' great an sair regret
That we'd sae little seen,
O' a' the wonders o' that glen,
Known owre the warld as Hawthornden,
An' Roslin's rare ravine !
But, as the Wifie said to me,
"Jim, we'se come back again !

* "Hawthornden is perhaps better known to most people on account of its caves. These are certainly more remarkable than those of Gorton, nearly a mile farther up the river. They are not natural caves, but cut out with human hands—by *whose* hands it would be difficult, nay, impossible to say. . . . Bishop Pocock, in 1760, wrote of Hawthornden:—'The grottoes are cut in a perpendicular rock, several rooms are within one another, and no other passage to them but by boards laid from a shelf of the rock to the entrance of the cave. Here they searched for the Young Pretender in 1746.' . . . There are two tiers of caves, the lower being farther to the west than the upper, but both having apertures on the face of the rock. . . . . The caves which form the upper tier can only be entered from the garden at the back of the rock. . . . Entering by the low doorway cut in the rock, we go down by six steps into a long passage, at first somewhat dark until our eyes get accustomed to the light, which comes through an opening at the other end of the passage. This must be the 'King's Gallery,' mentioned by Stukely. . . . On our right is a cave cut in the solid rock, 15 ft. by 7 ft. and about 5¾ ft. high. The long passage, the 'King's Gallery,' is 75 ft. long, 6 ft. 6 in. wide, and about 5 ft. 8 in. high. On going along this passage for about 20 ft. we come to an opening on the left hand, down two steps into a passage of the same width and height as the main passage, and about 24 ft. long. . . . At a distance of 60 ft. the main passage widens on the left, where there is a large opening into the side of the Well, the mouth of which is in the Courtyard."—*The Rev. John Thomson, F.S.A., Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn.*

We're young enough yet, ev'n to see
The haill o' Hawthornden—
Fairy bowers, Fairy flowers,
Woods, rocks, an' cliffs, an' stream!
Mystic Caves,* Heroes' Graves,
And Poet Drummond's theme!" †

ALLAN RAMSAY, SCOTTISH POET.

Author of the "Gentle Shepherd."

[Born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, in 1686; Died at Edinburgh in 1757.]

BRAID, lib'ral-minded, open, free,
And hamely-hearted, with an ee
That could the safest road aye see
That thou shouldst gang,—
Which was on seeing sune by thee
Firm tramp'd alang!

Of thy ain age far in advance,
Folk viewed thee wi' their phiz askance!
"Playhouses," "Libraries"—to France
Damn'd them an' thee—
Vex'd that they couldna pack thee hence,
Strecht owre the sea!

* These "caves" are the wonder and mystification of all who inspect them.

† "There is something almost tragic in an incident of Drummond's early life. The sudden extinction of the love which had early been kindled within him, reminds us sadly of the lamented death, under somewhat similar circumstances, of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, heir to the British throne.—*Rev. John Thomson, F.S.A.*

A member of the "Easy Club,"
Thy faes there thou at first didst stub!
An' mony a raw "Whig" sair did rub
In thy plain verse!
An' did their leaders dounricht drub
Wi' satire fierce!

This Club—a band of Jacobites,
As lang's 'twas *safe* to meet o'nights
Enjoy'd thy witty "Tory" skites
Wi' hearty glee;
But when war cam' thou claim'd thy "rights,"
An' kept frae't free!

Let Mar an' a' his dupes rebel
(Folk mayna speak wha wish them well),
Thou in thy "shop" wouldst mind thysel'—
King this, king that!—
Conseience thou at a push couldst quell
Wi' reasons pat!

Of a' the sons of deathless sang,
Wham Scotland to this warld e'er brang,
Thou an' Sir Walter snooved alang
The free'st o' care—
Uninfluenced by passion strang,
Whim, want, or scare.

Sure Self-control thine Angel was't
Desire an appetite kept fast,
Until she didst permission cast,
Wi' warning smile,—
Hinting, excess thy joys would blast,
And thee defile!

Thy heart was in thy "shop" and "gear,"
They, sune an' late, kept thee asteer,
Whilst "Profit" thou, thro' mony a year,
Her fav'rite made thee,
For thou didst a'—for love or fear—
That e'er she bade thee!

The Muse, despite her warldly scorn,
Did strangely to thee aften turn !—
And thy "back-shopie" mak' her bourn,
For days an' days,
Leaving thee aye, be't nicht or morn,
Braw, brand new "lays !"

These dune, an' shawn in printed tits,
Thou sune turned into penny bits,
For a' "Auld Reekie" kenn'd thy skits,
An' lo'ed them too !—
They fill'd wi' joy her simple wits
Wi' sma' ado !

At last, the dearest o' them came—
"Patie and Roger," clinking fame
Immortal to thy weel-kenned name,
For evermair !
An' stowin' fou thy canty hame
Wi' dainties rare !

"Jenny and Peggy" follow'd suit,
Frae "Habbie's Howe," an' thereaboot,
Bringing the richest flowers an' fruit
E'er grew on tree,
Or in men's sauls pat care to route
Wi' poesie !

Fair Nature ne'er was painted truer,
Wi' sober een didst thou look through her !
And as a MAID DIVINE thou drew her,
To show a' time,
The richt stand-point from which to view her
Was e'en thy rhyme !

But why didst thou the Shepherd mak'
A puppy o' a titled pack
Of landed lordlings—tho' they back,
In strecht descent,
Could ablins their "high" lineage track
To Rogue or Saint?

An' "Peg" boud be a "Lady" too,
Proved clear wi' "herds" she'd nocht to do
But was a wench wi' bluid as blue
As Eve hersel'!
Wha was, sirs! if a' tales be true,
An *owre* blue belle!

But, despite this, Earth's latest day
Thy "Gentle Shepherd" sall out-play!
And i' the Next Warlds—far awae—
Still minded be
The sweetest memorie Scots sauls hae
Of auld "Auld Reekie!"

ROBERT FERGUSON, SCOTTISH POET.

[Born in Edinburgh in 1750; Died there in 1774.

NOT born to be as thy successor—
(Wha yet for thee wad sure been lesser)—
The great prodigious cant transgressor,
And priest-pride smiter;
The poor man's champion intercessor,
The warld's sang-writer!

Thou wert, poor Ferguson, for a',
A bard of genuine grit—nor sma',—
Thou hadst the seeing ee, to draw,
And limn thy warld,
And to thy side haill Scotland ca',
Tho' pedants snarl'd.

Thou wast Invention's darling child!
Upon her favourite years she smiled,
And led him forth, and ne'er beguiled
His infant feet,
But brang him to, thro' wold an' wild
The Muses' seat!

A ward thou wert of Humour's aye !
Thy cronies—Mirth and Frolic gay,
With whom thou ready wast to play
At ev'ry hour,
Of darkest nicht, or brichtest day,
Loved haunts to scour !

Alas ! beneath the primal curse,
That tak's the rhyming craft to nurse,
Thou early fell, and, worse and worse,
Gat crush'd and torn,
Till, all undone—peace, pleasure, purse—
Thou lay forlorn !

In youth forespent, with want an' toil,
Hunger, and miseries—*so vile !*—
The first temptation didst beguile,
And lure thee on,
With sowps o' drink, alas ! the while
All hope was gone !

Soon, soon the struggle 'gan to tell !—
First, Courage frae her high seat fell ;
Wi' fleein' Health—to save hersel'
She couldna sit,
Sae toppled owre—leaving a hell
That tower of wit !

The ill was mair than Heaven could thole ;
Sae, frae a crowd, an angel stole—
Azrael his name, and of the whole
The best to man,
And wafted thee unto thy goal
As thou didst stan' !

That goal lies deep in Scotia's heart !
And far within the ken of art !
Wherefore thy fame can ne'er depart
Thy dear-lov'd toun !—
And thou art link'd to him wha gart
Her kings bow doun !

ROBERT BURNS.

[Written on an Anniversary of His Birth, in My Early Days.]

OH, Muse of Caledon! with fervid wing
From the blue hills thou mak'st thy sacred seat,
With mountain cataract and cliff interned,
To our stream'd valley in a strath lowland
Descend! and justly of thy minstrel true,
This day—his day—to us the Day of days,
Commemorative of him evermore,
Teach me, child-like, to sing!
O'er heirs of fame
Of ours above—philosophers, or they
Whose martial story or historic page
Or song confounds decay—his laurel'd head,
Spiring the crowd of Scotia's giant sons,
Towers like a king's. No longer moody brow'd,
I see him o'er his empire sweep his eye—
The master of the fields of song belov'd,
Sowing and reaping joy! No truer eye
E'er peep'd, like lover, into Nature's face
So sympathetic with the love of her—
He grew unto her, and her breath was his,
His, hers—them both a melody,
Wedding their two souls—one!
"Sweet Ballochmyle!"
The dew-eyed spirit of a summer's eve,
Tender and loving as the face of pity,
In one small song!
Then, as we turn the page,
And reading—"Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"
A blast, as of Mar's thunder, wakes the heart,
And the most peace-wed souls, with sudden fire,
Blaze with heroic ire and martial eye
As patriots arm'd! "Should Auld Acquaintance
Be Forgot?" Never! Thou hast made it sure
It never can!—that query is a spell

To sprite the querist's name from age to age—
To the fag end of time ; and being there,
To charm time back again ! Turn me the leaves :
Not one of which but glows with Nature's light
As sweet as autumn eves, when harvest's moon
Keeps watch the golden field, and overhead
The plover's cry is heard ! Here's an old friend—
"A man's a man for a' that !" So he is—
But many a man was scarce a man before
Ye breach'd his mind and let the knowledge in
That makes him so ; given assurance true
Of the grand fact—a man he surely was—
He one became ; mayhap, a slave before,
Or cringing yokel to exacting "lord ;"
With cap in hand, and fearful downcast eye,
Mumbling the enforced homage abjectly ;
His soul as darksome as his gait confess'd ;
The immortal mandate—"a man's a man,
The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's
The gowd for a' that !"—charged as with Heaven's fire,
Lit up his darkness, as the levin bolt
Night's murky gulf, and let him see the ground
Whereon they both stood was the equal earth—
The earth, nor less, nor more !

Thenceforth, to both
All life was changed ;—the lordling doffed his pride,
Forgot his "strut :"—the serf, a serf no more !
Shoulder to shoulder, stood up with the port
And modest dignity that graces man,—
The bluest princeling's peer !

But to resume :
"Highland Mary !" "Ye Banks an' Braes !" "Tam Glen !'
Each one of these, and eke a hundred more—
All matchless—Scotia does hold dear, and sings
Them to the peoples of the wondering lands,
Who drink their rapture from her dulcet lips
With charmed and greedy ears, till they, entranced,
Grow dead to every care of all the world
Than her harmonious woe !

In many a clime,
In many a land of many region'd earth,
In Indian jungles and Columbian wastes
In Afric arids and mysterious wilds,
Islands, like Edens, in the purple seas,
Pacific, and Australian worlds,
The wonderous opposites and heirs of ours,
As well King Winter's realms—the haunts of Frost—
Hudson's and Lapland—these old songs of Burns,—
Like veriest wizards in the human heart,
Have conjured with the weary exile's tears,
And in the sighs of longing wanderers,
Bewitched impossibles to patent facts ;
And o'er the *frem* and foreign continents
Made misty Scotland with her hills arise,
To fondest memory true !

There is a gem—
A talisman in two brief verses—which,
Many a dreary hour in Far West lands—
Hath, like a mother's voice, soothed me to peace,
And pillowed in the awesome wilderness,
My home-sick troubled heart, and made me love,
Like hers, the name of Burns !

The Poems now.—To me—to every Scot
Whose unsophisticated breast is proof
To ward aside the testy showers of cant,
Like April rain,—these Scottish poems are
(" Familiar in our mouths as household words")
Sources of richest, never-ceasing joys ;—
Fountains of never-failing glorious mirth,
With humour spurting to the gravest verge !—
Repositories rare of Fancy's spoils,
Which she, when raiding with her Scottish Knight,
Carried from Dreamland's territories bright,
Where Beauty, absolute, sits Queen of Art
And universal song. Here we behold
Fruit mellow as the tree whereon it grew ;
Angelic tenderness and satire keen ;
Piercing sagacity and wisdom sage ;

A sword of wit, with which this David slew
The Giants—humbug and hyprocricy!
A laverock-throated bird of sentiment,
That, singing, makes our hodden-grey Scots sky
Beyond the radius of semi-earth,
Glint with the harmonies of inspired thought
And raptured feeling—as the glamoury dome
Of Poesy's own Fane!

And here we meet—
Description in her simple robes of truth,
Sweet nurse and ruler of the Poet's art,
Leading in either hand, through all his works,
The seen and the ideal—sisters twain—
Up to perfection's feet. For all do feel,
Who read both Nature's and the poet's book—
The fact that Nature cannot clearer prove
That she is Nature, than the page of Burns
Her faithful bard attests! Graved with his pen,
Her happy lineaments pluck from our eyes
Amazed conviction, with the infant view
Which recognises them!

TO A YOUNG WRITER.

[About Robert Burns.]

DEAR SANDY,—
Of wark this nicht I'm clear, an' free
To sey the promise gi'en to thee
About the rhyme on Burns
That you an' Jake wish me to spin
First time the Muse cries "Sam, begin!
Your 'crooning hour' returns!"

Sae I hae ta'en my muckle chair,
Ink, paper-scraps, an' pen ;
But what to scribble—I declare,
I trow na yet nor ken !
Your scheme is, the theme is
Sae loomin' lairge, an' hie,
I nither an' swither,
Till Peg maist tak's the gee !

But Burns is he wha—"yes, or not"—
Gars me fire up an' glow red-hot,
An' thrill frae tap to tae
For love an' pride o' auld Scot-land
Our rugged Mither, wha doth stand
Sae stainch by freend an' fae !
Her thistles wagging owre the moor,
Her daises on the lea,
Her foaming streams, her mountains dour,
Her rock-bound tumblin' sea,
I see then, an' gi'e then
A ready welcome dear,
As soon as the name fa's
O' Burns upo' my ear !

And up come visions efterhend
O' bluidy weir auld Scotland kenn'd,
Ere ever Bannockburn !—
(And Wallace "red-wat shod !" ane sees
Triumphant Scotia's Standard heeze,
And her usurpers spurn !
A ne'er-match'd wally wicht was *he*,
Sae stainch he couldna steer,
As stark as Strength, as Freedom free—
A Peer without a peer !
A Pearl, a carle,
Up-towering abune a' ;
A Hero, whase marrow
The haill wide warld ne'er saw !)

It braucht the dawn, and Bannockburn,
The ae lone star o' Freedom's morn,
Did herald in the day,
Whan Liberty uprose as bricht
As a June sun that scatters nicht,
An' scaurs the haurs awae!
I see his flashing eye—"The Bruce"—
His marshal'd phalanx wave,
Wi' war-brand in the closing truce,
To victory or the grave!
Inspiring and firing,
All hearts to do or die,
And welcome, what shall come—
Red death or victorie!

As high for humble social Man
The Burns trumpet note was blawn
His living pages through;
Despite chance wealth or poverty,
He was (and would that a' should be)
The natural man an' true;
A modest independent mind,
A heart sincere an' free,
To live an' feel for a' mankind
Wi' him aye bure the gree!
And sure aye the poor aye
In Burns a Wallace fand!
Whase creed was, whase deed was
By Worth alone to stand!

Wi' piercing, clear, prophetic eye
He saw the time fast drawing nigh,
The coming Age of Right;
The age of justice and content,
When wrong an' falsehood's power is spent,
And love and truth have might!
The brotherhood and sisterhood
Inalienable of Man,
The victory of the wise and good,
The universal plan,

Assign'd is, design'd is,
And fix'd by Heaven's decree,
Which timely, sublimely,
The "warld owre" yet shall see!

And seeing and believing this,
Frae first to last what was amiss,
And shored to block its course,
Wi' satire, of the power of fire,
He molten'd into laughter dire,
And stronger made the force
Of right and righteousness, that aye
Warm in his briest he nursed,
To throw, when time was ripe, and slay
All things to Man accurst—
Vain fashions, vile passions,
Inhuman acts an' ills,—
Yea, a' wrang, that ere lang
Man's weal allures and kills.

Sagacity, as her First Son,
And Heir o' a' her realms an' throne,
Hail'd Burns at his birth!
And, that he weel micht rule an' reign
For ages o'er her wide domain,
She ransack'd Heaven an' Earth
For regal gifts to serve his needs,
And King-like him adorn,
Sae's a' his sov'reign words and deeds
Nae man micht scout or scorn;
But surely, securely,
As treasures from above,
Believe them, receive them
In reason, faith, an' love!

Transcendent wit, an' sympathy,
Wide as the warld's sel', had he,
And gifts divine of Sang;
A saul of Eloquence was his,
Where Harmony abode in bliss,
And revell'd aft an' lang;

Description's watch-tower was his eye,
All Nature was her field,
Whase every limit, low an' high,
Did to her purpose yield ;
Sae nappy, sae happy,
Her limner drew—in sooth,
His pictur's were victors,
Whose "art" became as truth !

The myst'ries of the human heart,
The saul's dread chammers—to this "art"
Disclosed their secrets a' ;
His ingine was a search-licht that
Their dark neuks made as clear, I wat,
As noonday mak's the Law ; *
And this grim human heart an' saul,
Whilk god-like he explored,
He turned at will into the Hall,
And High Haunt of Concord.
Thence, pinging, an' ringing,
Its labyrinthines throo,
His sangs rise to Paradise,
Frae whaur at first they flew !

But conscience, Sandy ! Halt ! my lad !
Wot ye the time ? The nicht has fled,
An' Janwar's day creeps in,
Just like a peevish auld gray man,
Wha ill this bitter cauld can' stan'
An' fain wad thow his shin !
Owre Aithur Sait the growin' licht
The rested toun revives ;
Laz'rus shogs aff the sloth o' nicht,
Sair envying cosy Dives !
And graphic the traffic
Resumes its darg o' din,
Sae, Sandy, aff hand, I
Cry thee "Ta-ta !" an' rin.

* Traprain Law.

BURNS IN EDINBURGH.

IN buckskin breeks and new blue coat,
And hair richt featly tied behind,
A big rough man, a polyglot—
A mammoth of our human kind,
Goes striding, like a stalwart hind,
Up High Street ev'ry now and then,
And cits of cits inquire, to find
Who is that unco man of men.

"It's Robbie Burns!" gets whisper'd round!
"What, him that's wrote the great new book
About the twa dogs' crack profound,
And mony anither funny fluke?
I doubt, my freends, ye've him mistook!"
"No, no, it's him—see, he returns
Wi' him for whom he gaed to look—
Mark ye the man—it's Robert Burns!"

Wi' active step and strength of limb
He thumpeth down the stony street,
And many an eye is turn'd on him,
As ane folk hardly ever meet.
Yet why? few could a reason neat
Give for the fact, but just that he,
The haill man—frae his head to feet—
Express'd some wondrous mysterie.

They saw the flaming eyes, and saw
The quick smile flush the swarthy cheek,
The nervous twitches slack and draw,
The manly pride, that would not sneak
'Neath even a lordling's wing to beak,
The tender pity that could flow
For mice and little birds, and seek
Divinest meanings in their woe.

" Wi' active step and strength of limb
He thumpeth down the stony street."

With fancy kin, I see him move
Thro' all the Edinburgh days ;
The wayward, wild "Clarinda" love ;
The Nicol friendship ; and the maze
Of high life, wi' its "New Town" ways ;
The learn'd coteries assailed,
Or simply claim'd *sans* blame or praise,
Because superior mind prevail'd.

Slowly but surely then began
His evil fiend to urge his course ;
Contamination scaith'd the *man*
Long ere the *poet* felt its force ;
His social madness raised remorse,
But, maugre both his common-sense
And perfect judgment, did endorse,
Complying, the downfall immense !

Alas ! 'twas Robert Burns no more,
The Ayrshire wonder, and the wit
That made the "Unco Guid" to roar,
Like weanies when their nurses hit ;
Wha scourged the cleric hypocrit ;
And stript the "ruling elder" bare ;
Wha sang "My Nannie, O," and writ
The patriot's psalm, the poor man's prayer.

He pass'd from here with mind enlarged,
With fuller knowledge—good and ill ;
His grand friends thought they'd all discharged
Their mighty debt to him, tho' still
He lived amongst them—'gainst his will
Needing a "tithe" the o'er-rich hath !
So furth he gaed, and paid the bill,
In pain, despair, and early death !

BURNS AT THE GRAVE OF FERGUSON.*

WHAT ! lies he there below thae weeds ?
Aff, bonnet, aff ! and 'mang the reeds
Swith crook, ye knees !—for my heart bleeds
That such as he
Naebody minds, nor his grave heeds,
Mair than " lat be ! "

Oh, Ferguson ! my brother dear !
My elder brother !—*mair than peer !*
Poor, ill-starr'd mortal ! lying here,
Crumbling to dust,
When thou shouldst been for Scotland clear,
In love and trust,

Her living laureate and bard,
Her darling singer and reward,
Her ae son worthy maist regard,
Her priceless pride !
Sounding her fame, till it was heard
Baith far and wide !

Oh, Ferguson ! my saul for thee
Writhes in the slough o' miserie,
Helpless and weak, as saul can be
That can nae mair
Than bow wi' heid, an' weep wi' ee,
In vain despair !

* Burns, soon after his memorable *debût* in Edinburgh, visited the tomb of his predecessor in Canongate Churchyard. It is recorded that he deplored with passionate emphasis its uncouth and apparently totally neglected aspect. Nevertheless, he approached it uncovered, and, in the most reverent manner, knelt down amid its docks and other weeds for some time. The present "simple stone" which adorns the grave, with its famous inscription, are the results of his visit.

Lang hae I worship'd thy loved name !
Lang hae I prized thy glorious fame !
And aft I've kindled at thy flame
My fainter glim,
Striving to follow thee with lame
And halting limb !

I hae e'en *borrow'd* frae thy store
Baith forms and methods by the score,
Hints, modes of treatment, themes galore
I've gat frae thee !
And now I strut at Glory's door—
Whare thou shouldst be !

But I'se sune let the warld see
How turns my gratefu' heart to thee,
Whase babe and nursling I *maun* be,
Till that far time,
When I, my-lane, may, bold and free,
Parnassus climb !

Thy tomb shall *not* neglected be !
Nor yet *unsung* thy memory !
Whilst I or means or mind can ply,
That be my ain,
Sufficient for resolve so high
Between us twain !

Fareweel, dear shade ! brother, fareweel !
My ain time's short !—as, sure, I feel
Within my breast life rock and reel,
Baith nicht an' day !
Forewarning me, like dunts o' steel,
It slips away !

Sae, for a wee, fareweel, dear shade !
As we for ither plain ere made,
We'll yet forgather in some glade
Or heuch abune,
And clear aff scores, an' be repaid
For a' we've dune !

LORD MONBODDO AND BURNS

[Lord Monboddo, James Burnet of Monboddo,* a Scottish Judge, Born at Monboddo, Kincardineshire, in 1714; Died there in 1799.]

Introduction.

The great Monboddo on the Bench, sirs,
As a Gos-hawk on its Rock,
Ruled the Roost, and nane daured flinch, sirs,
Mair than's victims in the dock.

But Monboddo,† seen at hame, aye
Seemed anither gentle man,—
Learn'd and manner'd, suave, and tame aye,
Tho' with notions a' his awn.

* 'Lord Monboddo, the author of the well-known pre-Darwinian theory of our Simian ancestry, and that we were originally furnished with tails. In fact, Monboddo actually believed that all the midwives in the world, from the earliest times until now, had entered into a conspiracy to conceal the fact of the human race having a caudal appendage. Accordingly, in his own house and elsewhere, if he chanced to be present when a birth took place, he always asked to see the newly-born infant as soon as possible, and when he discovered no signs of the tail, he would mutter, "Too late again, by God!"'—Oliphant Smeaton.

† Lord Monboddo was the entertainer of Burns, as is shown by the following letter, taken verbatim from the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers. Edition of 1896, vol. ii., p. 30:—'To Lord Monboddo, St. John Street,—I shall do myself the honor, sir, to dine with you to-morrow, as you obligingly request. My conscience twitting me with having neglected to send Miss Eliza a song, which she once mentioned to me as a song she wished to have, I enclose it for her; with one or two more, by way of a peace offering. I have the honor to be, my Lord, your very humble servant, Robt. Burns. Saturday eve.' (The 30th of

Your ancient Platos, Aristotles,
Were his prophets ; modern men—
Contemptible as toom wine bottles
Yahoos wadna fill again !

Shrewd and keen, 'profound in law,' aye,
Circumspect doun to 'details,'
His 'ripe judgments' pleased maist a' aye—
'Cept the doomed convicts themsel's.

Throo the drumliest legal muddles,
Like a high-paced naig he strade ;
Frae the deepest, dirtiest puddles
Issuing grander than he gaed !

As a land laird in the kintra,
In the lang vacation days,
He was nane o' your 'haard' 'Gentry,'*
But the 'Guid laird' a' did praise—

Ane his tenants liked sincerely—
A just dealer by them a'—
Never Scots laird 'sattled fairly'
Faster than the 'Man o' law !'

But this kindly Norlan lairdie
Edinboro' changed intil
A dogmatic, mad-cap caird aye,
Fill'd wi' fads and crass self-will.

December, 1786.) Upon the almost conclusive proof of the 'auld acquaintanceship' of these two worthies (Burns and Monboddo) I have found sufficient ground for the imaginary part of my 'poem,' *i.e.*, the conversation or discussion which quite naturally I have supposed to have taken place between them after dinner in St. John Street.

* 'When in the country he' (Monboddo) 'generally dressed in the style of a plain farmer, and lived among his tenants with the utmost familiarity, and treated them with great kindness.'—Dr Robert Chambers.

'Mang his confreres in the City—
(A' the simple sons o' Law !)—
Whyles their envy, whyles their pity,
He was 'boo'd' to by them a'.

Them he deemed 'mere modern midgets !'
E'en the Romans—'licht as feather !'
Bacons ?—Newtons ?—'fykes and fidgets,'
Whase 'Philosophies' were 'blethers !'

Thus, sae famous, yet *outre*, man,
Baith upon and aff the Bench,
His first book* cam' out ae day, man,
And made his best critics blench !

'Twas anent the cause o' speaking,
And its spread amang mankind—
Till, in our day there's nae steeking
Of the gabs o' lord or hind.

Men, as now, at first were joskins,
Weel that 'truth' Monboddo 'proved'—
Brutes or fules in hides or moleskins,
They, lang ages, sneak'd and snooved.

A' were destitute of gabble
Till some learn'd to squeal like swine—
That they stack when they were able,
And on pork chops yearn'd to dine.

But, tho' lacking speech and conscience,
The first folk were blessed wi' tails,
Whilk to dock is sheerest nonsense,
Whilst one midge or flee prevails.

* 'The first work which he published was on the Origin and Progress of Language. . . . . He represents men as having originally been, and continued for many ages to be no better than beasts, and indeed in many respects worse; as destitute of speech, of reason, of conscience, of social affection, and of everything that can confer dignity upon a creature, and possessed of nothing but external sense and memory, and a capacity for improvement.'

Baith society and speech were
'Pure inventions,' threeps Monboddo:
Man ne'er was, nor needed, preacher,
Till the midwives' tricks he know'd o'!

He had memory and five senses,
Whilk he scarce can brag of noo,
For, tho' Impidence immense is,
Folk wi' mind and mense are few.

That the grand Orang-outang folk
We—the human tribes—belang,
Monboddo settles with a pen-stroke,
And bids Dauvid Hume go hang!*

But, alas, before our story,
Hume had 'moved' to his 'lang hame!'
And anither steerin' sorrie—
E'en surpassing Hume in fame,

Ruled the 'Idol-breaker's' nation,
Plied his hammer, torch, and steel;
Making humbugs seek salvation
In 'leg-bail, or 'taking-heel!'

Sune's he heard o' him, Monboddo
Coft his buik, conn'd ev'ry line
At ae spell, and—('twas the *mode* to)—
Ask'd its 'maaker' doun to dine.

* 'Lord Monboddo's greatest work, which he called *Ancient Metaphysics*, consists of three volumes, 4to. It may be considered as an exposition and defence of the Grecian philosophy in opposition to the philosophical system of Sir Isaac Newton, and the scepticism of modern metaphysicians, particularly Mr David Hume. His opinion on many points coincide with those of Mr Harris, the author of *Hermes*, who was his intimate friend, and of whom he was a great admirer. He never seems to have understood, nor to have entered into the spirit of the Newtonian philosophy; and as to Mr Hume, he, without any disguise, accuses him of Atheism, and reprobates in the most severe terms some of his opinions.'—*Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. i., p. 426, Ed. 1835.

And he gaed, tho' Sabbath e'ening,
And the kirk bells jangelt loud—
(Naething for the law-lord greining)—
Just to staw his 'roving' mood.

II. Meeting.

Monboddo. From Ayrshire, sir? Well, I am from the North,
Kincardineshire—Why do you start, my friend?

Burns. Ay, that is unco queer, an' sae it is!
Your name is Burnet or Burnett, and mine
Is Burns, or Burness, as faither sign'd,
And he was frae Kincardineshire as weel,
The parish of Dunnottar! What say you?
We may be freens, my lord, freens kith and kin—
In bluid, as weel as we are surely noo
By nature and affinity of tastes
And sympathies? Ye've read my book, my lord?

Monboddo. I have—twice over. Burns! no fear of you.
'Tis strange indeed that you and I—two men,
The most intelligent in Britain living,
Have both sprung from Kincardineshire—The Mearns!
But as for blood relationship, we will
Cast that aside—*it is impossible!*
No fear of you, young man, I say again!—
If you will henceforth but be led by me,
And what I shall advise?

Burns. Go on, my lord,
I'm a' attention! What is *your* 'advice'?
'Advice' is gi'en me, twenty times a day,
Without the asking, and for naething, too!—
Proceed, my lord, proceed! I like advice,
I like to *give* it! As for *taking* it,
That wad ev'n stagger Doctor Horn, I fear?

MONBODDO. Hear me before you think so, my young friend.
First, then, *beware of Edinburgh*, Burns !
Its pitfalls for our peasantry are numberless
And dreadful as their mutlitude !—For you,
O Burns ! they are as countless as the stars,
And treach'rous as the sea in winter is !
Beware of them, young man ! Get home this week,
Get back to Mauchline—to your croft Mossguile,*
Leave all your writings here, close up with Creech,†
About your New Edition ! I'll see that
It both goes well and smartly through the press,
And that you get its profits—every shilling—
Remitted straightway to you at Mossglen !
These 'profits' may, and likely will, I think,
Amount to not far short ten hundred pounds,
For I've been summing at them here for hours,
And would not guess them less. But, my young bard,
This sum prospective take for what 'tis worth,
That only, and no more. I've conn'd the lists,
In Creech's shop, of your subscribers all.
The bulk of them I personally know.
Ladies and gentlemen, noble and *not*—
All honourable, liberal, and kind.

BURNS. I hae nae doubt they are. But your 'advice' ?
Alas ! my Lord, 'tis now beyond my power
To act up to it for long months to come !
The 'pitfalls' which you hint at may be here,
In this grand Edinburgh, but, as yet,
I vow I've seen naucht o' them ! The reverse
Hath my experience been, down to this day,
In this world-famous town, Auld Scotland's Rome,
Jerusalem, and Athens, and ev'n more !
Na, na ! I'se no' be sick o't yet awhile !
O, Come ! anither topic ! come, my lord !

MONBODDO. Burns, you are a most mysterious man,
A bitter problem ! Bad as David Hume,

* Mossgiel, Burns's farm, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire.
† The Edinburgh publisher of the Second Edition of his poems.

Who scorn'd all admonitions, laugh'd me down,
Nay, even ignored me in his future books,
As if I never once, in argument,
Had floor'd and batter'd him beyond belief!

BURNS. I understood that state was always Hume's—
I mean 'beyond belief'! But, oh, my lord,
I wish that I could 'floor' him! How was't done?

MONBODDO. Why, Burns, by *demonstrations ocular*—
MY THEORY demonstrating *true* throughout,
By living evidence before his eyes!
Drink up your glass, and have another charge,
The 'Tappit Hen'* succumbs too slow for wit?
Why! you yourself have said—'Punch gives us more
Than either school or college'?—so its lack
May keep from us as much? Well, then, drink up!

BURNS. Your toddy's terrible, my lord, fair Ferintosh!†
Your health again, your health, again, my lord!
But what about your 'Theory' and Hume?
What mean ye by your 'theory'?

MONBODDO. MY THEORY! Why, sir, in every land and realm 'tis
'Familiar in men's mouths as household words,'
And has been that for fully fifeen years!
Where were you buried that ye know it not?

BURNS. Well, *I do know it not.* Mine own I know!

MONBODDO. *My* Theory—so-call'd, because it is
Of every theory the first and chief,
And so their father—only it was born
When every other theory on earth
Was upgrown, or matured, or failing fast—
Mine, being *true*, of course can *never* fail!

* Generally, the largest punch-bowl in the house.

† Whisky, long famous for its high quality, distilled at Ferintosh, Cromartyshire.

I see you're fidgeting impatiently
To lug it to your soul ! therefore, my boy,
This theory is—That every race and tribe of men
Originally ascended from the brutes,
Those types immediately below us now—
The gifted and the fair Orang-ootangs !

BURNS. Anither waught * o' punch !'—Orang-ootangs !
We sprang frae them ? they were our ancestors ?
O black Dunbar ! and blacker Flodden-field !
Why frate or ferlie mair at aucht on earth ?
But there is Stirling Brig and Bannockburn ?
Largs and Harlaw ? and Bruce and Wallace Wicht ?
Shakespeare and Milton ? Barbour and Dunbar ?
Ramsay and Ferguson ? and Me Mysel' ?
Newton and Bacon, too ! and Hume and Locke !
Were thae Immortals a' frae imps evolved ?
Wheesht, wheesht ! I'm no' dune yet ! delay a wee !
Such dreams and thoughts, my lord, myself have had,
Only too often for my peace of mind !
But all my crude surmisings I crusht doun,
And never, even once, gave breath to them,
Because the faintest jot of proof I lack'd
Of a reality that they were true,
Or even distantly approach'd the truth.
What led me into these wild musings were
The many points of semblance which I saw
Between the two—common to the species both
Of men and monkeys—physical and moral,
But chiefly of the moral and mental sort,
In all our 'Unco Guid' and *Unco Slim*,
And their so-like progenitors in Buffon,
And in my picture book of Apes at home !
But, syne again, my lord, I turn'd and saw—
And look'd at lang and ling'ringly, I trow !—
The *other* side, and there beheld, with joy,
The beauties, and the virtues of our race,
Its glorious gifts, graces, excellencies—

* Large glass, or tumbler.

Talent, and intellect, and genius high,
Compassion, courage, reason, fancy, wit,
Nobility, integrity, *and love!*—
Which made me hate, and hide, my former thoughts,
As they'd been calumnies on God himself!
But halt, my lord! You say you 'demonstrated,'
Even unto HUME, by 'living evidence,'
The real 'truth' of your hypothesis?
Well, let me hear't! my lord, *I pine to hear't!*

MONBODDO. 'Buffon'! You've read Buffon? A pompous prig!
Go home and cast him in your fire, young man,
He is no 'living evidence' of mine!
But facts you've just enumerated, *are*,
And, over and above all yours, this *other* truth—
Grand, solemn, indisputable, if sad!
That all of Woman born, down to this hour,
With scarce one single miss, come on life's stage
Endow'd, like all their kin, the firsts of Earth,
Down to their grandsires—the Orang-ootangs,
With—for their age—distinctly pronounced tails,
As well developed as their fingers are,
Or any other features—in proportion—
When they first board this clumsy hull, call'd Earth!

BURNS. With caudals, say ye? do weanies come to yird,
Wagging wee sprouts o' tails, like whalps and deuks?
Lord! What comes owre them that they're no retained?

MONBODDO. That's but too eithly answer'd, simple boy!
The murd'rous Midwife crew, the world over,
Have, without doubt, in damn'd conspiracy,
Ta'en oath to twist them off, when bones are soft—
In fact, scarce gristle—in the hour of birth!

BURNS. Ay, but for what? and what do they do wi' them?
They dinna saut them for lean Hallow-e'ens?

MONBODDO. My man!—I mark the wicked light I see—
(The devilish twinkle)—in those eyes of yours,
Which oft I mark'd in Hume's! But, 'ware, my boy!
This is no 'Hornbook' fudge for joking on!

Its truth's self-evident— *our tails are gone!*
And who else would purloin them? *That's* a quiz!
Why, man, for years, for several long years,
I have myself tried hard in vain to find
One single little rump the jades had slipp'd
And afterwards forgotten in their glee—
(Their fiend-like glee, at those in-lying times)—
Tho' hundreds of the weans I've catch'd and search'd!

BURNS. Lamentable, truly! Hoo saucht ye them?
Ablins your methods were the cause of failure?

MONBODDO. The methods I pursued to foil these hags
Twere bootless now to recapitulate,
But all of them were cautiously contrived,
And well and surely thought and carried out.
Of course, they all concern'd the babes themselves—
The getting hold of *them*, soon after birth,
That could not be too soon! before their foes—
Those gray she-devils we nick-name 'Midwives'—
Could set their clutches on the vertebræ,
And dock the chits like us!

BURNS. O lord, my lord!
I beg ye to forgie me, for I laugh,
Sometimes at onything, or naethtng, whyles!
It is a nervous weakness that I have!
I'se wheesh belyve! If that, my lord, you did
Discover not one instance of a tail,
Does that not argue hard against the 'Theory'
As an unwarrantable idea,
Sans 'stump or rump,' to grace it?

MONBODDO. How dull is Man!
O Burns! tho' thou'rt a lad of splendid parts,
Of great and diverse gifts—which I concede—
They're yet untrain'd, and merely natural!

BURNS. Guid be thankit! A spade's a spade, my lord,
And if it be of metal genuine,
And weel and wisely made, can it be mair?

MONBODDO. O yes, my prince of Reason and of Rhyme!
Make thou thy spade right edgy with the file,
Or on the grind-stone, and it then will cut,
And dig thee better ditches, drains, and peats?
So doeth learning by men's faculties!
Always when it is good, 'knowledge is power!'
'A little learning is a dangerous thing'—
Only when of the silly 'Modern' sort—
As of the bosh they've styled 'Newtonian!'

BURNS. Im-h'm! But, man, your spades are ne'er richt grund!
They're either bungelt, or made far owre thin,
To bide the twists and dunts of roots and rocks.
But come, my lord, your further 'proofs' of 'tails'?
For all Newtonian to the marrow I am,
And downa thrive at a' on myths or fads!

MONBODDO. *My* 'proofs' are neither 'myths,' nor 'fads,' nor 'fibs.'
Nor frauds, nor freaks, nor fancies farcical,
But plain and incontestable *hard facts*—
The only beans your modern ass must chew!
The Orang-ootangs *are* human, as I said,
And have proved in my work on Languages;
And, further in the Bay of Bengal, *now*—
This very day, a fine community,
Some powerful 'nations' of most noble folk,
Do flourish, and enjoy—(O miracle!)—
In peace and quiet life's necessities,
Including their so useful, flicking tails—
Long, and unmutilated, undock'd, unshorn!
Yes, Burns! (sit still!) a skipper found them out,
A Swedish skipper (that man's monument
Should be of burnish'd brass, on Calton Hill!)—
Some seven score years agone he found them out!
A noble Captain was he, and a great,
In sober verity—a Hero-King!
Sit still, sit still! you are not going now?

BURNS. Up in Lawnmarket, in my lodging there,
By tryst, a gentleman is waiting me,
Who, in strict truth, has little time to wait,
As he sails by the boat to-night from Leith :
But I may call again and hear you out ?

MONBODDO. The Howdies* sink your friend, and drown him, too ?
But this is still my luck—when I have caught
A fit and understanding listener—
Thus to be baulk'd, and cheated of my prize !
But, since you must, drink up your punch, and go.

BURNS. (*Going.*) Na, na ! I ken my measure—and it's fou !
Guid-bye, my lord.—Accept my heartfelt thanks
For your sae kind-intention'd wise advice,
And for your *verra* interesting tales (tails !) as weel !

III. SEQUEL.

MONBODDO. (*Solus.*) A fellow shrewd enough ! But I like not
The satire flashing in his fearful eyes,
Which are, as midnight, black, yet lit with fires
More dreadful than the thunder's.—Let him go !
I'd fear'd to *meet*, much less *confab* with him—
Even I, 'who never fear'd the face of man'
On God's wide world until this Sabbath day !
If HUME was dang'rous, BURNS is death itself !
Shun him, Monboddo ! Do ! Ah ! Do ! Shun him ! !

BURNS. (*Soliloquizing on the Street.*) A 'Character,' indeed ! O for a mood
To do his 'Epigram,' or 'Epitaph'—
Or e'en a langer screed,—like 'Holy Will !'
But no !—He's been my Host, a 'kind' one, too,
Although I hardly lo'ed his lordly scorn
Of my mere thochtless hints anent our kin,'
Suggested by the similarity
Of our twa sib-like family surnames.

* Midwives.

I wonder did he really think that I
Wish'd—as some tenth, or nineteenth cousin's brat—
My bardship to ingratiate with his
Pseudo-aristocratic city clique,
To serve some selfish ends in future days?

But Jupiter! can such a man as this—
Reputed and respected Europe over,
An intellectual athlete and sage,
A champion lawyer, judge, and lord of session,
These twenty years by-past—be such a fool?

His boasted 'search' for baabies' tails approach'd
The top sublime of the ridiculous,
The quite *ultima thule* of sense and sanity,
If it did not project a lump into
The wild illusive sea of lunacy?

To prove his 'theory,' it struck me hard,
That Bacon's method he had quite o'er-turned,
And that he should have sought for 'evidence'
Not in what's *not*, but in what *is*, in us—
I fear there's mair than plenty for his need,
For what to mak' o't else it fickles me!
The 'residuum's' there*—an open *fact*,
And 'facts are chiels,' we ken, 'that winna ding!

But I am fain to think I'se ne'er gae back,
For I sair doubt my power of self-control
To stand such strains again! But whaur was SHE,
The fair Eliza, Scotland's sovereign grace,
And sweetest miracle—the Second Eve?†
Whaur gaed she after dinner? Wad the Judge
Debar her then rejoining us? Likely!!
Seeing that he ettled to let lowse his cranks
In my poor rustic lugs, baith '*nat'ral*' and '*untrain'd!*'

* The residua of the physical organs and mental dispositions of his supposed animal progenitors in the present body and constitution of man.

† 'In the circle of which he was made free, nothing made a greater impression on Burns's mind than the exquisite beauty and grace of Eliza Burnet, the daughter of Lord Monboddo. To her

But I am hame! And I see Richmond's * in!—
Now, Burns! be *mum* and *mute* as Banquo's ghost!
Tak' nae revenge, his pride can hurt ye naught:
If *he* is 'proud,' what is his pride to *thine!*—
His pride's the peacock's, *thine* the lordly eagle's!—
'Fair Burnet's sire must not be pluck'd by thee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

[Born at Edinburgh in 1771; Died at Abbotsford, near Melrose, in 1832.]

COLOSSAL scribe! colossal Scot!
And eke colossal poet, too,
Tho' as a bard we seek thee not
But whare thy warriors mak' ado,
Or whare a grand scene strik'st thine eye,
As Scotland's wild Past thunders by!

Yet mild wert thou, an' still, an' smooth!
Nae ruffle on thy saul's braid deep
Was ever stirr'd, for airs that soothe
Did only o'er its level creep;
Thou kend'stna famine, flood, nor storm,
Nor Passion's hell in any form!

he makes a special allusion in his "Address to Edinburgh," rating her among the wonders of the city—

"Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine!"'

—*The Life and Works of Robert Burns*, by Robert Chambers, vol. ii., pp. 20-25, Edition of 1896.

* John Richmond, Burns's then fellow lodger in an humble dwelling in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, and an old Ayrshire crony of his.

Thou wast a warld's *entertainer*,
Of Scottish character the scribe ;
Wha sae reads thee—he's a gainer,
Tho' a debtor to thy tribe :—
Imagination—wit—hadst thou,
And a memory—*vast*, I trow !

A' thy gran' offspring 's wonnerfu',
Describin' vera life they seem,
Sae they frae us confession pu'
That what we see wi' truth doth teem ;
And aft thy humour's in sic store,
We downa else but laugh an' roar !

The Past seems living in thy page,
And in that Past a' types o' men,
And women, too, flit o'er its stage,
A' new made by thy magic pen :
We see them a', and as distinct
As we to life wi' them were link'd !

But there were depths, an' depths within
Thae human sauls thou fathom'd not !
Thou hadst nae lead-line to begin,
Sae used not what thou hadna got !
The surface, and a dip below,
Measured the utmost thou couldst go !

As simply as a little child,
That deems each spherèd star a spark,
Thou by the auld creeds wast beguiled,
And strade unquestioning thro' the dark,
Unwotting, never asking, all
What in Man's future would befall !

And yet hoo aften toilèdst thou,
Alang the vera marge of Fate !—
Ripping the banks up wi' thy plough,
And harrowing them wi' harrows great !
But all unheeding the dread stream,
Of Mystery, that near didst glean !

Aristocratic to the core—
In feeling, heart, an' sentiment—
Thou bended down a prince before,
As he were something special sent
By Heaven to enoble Earth,
And glorify it by "*high birth!*"

To thee the poor the "rabble" were—
The "mob," the "clowns," the "knaves," to serve
"Superiors," and as such to fare,
Rejoice or suffer, feast or starve,
Follow to battle, win or die,
And ne'er to ask the reason why!

Thou wert a' this, an' yet, at hame,
Thou as a blessing wast belov'd!
Heedless of praise, applause, or fame,
But by thy master impulse moved—
To found, an' build up Abbotsford,
An' mak' thysel' its great first lord!

Tremendous were thy gains—and loss!
And glorious thy retrieving fight!
Herculean efforts were a "toss"
Comparèd wi' thy deeds of might!
Nae Wonder Scotland hauds thee hie—
Son mair heroic ne'er had she!

Son mair heroic?—no, nor *guid*,
Despite thy tory-leaning heart!
Upright, pure-living, there thou stude,
Aye ready to fulfil thy part!—
Son, husband, father, master, friend,
A spotless pattern to the end!

As public writer, public man,
Barring thy tory-truckling ways,
Nane yet as popular ever ran
Life's race as thou didst a' thy days!
The First in fame, the First in worth,
Career mair noble ne'er knew Earth!

Poet, historian, novelist,
  Public man, and benefactor !
Antiquarian—not the least—
  Patriot—a vera Hector !—
Worthy Earth's first Monument,
That thy native Toun's lang kent !

Now sleep beside belovèd Tweed,
  And nevermair afar do stray !
Dream on of high and knightly deed,
  Redoubted lords and ladies gay !
Fond revel, whilst Eterne doth last
In thy true heaven—the dark Past !

BALLAD: THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

A New Version.

[FOUNDED ON TRADITION.]

"I daur ye meet me ! I daur ye by this dirk !
  For I'se meet thee—ne'er fear ye !
I sall rin through an' through ! I sall slay thee in the mirk,
  By the gloomie, gloomie Wells o' Wearie !"

They met at deid o' nicht, they met wi' dirks drawn,
  When the howlet wailit eerie,
An' wha was waiting there but the bonnie Ladye Ann,
  Weeping loud by the Wells o' Wearie !

"O trow-na, my Lord, O trow-na, my *chere*,
  O trow-na, my Lord, I fear ye !—
Thee an' thy langest blade I downa stowp to fear,
  By the gloomie, gloomie, Wells o' Wearie !"

They fell to syne, they luve-wud lords,
Ladye Ann fell tapsalteerie!
They sleish'd at ither's craigs, thae twa young lords,
Till they bluidit a' the Wells o' Wearie!

Ladye Ann moan'd low, an' she wringit her hair,
And says—"Till time grows eerie—
Till the last straik o' time my ghaist sall come here,
Wringin' 's hair by the Wells o' Wearie!

"It's there he was slewn, it's there he is laid,
My leal Lord Reay, my dearie!
Rive aff my silken gown, rive aff my tartan plaid,
Rive aff a' at the Wells o' Wearie!

"He ran him through an' through, he teuk his revenge,
He slew him fornenst his dearie!"
Ladye Ann gien ae sigh, but she never spak' mair,
And gaed wud by the Wells o' Wearie!

But aft sin' that day, at the turn o' the nicht,
When the howlet waileth eerie,
On a knowe nar the Loch,* a maiden looms in sicht,
Wringing hair by the Wells o' Wearie!

TYNESIDE.

[East Lothian.]

THERE is a nook on Tyneside,
A little, biel', bonnie nook,
That aye to me the warld wide,
Is sadder-sweet than ony nook;
Around it tangling woodbine,
Green ivy an' eglantine,
With birks, to mak' a bower, twine
An' be Love's ain nook.

* Duddingston Loch, near Edinburgh.

That nook on bonnie Tyneside,
That hallow'd nook I ken weel!
O never wi' as fond a tide
Did river round a shore swiel!
Safe murmurings are stirr'd there,
Sweet is the music heard there,
Rare sings the Mavis bird there,
Gloaming's fa' to peel.

Around that nook on Tyneside,
Her spirit hov'ring evermair,
Shall ward that nook on Tyneside
Wi' ne'er-ending love and care!
Within its shade we parted
Ere love was sudden thwarted
By fell Death—sae stane-hearted,
E'en Jean he wadna spare!

JAMES WATT.

SCOTTISH ENGINEER, INVENTOR OF THE MODERN STEAM ENGINE.

[BORN AT GREENOCK, RENFREWSHIRE, IN 1736; DIED AT HEATHFIELD, STAFFORDSHIRE, in 1819.]

Give Scotia justice, she demands no more,
But justice she will have, whate'er its price;
Then back she scuds again to every shore
With what she gat from it augmented thrice!
A loaf is her requital for a slice!—
But she exacts her charge for every blow
Given her unmerited— by false 'friend' or true 'foe'!

She lo'es her bigger sister, Albion !—
  They are as twins, as twins in all things be—
Twins of one cause, as twins this world upon,
  Twins in their lives, and twins in destinie ;
  Twin Queens of all their Islands of the sea,
Twin Mothers of the Britons, near and far,
Twins in all weal and woe—alike of peace and war.

After a youth of strife, these sister twins
  Were harmonized by suffering and want,
And pledged each other– for their mutual sins—
  To break instanter from misleading cant,
  And live as twins, entwined in one home haunt,
Thenceforth and evermore, two lusty twins,
Sharers in all alike—adventures, losses, wins !

The Little One, hight 'Caledonia'—
  She of the daring heart and active limb,
The beaming eyes, and brent brow, bonnie aye !—
  The lass wi' truth and ruth fill'd to the brim—
  The ally, for her 'causes' aye in trim,—
Was ne're behind in bringing her full share
Into the joint store-house of the renownéd pair !

More than her share she brings of warlike men—
  (They whom her foes flee from as startled sheep
Flee from the red deer down a Highland glen,
  When, driv'n by summer's *drouth*, from height and steep
  Unto the corries and the vales they leap)—
Soldiers and sailors both she brings a-many,
'Fore whom ev'n Nap himself fled, quaking like a zany !

Explorers, wanderers in Unknown lands,
  Waifs of the Wilderness through long dumb years,
She's sped abroad o'er earth with lavish hands !
  And backwoods' men, hunters, and pioneers—
  The race she sends that a whole region clears
Of primal giant forests—jungles—swamps,
And, ere they droop themselves, with golden harvest stamps !

To industry, to science, to the Arts
  She neither niggard is, lag, nor supine ;
But, in her ways efficient, she imparts
  To each and all a force right leonine,
  A character exalting and divine,
A contribution more than equalling
What ten times larger lands ere brought, or ere will bring !

And in all cities and great capitals,
  Alike *frem** States and the Imperial whole
Of Britain's Empire, Caledon installs
  Thickly her sons in spheres of main control
  And foremost influence—the aim and goal
Of quick aspiring minds, in every land,
Born with the envied power to give and force command.

In crafts mechanical and useful, she
  Even herself outdoes as in high art !
From children's tops and kites to ships at sea,
  She leaves the deftest peoples far apart,
  Out-strips all rivals, o'ertops every mart,
With her unmatchables,—old, late, or new—
Steel ships or Shetland shawls, schools, kirks, or Mountain Dew !

Now, she and her big sister felt and saw—
  Together with some other 'friends' around—
Their lamentable lack of power to draw
  Their wealth incalculable from underground
  Up to daylight, wherein it would be found
A blessing and a benefit to Man,
Immense as any such disclosed in 'Nature's plan.'

Westwards bright Scotia turn'd with flashing eyes,
  'Behold !' cried she, 'my Haunt of Reek and Rain !
Within yon murky bourn, my sister, lies
  One ris'n to cure us of our present pain,
  And fetch us back to health and joy again !
A Man of mind supreme, yea ! great as Jove,
Who whisks, as weans do peas, his thunder-bolts above !'

* Foreign.

ALBION. O sister! Who is he? Albion cried,
O let us hasten to his feet at once!
Both thou and I, for want of 'means' are tried
Even to the limit of our sufferance,
Nay! may our *coup de grace* get soon from France,
Or any lucky rival round that can
Before *us*, a PIT POWER, sufficient strong, but *plan!*

CALEDONIA. Sister! my wealth-abounding twin, my love!
'Tis ever with me thus when I implore—
Not once, but always—when I would thee move
To grant a tiny tittle from the store
Of that with which thy coffers deep run o'er—
Thy golden guineas, many as the sands,
Or shining pebble stones that strow my Norlan strands!

ALBION. 'Tis true thou art a beggar! But, what then?
Thou *must* be so, since 'tis thy hapless fate
To be the princess of so grim a plain,
The queen of such a mean and meagre state
As barren Scotland is—and thou so *great*,
So high, and fiery, that—sometimes—even I,
Thy 'love,' crouch in the south, all trembling, fit to die!

CALEDONIA. I am a 'beggar'—but, my sister dear,
I never 'beg' from thee, or any one,
But I return three-fold the borrow'd gear
Which in my need thou may'st me kindly loan;
Nor is my kingdom—(RENOWN'd CALEDON!)—
A 'barren waste,' or such a 'meagre hole,'
As thou wouldst make believe, my Southland parrot Poll!

I have a Callant* now, a son of mine—
Indeed, my special favourite is he—
Whose ingine† had abash'd the 'Famous Nine,'
But that he lacks the 'friend-in-need,' a wee—
My fugitive,—that indispensable *Bawbee!*‡
To set him on his course—*The Course of Fame*,
And Riches to our realms, my love, beyond all name!

* Boy. † Genius. ‡ Cash; capital.

ALBION. My precious sister! If created small,
Sure thou wert destined as a giant joy
To be to me and to the wide world all?
A priceless pleasure that doth never cloy,
A blessing—perfect—mix'd with no alloy!
Who is this Man of men—thy Favourite Son?
Comes he with the NEW FORCE, this God-sent radiant one?

CALEDONIA. In smoke and grime Tartarean he comes
To all the lands, who welcome his approach!
And all their wants and wills, thenceforth, he sums,
And meets all readier than they them broach—
(But this doth on the coming time encroach!—
Wherefore, sweet critic, we will 'let-a-be'?
The present is enough, dear sis, for you and me?)

ALBION. *Assuredly!* Therefore, fond Caledon,
Say what thy 'grimed' one needeth to begin?

CALEDONIA. Why! *that* should not delay my Albion—
He needs a partner with the needful 'tin!'
A man of brains withal, one born to *win*,
One of the world, equipp'd with suave address,
One fit to 'manage well,' with fairness or '*finesse*'!

ALBION. Down in the middle of my spacious field
Of Merrie England, I behold our man!*
And him shall I induce, him wean to yield
Up all his portion for our *Happy Plan*—
The best Conception since we two began,
With our grown wit and knowledge of mankind,
To save Man's heritage, with might, and sense, and mind.

We were two wanton gigglets, Caledonia,
For unknown revolutions of this Earth
Around its burning Author,—far, and lonely,

* Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham. He was a celebrated inventor and steel manufacturer, and also a gentleman of considerable property. In 1774 he became Watt's sole partner, and as such continued till the dissolution of their partnership in 1800. Their Engine works were at Soho, near Birmingham.

Fix'd in the waste of space, wherein have birth
Whole herds and flocks of worlds, a nd Chaos dearth
Of darkness and confusion, more and more,
As light and order'd unity spread Cosmos o'er—

So are We Two as one in Government,
In Throne and Legislature, and, so, *now*,
Do We enact our purposes be blent—
In *practice* and in *thought*, in *fact*, and *show*,
In *effort*, and in *end*, in *weal*, and *woe*—
An union of our all—complete, and sure,
As that of Cosmos is, and ever to endure!

Go, therefore, sister, and thy youngster 'cram,'
And I, right off, will do the like by mine!
Command we meet at Soho, Birming-ham,
To have him there at once his Partner join,
Hinting he may—if that way he incline—
Be 'worth' (and that ere long), in gear and gold,
A royal prince's 'pile'—yea, Solomon's of old!

CALEDONIA. Thy Wight is *Boulton!** mine is douce 'James Watt'!—
(Why do you pale so, like some peevish Miss?)—
He is a Wizard with a god's power fraught,
Who cometh none to *blast*, but all to *bless*,
To change men's poverty to plenteousness
Give warmth for cold, comfort for misery,
Make Man Earth's Master Absolute—o'er land and sea!

For Earth itself he will, in time, transform,
Even through her rocky ribs run roads for man,—
Make *the* 'high-seas' highways; and shine, and storm,
And wind, and tide—daylight, and dusk, and dawn,
Press all into his service—rear or van—
Evil's realms to invade and subjugate,
And wedded Good and Peace enthrone in every state!

* Boulton was, even at the period supposed in the poem, both well and widely known for his new mode of inlaying steel.

Away they flew as buds in summer blown,
These bright twin-Genii of this dual-land!
Each to the 'Kingdom' which she deem'd her own,
And reign'd and ruled with sovereign command,
Yet served in ways that bards well understand!—
This, to her seat of ceaseless reek and rain,
The *Other*, to her clanging Cutlers' camp *—amain!

Nor did they idle there—these matchless twins!—
Till, like themselves, their 'grimy engineers'
They had as twins enleagued †—gifts, goods, and sins—
In close co-partnery a-many years,
Until in sooth, the NEW FORCE,‡ like new shears,
Could cut supremacy for them with ease
In commerce, trade, and power o'er all known lands and seas!

And when, at length, the 'Partners,' parted, lay,
Each in his hallow'd monumental tomb,
THE GENII wept apart till closing day
Shed o'er the wailing cities the thick gloom
Of wearied evening, waiting the relume
Of starry night, their requiem to renew
For their world-famous wards, now 'yond that starry blue!

CALEDONIA (*Over the grave of* BOULTON.) Dear twin-born sister! it is here he lies—
Mate of my Watt (well-mated were those two!)
Well doth this turf shroud sacredly those eyes,
Which like a brother's scann'd his brother true
With brotherly esteem, and reverence due
The higher destined in creative art,
And equal twin in truth, and nobleness of heart!

* Glasgow and Birmingham.

† Firm of Boulton & Watt, Steam Engine Manufacturers, Soho, Birmingham.

‡ The modern steam engine.

ALBION. Think not, My Other Self, my heart is sore—
The mouldering hero here is not my last!
Nay! in Northumbria, now, I have two more *
Fit to fill even the shoes thy Watt did cast
When he to his immortal portion pass'd!
Two toilers from my mines—two grimy blacks—
Bent double to the earth with wonders on their backs!

CALEDONIA. Transcendent are thy words! but deign to say
Who be these fast-succeeding favourites?
I joy to hear they're from my Norlan way—
The hard North best the glim of genius beets! †
Thy sultry South the fire creative meets
Oppressively, and thrusts it ere its prime
In many nameless graves—the victims of their clime!

ALBION. Yea, yea! So my new 'favourites' are real North men—
Father and boy—of poor and mean estate,
But rich capacity of heart and brain,
And industry that never does abate
Before their wills and purposes they sate!
Grand, self-reliant North men both are they,
Fit heirs and followers of all ours pass'd away!

CALEDONIA. Heigh Ho! What are the wonders at their backs?
These can but be of Boulton or of Watt—
The natural offshoots, the prolong'd tracks
Of their suggestive works—no matter what—
Thou canst not name them any more than that—
For well 'tis known that our Immortals gone
Left naught undone or tried, by boys to be outshone?

* George and Robert Stephenson. The Elder Stephenson, the originator of the modern railway system, was thirty-eight years old when Watt died, and his son Robert, of railway bridge fame, sixteen or seventeen years.

† Fans.

ALBION. The wonders which they bring, these new come twain,
Are, even in this age of wonders, such
As might draw veneration from the brain
Of hawks and swallow birds, which think not much
The two ends of a league or more to touch
Within the lapse of time a crow on wing
Might put a ring around a "*tattie bing*"!*

My elder new one hath a scheme conceived,
By which in coming days our boys will shoot
From Capital to Capital—relieved
Of every care and worry on their route,
To which, till then, poor lads! they'll all be put—
And in one whiff the time it takes them now
No matter where they go, nor wherefore, when, or how.†

CALEDONIA. My Watt made possible no end of things!—
Railways are but one outcome of his mind!
I have myself, at home, ships with side wings,
That turn like water wheels—'spite tide or wind,
And leave thy 'grand Thames sailers' leagues behind,
Because *Watt's* NEW FORCE is aboard of mine,
Making them as alive—fleet Grey-hounds of the brine!‡

ALBION. That is true, too! So, in my factories,
Mills, yards, shops, brick-works, harbours, and ferries—
Shoo!—wherever son of ours an actor is,
The man who everything before him carries,
And, till triumphant, never tires nor tarries—
The New Force thuds and puffs, and laughs, and sings,
The merriest of slaves, the mightiest of kings!

* Potato heap, or 'pit.'

† Probably the English 'twin-Geni' spoke prophetically of our present cycle, motor-car, fast train, and other 'services'

‡ No doubt characteristically alluding to the early 'steam-boats' of Miller and Taylor at Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, in 1788, and to those of Symington and Henry Bell, near Glasgow, later on. These first steam ships all possessed 'side wings'—*i.e.*, paddle wheels.

CALEDONIA. His monument is here in Birminghame?—
Come! we will deck it with our laurel bays,
Undying as his memory and fame—
Which are a garland to this Land always
Of love and admiration—truest praise!
And fittest amaranthine wreath, I trow,
For vanish'd hero's tomb, or living hero's brow!

ALBION. I come! I flee before thee, Caledon!
Watt as a hero of the world stood up
Before the world, his hardest battles won
As heroes win life's sweet-and-bitter cup,
Uncaring if of thanks or blame they sup,
And only wistful, as they sink to rest,
If for their kind they strove and gave of theirs the best!

ALBION. (*Over the statue* of* WATT *in Birmingham.*)
Now with my chaplet will I crown thy Watt--
Thy Watt and mine and many grateful lands'!
His work was for mankind, although he sat
Here in my realm, obeying my commands—
As guidance from a loving mother's hands!—
Obeying as the child and king he was,
Pure as a child in soul, a monarch in Man's cause!

* 'He' (Watt) 'was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784; a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1785; a corresponding member of the Batavian Society in 1787; and in 1808, a corresponding member, and afterwards a foreign member, of the Institute of France. The University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1806. His Statue, the funds for which had been raised by a public and almost a national subscription, was erected in Birmingham, in 1824; and his statue is now to be seen in the streets of many of our larger towns. The honours paid to his memory and to himself in his later years appear to have been deserved by his personal qualities, no less than by the immeasurable benefits which his inventive talents have conferred upon the human race.'—*Chambers's Encyclopædia*, vol. x., p. 106, Ed. 1868.

CALEDONIA. Around this statue—consecrating it—
TIME, flying, casts a halo from this hour—
A growing glory which the past hath lit,
And which the future years can naught but more
Make glad and brighten, as they linger o'er
All that his genius won for them on earth
And all his god-like powers, humility, and worth ! *

* 'Sir Walter Scott, in the playful letter to Captain Clutterbuck in the introduction to the Monastery, we find writing as follows :— "Did you ever know the celebrated Mr Watt of Birmingham, Captain Clutterbuck? I believe not, though, from what I am about to state, he would not have failed to have sought an acquaintance with you. It was only once my fortune to meet him, whether in body or out of it, it matters not. There were assembled about half a score of our northern lights, who had amongst them a well-known character of your country. . . . Amidst this company stood Mr Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our natural resources in a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination, bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth ; giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite ; commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert ; affording the means of dispensing with that tide and time which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements, this abridger of time and space—this magician whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, or perhaps, only now begining to be felt, was perhaps not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of power and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes, was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

"There he stood surrounded by the little band I have mentioned of northern literati, men not less tenacious, generally speaking, of their own fame and their own opinions than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have gained upon service. Methinks I yet hear and see what I shall never hear and see again. In his eighty-third year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his

OUR LITTLE POSTMAN.

LEEZE, leeze me on our Little Postman!
Nae Runner on this great East Coast, man,
For onything is worth a hoast, man,
Whan he is bye;
And were he for ae day but lost, man,
Our Peg would die!

Weel kenn'd's his gait alang the street,
E'en to the far end o' his beat!
His jaunty mairch, sae licht an' neat,
An' fou o' bends,
And nods, and booes—with which to greet
His countless friends!

By every human tribe that creepeth—
The laughing wags, and those that weepeth,
This leesome soul, wham love aft steepeth,
As deep's the sea,
Will be adored—ance their een peepeth
As far as he!

attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist; he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another was a celebrated critic; you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk. And yet Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman, Jedediah Cleishbotham, you would have sworn he had been coeval with Claverse and Burley, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could number every shot the dragoons had fired at the fugitive Covenanters. In fact, we discovered that no novel of the least celebrity escaped his perusal, and that the gifted man of science was much addicted to the productions of your country (the land of Uptopia aforesaid); in other words, as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen."'—*Chambers's Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, Art, Watt, vol. iv., pp. 409-10.

His smile is like the sunny blink
That gleams upo' the wifie's bink,
Whan plates, an' cups an' saucers dink
Its wondrous shelves,
And owre its mazes swith shades jink,
And play themselves.

'We've haen fu' mony Posty loons ;
But, strecht their cruicks, an' heeze their crouns,
They couldna wi' their parritch spoons,
And extra inches,
Rax to the Little Ane's house shoons !'
—Swear a' our wenches !

Wha ever saw him sulk or froun ?
Wha ever saw him coosten doun—
Save that sair time, whan, up the toun,
His minnie dee'd ?
Lord save us ! *than*, his usual croon,
Gaed doun wi speed !

That season sad—mair than a week—
Folk saw him into corners sneak
And dicht the wae tears frae his cheek
He'd shed for her,
But not wan thrawn word did he speak,
Sigh, or murmur !

He'd 'keepit' her for years himsel'—
Ay, keept her like a LADY SWELL !
I've seen their HOUSE at Leonard's Well,
—'Twas like a MANSE,
Pang'd fou o' comforts—cramm'd pell-mell—
Butt, ben, and transe !

Our door bell, 'boys' and 'butchers' jangle,
And aften sair my musings tangle !
But his—weel kenn'd !—nae vicious wrangle,
To gar folk start,
But jist a genty, heartsome clangle,
With hope alert !

At gay Yule time, whan gifts are rife,
He gets frae mony a lass an' wife
What gars him stare as far as Fife,
And blush like 'Buntie!'—
A neibor's wench, whase years o' life
Are not yet twenty.

Sae leeze me on Our Little Postman!
Wi' our Lord Provost him I'd toast, man!
Nae better runner—coast to coast, man—
Wears out shae leather,
Sir Rowland Hill himsel' micht boast, man,
To ca' him brither!

DAVID HUME, SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER.

[Born at Edinburgh, in 1711; Died there in 1776.]

'UNBELIEVER,' 'Seer,' 'Saint,'*
Metaphysical and quaint;
'Historian,' whom pen nor paint
Hath ever drawn
To mak' Auld Reekie richt acquent
Wi' her Great Man,—

For thee I shun 'poetic' themes—
Death-dealing dramas, ghaistly dreams;
Ev'n moors, and mountains, shaws and streams,
Whare betwitch'd love,
Amid sweet Nature's sweetest gleams,
Doth spell-bound rove,

* St. David Street, Edinburgh, where he resided, was, ironically, named after him, and retains to this day its now honoured designation.

And woo ABSTRACTION—maiden dark,
Man's midnicht transcendental clark!
For, wow! I've found her 'genial wark,
And mair than plenty
To haud us gaun till morrow's lark
Sings day in dainty.

'St. Dauvid' startit 'drivin' doun,'
Demolishing what was 'outgroun,'
And for his pains, of coorse, this loon
Iconoclastic,
The Warld gat round about fell soon
Her tawse elastic.

'Hate,' 'spite,' 'contempt,' and 'crackit croun
Cam' frae baith laymen an' blackgoun;
The mob loud 'boo'd' the mad 'mahoun'
Wha'd daur'd to say
That black was black, and broun was broun,
Day efter day.

Nathless, owre the haill yird he'd set
Legions o' 'sages' in a pet,
To refute what could not be 'met'
By mortal skill!
But what they had, that he did get,
Mair than his fill!

Calumnies, countless,—hatch'd in hell—
Upo' his bouk gigantic fell;
But, in the gustiest o' the gell,
Lie-proof, truth-sheth'd,
Like Daniel in the Wild-beast's cell,
He stude unscaith'd.

But, then, 'twas only 'truth in doubt'
That armour'd him thus round about!
Sae his least faes must fume and flout,
And flout and fume,
Unconscious a' what they did scout
In 'Dauvid Hume!'

Yet waur ev'n than thae pious chiels,
The wolf ca'd Want snapt at his heels—
Whan 'Revelation's Curse' reveals
'Impressions' sair,
And his 'idea' is—'It feels
Damn'd to be puir!'*

Sae sadly, he, by turns, became—
An idiot's keeper, whilk made them—
(The wad-be thrapplers o' his fame)—
In bigot glee,
Howl out—'Wark fitter wha could name
For sich as he?'

Syne 'Secretary' to 'St. Clair,'
A General—(heard of nocht elsewhare)—
Wha owre to France was sent to stare,
The needfu' sage,
Did, afore lang, in 'sheer despair,'
Himself 'engage'!

And, hame again, this 'awfu' man,'
Anither fiend-like ploy began—
To brust a' 'mairacles' aff-haun,
Like paper pocks
The weans wi' wind blaw up, and than
Gie startling strokes!

In an 'aside' though, this says he:—
'My Essay will confound, may-be,
Thae fause freends wha sae "*righteouslie*"—
(Fanatic folly!)
With reason wad defend, or weigh,
Religion Holy!

* Vide 'Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,' by Robert Chambers.

'On *faith*, and not on reason, sure,
Religion's founded, gin it's pure,
And wad the fleggs o' faes endure,
Age efter age;
'Cause only then is't 'yond the poo'r
Of their warst rage!'*

Alake! Nae mortal mind, nor skill,
Can waive the weirds Time maun fulfil!
Hume's Mither, loved thro' guid and ill,
Droopt, sank, and dee'd,
And unto him a life-lang bill
Of wae decreed!

Grit's this man's meed, if grit his blame;
Throo the wide warld resounds his name,
And up the National Roll of Fame
Of Britain's sons—
Philosophic—whate'er their claim—
Wha higher wons?

And, than this filial episode,
What, with just men, here, or abroad,
Could hicher heeze him and uphaud†
Or mair illume,
Wi' licht supernal, as frae God,
The name of Hume?

* Hume actually concluded thus:—'That no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish, and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior. It (his Essay) may confound those dangerous friends, or disguised enemies to the Christian religion, who have undertaken to defend it by the the principles of human reason. Our most holy religion is founded on *faith*, not on *reason*; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure.'—Hume's Works, vol. iv., pp. 135-153.

† Higher uplift and uphold him.

'Discourses,' 'Hist'ries,' 'Politics,'*
Whilk thrang'd his Age's leisure nicks,
Ne'er castigated for their tricks
His ill designers!—
How this ae fact doth noo transfix
The wee maligners!

But thae warks brang him back amain
The fury o' the priest-led train,
Wha truth and balderdash do strain
Throo party seives,
And serve the riddlins, chaff or grain,
But by their leaves.

Thus struggling, scribbling, moralizing,
And filling sub-posts tantalizing,
Hume ran his day—and, nocht surprising,
Earned his just claim,
Yea, reach'd ere e'ening, his devising—
Immortal fame!†

* The important labours of his later years.

† 'On Sunday the 26th August, 1776, Hume expired.

'Of the manner of his death, after the beautiful picture which has been drawn of the event by his friend Adam Smith, we need not enlarge. The calmness of his last moments, unexpected by many, was in every one's mouth at the period, and it is still well known. He was buried on a point of rock overhanging the old town of Edinburgh, now surrounded with buildings, but then bare and wild—the spot he had himself chosen for the purpose. A conflict between a vague horror of his imputed opinions, and respect for the individual who had passed among them a life so irreproachable, created a sensation among the populace of Edinburgh, and a crowd of people attended the body to its grave, which was for some time an object of curiosity.'—*Dr Robert Chambers, in his Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. iii., p. 132, Ed. of 1835.

HUME'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH *

THE ears o' 'saunts' on every side—
(Sure cuddies' † lugs are ill to hide !)—
Baith cockit high and open'd wide,
Alert to hear
The "*Autheist*" 'Unbelief' deride,
As death drew near.

Remorse and terror dreid to see,
His last attendants were to be ;
He'd tear the sheets in's miserie,
And run amuck,
Trying in vain *The Fiend* to flee—
Mad, conscience-struck !

In blue lowes he wad pass awa,
Yelling, and begging hills to fa'
And crush his doom's fire ‡ black and sma'—
Ev'n Arthur's Seat,
The Pentlands, and great Lammerlaw,
Whilk few can beat !

Syne, like a bomb-shell, he wed burst,
And pass in smeek to the accurst,
There to remain, they'd hope and trust,
For aye and ever—
Throo a' Eternity's black worst
To roar and shiver !

Alas for superstition's 'hopes !'
Anither at his bedside drops,
Having neither blue fire, chains, nor ropes
To dregg to hell
The brave soul that whare 'belief' stops
Had daur'd to tell !

* Written after reading Adam Smith's celebrated letter to Mr Strahan of London on the sad event.

† Donkeys ; fanatics here, of course.

‡ The supposed hell to be in his heart at death.

E'en pitying, sorrowing Adam Smith,
Frae the Lang Toun athort the frith!
The Scot next Hume in power and pith,
And love of truth,
Stood in the flesh—nae ghaist or myth,
Nor ghoul uncouth—

Just 'loving, gentle Adam Smith!'
To comfort his auld friend forthwith,
Or, haply, bid him fareweel, sith
Even Humes maun dee,
Was at his bedside, sound and swith
As age could be.

He found the sage, drawn near his end,
'Joking and laughing wi' a friend!'
And 'thocht the Moralist micht mend—
He shaw'd sic smeddum?'
'Na, na! nae '*miracles*' are kenn'd
In our day, Adam!

'I pass these lang days vera quately,
Dozing, and reading Lucian, lately;
And, through *his* book,* again the stately
Old Man of Styx—
Even *Charon*—I did greet sedately,
And play'd some tricks!

'I dream'd that to his stream I'd got,
And saw him smoking in his boat,
In whilk he wanted me afloat—
That verra 'oor!
But I demurr'd upon the spot,
Ye may be sure!

'I needed some delay, so I
Determined firm to straik him sly—
"Dear Charon! let me this life try
A *little* mair,
And I'se return here by-and-by,
A' fair and square!

* Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead.*

"My prentit books I'm thrang revisin',
For a fresh batch of SMITH'S devisin',
And I'd fain see gif my star's risin'
Or trending straight
Doun to the stickit scribe's horizon,
The Kirk-yaird gate?"

'Quo' he, "Whan ye thy star hadst seen
Upmounting to the Zenith clean,
Thou'dst mair *revisin'* start bedeen,
And tell me o't!
Thou scheming rogue! thou slee spalpeen!
Come! board my boat!"

'"O Charon!" I still wysed him then,
"Thou dearest freend o' wearie men!
O Charon! dinna, ere thou ken,
Refuse my pray'r,
Nor me owre thae mirk waters wen',
Sae fou o' care!

'"I hae been trying, years and years,
To open men's lock'd eyes and ears;
And, gin a wee Death held his shears
Aff my life's threid,
I micht see supersteetion's fears
Come true indeed!

'"I micht the satisfaction hae
To see some o' her growth's decay—
Thae monstrous mongrels o' our day—
Decline and fa'
Like auncient empires—pass'd away,
As they'd been snaw?"

'"Thou crafty vagabond!" he roar'd,
"No further nonsense! Come a-board
Time's sel' could not thy pray'r afford
One ot until
A wheen mair hundred years be stored
In his dunghill!

'"Stap in, belyve! So! Close thine eyes!
Fear naught! and whan thou dost arise
On yon dim shore, a glad surprise
Thy meed may be!
Ablins a sait among the wise,
Eternallie!"

'This said, I dreamt I rush'd aboard,
Rush'd with sic vigour and accord,
The craft were swampt, but that 'twas moor'd
Still to this warl',
Whilk is, Lord knows, baith roof'd and floor'd
Wi' granite marl'!

'Our painter slipp'd, we bore awa'—
The cobble only held us twa!
And sune 'twad no' be seen ava,
On that dark sea,
By those left crying—ane and a'—
"Wae, wae is me!"*

* Mr Haldame, in his learned and able *Life of Adam Smith*, page 40, says—'No life of Adam Smith can be complete without some account of his description of the death-bed of his friend (Hume). That description was contained in a letter which, though somewhat long, relates to a matter of such interest that it is worth quoting at length. It is a description which refutes completely the nursery tales upon the subject which were set abroad at the time, and for long passed current.' The same writer, on pp. 47-8 of the 'Life' adds—'Hume died, as he had lived, a brave, upright man; and it is some satisfaction to know that his moral, as well as his mental qualities, remained intact to the last. The less tolerant section of the public, no doubt, expected at the time to find that his death-bed was a scene of mental anguish, for reasons as good as those which prompted its less educated members to crowd round his grave in the Calton burying ground in the anticipation of seeing his body snatched from its last resting place in a blue flame.' Smith's famous epistle to Mr Strahan, the London bookseller, being much too long for full quotation here, we are constrained to content ourselves with the following brief and detached excerpts from it.

After saying that Hume believed his disease to be mortal, Smith continues—'Upon Hume's return to Edinburgh' (from Bath), 'though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, and reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favourite game of whist. . . . . His cheerfulness was so great,' etc., 'that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. . . . I told him that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. . . . . When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning, and when I rise in the morning, *weaker than when I lay down in the evening.* I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must die soon" "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading a few days before, Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him. . . . . He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses. . . . . "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition; allow me a little time that I may see how the public receive the alterations.' But Charon would answer, 'When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat.' But I might still urge, 'Have a little patience good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the publick. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the present systems of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. 'You loitering rogue; that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue,'" etc. . . . . 'But though Mr Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected

to make any parade of his magnanimity. . . . . The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday the 8th of August was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. . . . On the 22nd of August, the doctor wrote me. . . . And I received the day after a letter from Mr Hume himself, of which the following is an extract:—"Edinburgh, August 23, 1776. My Dearest Friend—I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day. . . . . I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but unluckily it has, in a great measure gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day, but Dr Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which from time to time may remain with me. Adieu, etc."' Hume died on the 25th, and Smith concludes his interesting letter in the following words:—'Thus died our most excellent and never-to-be-forgotten friend, concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously, every one approving or condemning them according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced—if I may be allowed such an expression—than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality, founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadfastness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity—so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify, and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the object of it. To his friends—who were frequently the objects of it—there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities, which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive

learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit. I ever am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, Adam Smith.'—*Life of Adam Smith*, by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., pp. 40-48.

ADAM SMITH, SCOTTISH ECONOMIST.

Author of 'The Wealth of Nations.'*

[Born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, in 1723; Died at Edinburgh in 1790.]

An artless, absent-minded, canny man!
Behold him sitting at the household table
Of some High Numbskull of his century,
Whase guests, baith young and auld, male and female,
Peck, mince, and lisp, and smile conventionally,
The only *mode* they 'know'—the style they learn'd
Aff prudes and pedants, and befrilled mammas,
Laced, hoop'd, and stayed, to safety's far'est verge
To 'grace' the only sphere they own—*Beau monde!*
—The manners of an Age whase youths were squeezed
By pon'drous fashion and false etiquette,
To artificial forms and mockeries,
Syne dried for keeping a' the fruitless years,
The feckless stuck-ups lived.

Could *he* prate to such—
He, whose *least* thoughts pierced deeper far than their
Best fancies even *guess'd?* Lord, what could he,
With blue-hosed auld-maid prigs and formalists,

* This 'poem' was suggested by reading the 'Life' of the great Economist by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.

Or their approved compeers? Naught. At such times
And in such quarters, and such company,
What wonder, if he often 'absent' was
Communing with himsel', cracking out loud,
Gesticulating, thumping on the buird,
As 'twere his desk at hame in his ain house?
Or, in the midst o't a' uprousing suddenly
And blushing like a halflin, wi' his joe,
Catch'd toying in the coo-byre late at e'en?

These were the Titan's truthfu' ways, tho' named
Unconscious oddities; they eke were marks
Even of his greatness, being the sure signs
And outcome of seclusion and vast thought—
Even meditation that engirth'd the earth
And kenn'd it as a mither kens her babe.

His 'weaknesses' anither maitter were,
But meriting as little of redicule
As his unconscious eccentricities.
The first, and favourite of *this* dear clan,
Was that GRAND SCHEME to found a 'leebrary'
Of a' his numberless 'authorities,'
'Ancient and modern,' in tap glorious guise,
Resplendent abune everything before—
Of paper, type, and binding! Superb! Supreme!
E'en fit to please the crabbit, cultured taste
Of this connoisseur bibliophilist,
This most illustrious, yet exacting king
The 'Kingdom' ever kenn'd of facts or fads!
—Industry's Newton, Bacon, Locke, and Hume;
Prosperity's Columbus, Drake, and Cook;
Finance and Free-Trade's Gladstone, Cobden, Bright;
The warld's Regenerator; Traffic's Christ;
The 'Kingdom's' deathless King and Prince of Peace,
Fond Scotland's greatest gift to Mother Earth!
—His fraets and follies, y-clept 'weaknesses,'
Were but the itches o' a mind the gods
Envied, yet blazoned, crowned, and garlanded
Wi' amaranthine bays and laurel leaves,

Never to fade, nor ever quit his brows,
While law-ruled Earth revolves, and stars rejoice !

Over the nations like a sun he * rose
To scatter ignorance and mystery,
Slave terror, doubt, and prejudice afar—
As stifling mists that flee the morning vales
When potent Phœbus in his car ascends
And Nicht's dark legions startle, shrink, and hide,
With ghaists at cockcraw, and are seen nae mair.
Unreason, also, and confusedness,
That blurred the early outlook o' mankind,
Did soon evaporate in his wondrous rays—
(His force of fact and logic, lore, and skill.)—
As sea-born summer vapours do in Sol's this day.

Such was the pioneer Kirkcaldy gave—
He whom his fellow Fifers worship duly,
And in their loyal hearts set up for aye
Their sovran idol—kenning not his peer.

Hear them !—Here comes a heady-looking carle,
A seeming local sage o' mony years,
Picking wi' care his steps alang the strand.†
'Good evening, friend ! Is this Kirkcaldy town—
The place where Adam Smith, the priest, was born ?'
'Adam Smith, the priest ! *The Priest*, sir, say ye ?
Our Adam was nae "priest," but gif ye speir,‡
In richt true faith, for Adam Smith, the *sage*,
I answer YES ! This Fife toun has the name,
And great renown and honour o' his birth,
And bides the envy for't of a' the warld !'

VISITOR. He was a noted scribe ?

NATIVE. His gritness was
E'en as stoopendous as Ben Nevis's—
Owre a' his neibors towering whatsomever !

* The knowledge first given in his great book to mankind.

† The scene of this convenient first interview with old Mr Thomas Macfifey was the side of the Harbour of Kirkcaldy.

‡ If you ask.

Not to be sized, or tried, by ony else,
But to stand up upo' his ain braid base
The AE ANE * o' this Land throughout a' time !

VISITOR. Exaggeration is no advocate.

NATIVE. *Sir !* Adam's conquests and discoveries,
Inventions, knowledge, judgment, skeel, and pow'r
Were a' unequall'd—as he was himsel'—
And never end can know ! 'Your Hume,' says ane—
(A meenister, him of Inverask,
I mean Carlyle, the *Alexander* ane,
No' *Tammas*—losh, *he* wasna whalpit than !)—
He says that Dauvid Hume in learning match'd
Even wi' our Adam ! Weel, weel ! Carlyle,
Wha was a fiend, and could see owre a dyke
As far as mony could, was ablins richt,
But what o' that ? The ingeenooitie,
And awfu' lore o' Hume, were jist the p'ints
The greatest he could shaw, but, tho' they reach'd
E'en to comparison wi' Adam Smith's,
That wad but pruve that wally Dauvid Hume
Was unco great indeed—in *them*, at least !

VISITOR. What were his principles—Old Smith's, I mean ?

NATIVE. Adam's ? Sir ! are they no' noo our statute law
And that o' mony ither lands, as weel ?
I grant ye, that, at first, they were decried,
But thae doun-criers, sir, were gomerells !
Puir, interested bodies, feart for 'loss,'
Ramshackle traders, or midge-merchant loons !
What statist worth the name e'er gloom'd at Smith ?
Or ever—sune's he read him—but his mind
Did toom instanter of a' former fudge,
To give our Adam room ? Ev'n Pitt himsel'
Becam' ane o' his earliest converts, sir,
E'en maist enthoosiastic fallower,

* The sole one, the unapproachable.

Bolting doun a' he wrate, without demur,
And smacking 's lips whan dune! *
'Exaggeration is nae avocat!'

VISITOR. At most, a poor one! Most for theorists!

NATIVE. A *theorist!* Adam a 'theorist!'
Never! at least, no' that alane! His wark's
Baith theoretical and practical
At ance, in a preaiminent degree,
As sir, all trow richt weel! His greatest buik—
'The Walth o' Nations'—is of the *concrate* kind,
And no' the *abstrack* stuff—a' through and through—
And that is jist the cause o' its success!
'Protection,' 'Mercantileism,' 'Free-tredd,' even
Are what plain men can grapple wi'—*rale facks*—
And no' benumb their wuts, as some fules do,
Gnawin' in vain throo weary weeks and months
At abstrack metapheesical ham banes,
Teucher than dreams, and hard as chuckie stanes,
Tho' they seem nits that ony chiel micht crack,
Wha can his hairns apply.

VISITOR. Perhaps so. But what was his religion? Had Adam any?

NATIVE. Adam! religion!
Hume and he were freends! Adam thaucht Dauvid
The first pheelosopher and man alive,
And Dauvid thaucht o' Adam fully that!
And sae, for half a lifetime, thae twa kings
Of thocht, pheelosophy, and learning reign'd

* 'The enthusiasm with which Smith was received by politicians of the first rank may be gathered from what took place on the occasion of a dinner-party to which he was invited by Lord Melville at Wimbledon, shortly after the appearance of the *Wealth of Nations*. Pitt, Grenville, Addington, and several others were among the guests. Smith was late and apologised. The whole company rose, and Pitt exclaimed—"We will stand till you are seated, for we are all your scholars!"'—*Life of Adam Smith*, by R. B. Haldane, M.P., p. 49, Edition of 1887.

As on ae throne ; or, yokit till ae car,
E'en like laird Rosslyn's naigs be a' the warld !
The twa pheelosophers o' ane anither
Were fonder than if billies true they'd been !
Nae cowtes at pasture i' the simmer days
Could be mair playsome wi' their billie cowtes
Than war' thae sages whan they met at e'en,
Owre in Auld Reekie, or the Lang Toun here !

VISITOR. Smith was a moral and a temperate man ?

NATIVE. They baith were wise, and just, and temp'rate men,
Tho' crouse and couthie as King Cowl himsel'.
Hume was (some think) a wee the strongest man,
And had maist moral courage, and could lead
The gentler Adam Smith whaure'er he wisht,
For Adam such a judgmenl held o' Hume
As never man has held o' brither man
Sin' men gat wut and could discern in men
Their worth, or worthlessness, and lo'ed the *richt !*

VISITOR. An unique pair ! They more than loved each other ?

NATIVE. Yes sir ! They maistly worshippit ilk ither !
Adam, fearless Dauvid ; Dauvid, gentle Adam ;
As mickle, and sincerely—short o' sin—
As man may man ! Therefore, is it likely
They keept atowre in their theology,
Whan in a' else they stack be ane anither *
As firmly, and as surely, as my Tam
Sticks to his Dad, Macfifey, in Kirkcaldy ?

VISITOR. Away, away ! Church doctrines, *they* had none !

NATIVE (*warmly*). But rale religion ? By my saul's sure sooth !
Had their traducers—brainless, crawlin' snakes !—
Black ceephers, ca'd *the elect*—a' sumphs or scamps !

* Stuck by one another.

Had their traducers, sir, but haen wan * jot,
Wan tittle o' the leaven o' their love,—
Ae curn but of the blesséd charity
That dwalt in them—(e'en made their matchless minds
Co-workers with the gods that lo'e mankind !)—
They wad hae ta'en the slanders that they wrote
Bare-nakit on their knees as far as Rome
To get them bann'd and brunt, instead of prent !

VISITOR. My Leith boat time is near—I may but ask.
Did those mean censors hurt them ?

NATIVE. Hume didna mind ;
Play'd whist and whustled, loot the idiots screigh,
And smiled that they were pleased ! But Adam, sir,
Could ne'er do that ! *He* ever shrank to face
Thae bye-days' blichtin' storms o' priestly wrath,
Whilk a' the mob 'elect' let drive at men
Wha daur'd to question their outrageous 'creeds'—
Trash as contemptible as they themsel's !
But, hurry up ! The Leith boat leaves 'enoo !

VISITOR. *Guid day*, my new-found friend ! — a Scots '*fareweel !*'
A French '*Au revoir !*'—Mind that Dalzeil †
Keep on the right hand road, whate'er ye do !

NATIVE. He *clearly* sees what Smith saw *dimly* through !
Owre strict economy tines mony a tide,
State interference is what to avoid,
Only as long as it is 'best,' he'll say !
'Free-tredd's' made mony rich, 'Protection,' tae !
I' the fine rummilgumption o' some men
'Our rivals "Reciprocity" should ken !
'It's surely justifeeable 'enoo,
'Whan a' our Cobden hoards are n'ar run throo
'By thae momentous Boer and Empire wars,
'As mony as thae plagues ca'd "play-house stars !"'

* One.

† James Henry Dalzeil, Esq., M.P. for Kirkcaldy Burghs.

Some farmers say, and e'en some scribes, as weel,
'A tax on Yankee books and beef wad feel
'Uncommon comfortable and nice at hame!'—
(Uncommon comfortable for snools like them!)—
''Twad lat baith books an' beeves o' British birth
'Retain the market-tap owre a' the earth!'

VISITOR. *That* they would do, though every foreign land
Piled books and beeves like mountains on this strand!

NATIVE. But still, 'Fair-tredd' they cry for—stout and spruce—
'A law of Copyricht and Farm produce,
'Ane for our brains, anither for our belly,
'To uphaud mind and maitter in a felly!'

VISITOR. This last's a noble and praiseworthy aim!

NATIVE. Some think it mair sae—as 'twad favour *them*!
That boat's bell rings! but, gin ye *have* to gae,
We'se maybe meet again some ither day?

VISITOR. The gangway's moving! See ye watch Dalzeil!
Let his *zeal* never *dally* at the wheel—
The rudder of the State he lo'es sae weel!
I know thy house, Macfifey! I'll return
When more of thy rare 'Kingdom's' 'Kings' I'd learn!
The boat's unmoored! *Look out next Sunday morn!*

NATIVE (*from the jetty*). The boat's awa! But I'se be whare I am,
Whan ye come back, on Sunday morn, to Tam!

VISITOR. (*To himself on the ferry boat*). A Fife phenomenon! Yes! I'll return,
If even I have to *swim* this Ferry burn!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF THE ISSUE OF THE FIRST ONE THOUSANDTH NUMBER OF A NEWSPAPER.

FROM his slough of type nocturnal,
Up, higher than Tron steeple,
Arose the Genius of this journal,
Loud screaming to the people :—

'Ho ! ho ! I've reach'd my thousandth number !
And, lo ! I'll tell the tale,
In waking hours, and hours of slumber—
While wit, or wheich*, avail !

'To all my known converted people,
Dense planted—far and near—
My Pæan, from this ancient steeple,
Goes forth to charm and cheer !

'For I was born and nursed in trouble,
And on the bottle rear'd ; †
My baby paths were paved with rubble,
And mud and blood me smear'd !

'My "foster-mother" was a maiden,
An "M.A." fresh from school ;
With bags of raw material laden,
She cramm'd my belly full !

'Therefore—tho' terrible the struggles
Which I those days came through—
Maugre them all—jars, jams, and juggles—
I quite colossal grew !

'For, ever, I was of the foremost,
A child of grit and bone,
A chap as stiff as Truth's own door post,
Even long ere I was "known !"

* Whisky. † It may be presumed that a child's feeding bottle is figuratively meant here, seeing that neither history nor historian explain further ?

'I took the line called "Independent,'
I stepp'd aside for none;
Hence my success has been transcendent—
My Grand Ambition's won!

'"As how!"—Because, ye stupid stookie,
I step aside for none!
And, tho' all parties I o'erlook, aye,
My soul cleaves but to *One!*

'That "One's" ourselves, and our "success"
To make the paper pay!
Through every party on I press—
And thus I'm thus to-day!

Forward I push—triumphant always
O'er ethic falderals!
My henchman change, but for me all days
A core make cannon balls.

'I shoot their best. I fired, this hour,
My first one thousandth shot!
And I'll fire fifty thousand more,
When all my rivals rot!'

"THE HIGHER LOVE."

"O WERE ye no' sae auld, Sam,
Whaur wad ye seek yer Pet lamb?
Wad ye gang the gate ye cam'—
Throo the Eastlin shires?"
Na, na, Granny!—trust ye me,
I wad East nae far'er flee
Than out owre yon Hill sae hie—
Nearer Nanny Myers!

"Wad that bonnie dear wee lamb,
Whan out owre the Hill ye cam',
Ken ye, for her Shepherd, Sam,
'Mang the City sires?"
Ay, ay, Granny, that wad she,
E'en the "city sires" she'd flee,
An' rin bleatin' straucht to me—
Leesome Nanny Myers!

"Wad ye loot an' lift the pet,
Her in your warm bosie set,—
Your strong airms around her met,
Like ane happie Squire's?"
Ay, ay, Granny! late an' ear'
Wad I tent the bonnie dear!
Fend her, soothe her,—banish care
Far frae Nanny Myers!

"O that ye were young again,
As ye are sae fond an' fain!
Or that wifie's mair than ane
Law alloo'd ye Squires!"
Pshaw, pshaw, Granny! love like mine
Trows o' neither law nor line;
Wives are warldly—"love divine"
Is for Nanny Myers!

NOT IN THE POET'S ART.

TO invent and create, to create and invent,
To fancy, to feign, and to fable alway—
Do not think now that Samuel e'er that way is bent—
He's a matter-of-fact writer this many a day! *
One whom strict truth doth sway,
A plain, matter-of-fact scribe—oh, this many a day!

* Agricultural Correspondent.

SONG: PORTOBELLO IN SUMMER.

AIR :—"*Wandering Willie.*"

DEAR little, fair little, rare Portobello ;
Dear little, fair little, dainty wee Toun !
Now on thy grand Sands there sweepeth nae billow,
But swarms o' thy lovers lounge blythely aroun',
Bitter's the blast that in winter blaws o'er thee !
Spring is nae better alang thy fore shore !
Simmer's the time that doth only restore thee,
And gars thy deep pouches wi' siller rin o'er !

Come on, ye strangers ! Come on ye visitors !
Come in thy thousands, and stay wi' us lang !
Haste, ye excursionists—train loads and car loads,
Multitudes welcome ! ye canna come wrang !
What is North Berwick, St. Andro's, or Elie ?
What e'en Dunbar wi' its auld Castle wa's ?
Dull, cauldrife howffs to blythe Portobello !—
Greens for gowk gowffers wi' shinties an' ba's !

Gi'e me thy Beach, and thy grand Promenadie !
Gi'e me thy Pier, rinnin' out i' the sea,
Like ane that wad loup owre to Fife, but was stay'd aye
By the breadth o' the jump, and in time took the gee !
Peace and it's picnics be thine, Portobello !
Looffu's o' siller, and gowpens o' gowd !
Thou art the pride aye of ilka guid fellow,
And a' bonnie lassies unto thee do crowd !

AE * WINTER NICHT.

WHEN driech December's lowering lift
Made even mid-day mirk,
And this our city, nicht an' day,
Seem'd every joy to shirk,
And crouch beneath her blanket gray
Of wintry smoke and cloud,
As if she wadna muckle cared
An' it had been her shroud.

Ae dismal e'en, our cosy hame
I dauntlessly forsook,
Wearied wi' driving lang the pen
And poring owre the "book."
The nicht was dreary, cauld, an' raw,
An' travellers were few;
The tramcars ran, but not ae ane †
"Outsider" was in view.

I socht the city's stir an' din,—
My suburb hermitage
Had made me like a puir wild bird
Lang steekit in a cage;
But when at last I freedom fand,
Like a freed birdie, I
Felt dazed, and wistna whaur to flit,
Sic freedom strange to try.

I'd daur to rax my limbs at least,
Maugre baith wind and rain,
Sae up the new North Brig I sped,
As proud's 't had been my ain.
The Nor' Loch valley, smoor'd in reek,
I crossed in dudgeon high;
For I was fixt, and I had sworn,
"I'se cross that gulph or die."

* Pronounced "yae"—Anglice, one.
† Not a single one.

Umbrellas, big-coats, waterproofs
Haps, mauds, and cloaks flew past ;
Cars, cabs, and cairts fill'd up the road,
And reel'd and rattled fast.
Naebody seemed on pleasure bent,
Naebody there but me.
The very news-boys turn'd and fled,
Frae ev'n their dear "bawbee."

In doorways, neuks, and common stairs,
Close-mouths, and public howffs,
Sojourners coor'd in motley groups—
Braw-folk, trades-folk, and "scowffs."
At Stewart's eastward, wi' a birr,
I doun the High Street wheel'd—
Lo ! what a change ! nae gale blew there !
But hame-like dirt and bield !

Lamplichters, wi' their rods in hand,
Frae post to post did rin,
Leaving a' sides, a comet's tail,
Star-dotted, them behin' ;
And in their wake this ancient route
Did hotch richt boisterouslie,
Pang'd fou o' life—pain, wae, and want,
And wantonness, and glee.

Grim, dingy shops, like ogres' dens,
With "publics" stuck between,
Doun the "Lang-gate," outfacing nicht,
On ilka side were seen ;
And countless folk of every age
Did swarm baith out and in,
Like casting bees, or disturb'd ants,
When furth their hills they rin.

Wee bairnies, in the wintry cauld,
Barefoot, half-nakit ran !
Uncared for by ilk dirty drab,
And drowsy, drucken man ;

They seemed as mony as May lambs,
Or sheep on Lammermuir,
I wonnert where they a' lay down
And hoo they a' did fare.

Blae, shilpit craiturs maist they were,
With faces shrunk and lean ;
Sae different frae the brose-fed chicks
In auld East Loudon seen !
Their look was that of wae-worn eild,
But, as auld Reynard's—sly !
And keenly did they tak' the "size"
Of every passer-by.

Yea, a' abreed this wondrous way,
Auld Scotland's Royal Route,
The "people" swarm'd its haill lang length,
Their kindliest hame, nae doot.
Here cripples begg'd, here fiddlers play'd,
And mony minstrels sung ;
Reek, noise, and stench, fill'd a' the air,
And peace and pleasure dung.

Rags, "honest" rags, and "povertie,"
With shows o' shoddy "braws,"
Made here a bonny speckled blend,
Ye "queer folk in the Shaws !"
Here life was seen, Man's wayart life,
Sae strange, sae wild, sae sad !—
Its shadows grim as those of crime
In sin's false lustre clad.

I hurried on : Abune the din,
And glimmerin' attics hie,
I heard the Boreal sweep and roar,
And strain for victorie,
Within as dark and starless vault
As ever Pluto caved,
Yea, black as that which Chaos bound,
When Clootie first it braved.

The Nether Bow, the Moray House,
St John Street, and Jack's Land,—
I passed them a'. My heart was laith
And wroth to understand
Man's wearie warld and heritage
Of ceaseless waes and pains,
And for them a' blank death and dust
The total wage and gains?

Thus brooding, I the kirkyaird yett
In Canongate drew nigh;
It stood a-jee, I slippit in,
Fain, fain there peace to try:
The dreid scenes o' the warld outside,
Alike of gloom and glee,
Its shame-faced sins, its cruelties,
Sair pain'd and sadden'd me.

Now here anither city was
Mair populous than that
Which roar'd without and all around,
And never wad be quat.
'Twas fou o' shadows—moving shades,
And gleams of eerie licht—
For, thick as midnicht stars, around
The toun glims flicker'd bricht.

The Norlan' blasts that warr'd abune
Invaded not this scene,
And I was left in shelter'd calm
And blissful peace serene.
The tomb of Adam Smith I pass'd,
I wat with knitted brow!
I knew the giant by his wark—
Where was that giant now?

Slow strolling to the northern nook
Where Dugald Stewart sleeps,
I, musing, strode o'er countless caves,
Where Death his treasure keeps.

Beneath my feet, my fellow men,
Without ae move or moan,
In thousands lay, and a' had trod
The road that I have gone.

On my return, I stepped aside,
As aft I've done before,
That o'er the grave o' Ferguson,
I reverently might pore,
And reach through him the Scottish groves
Of song and poesy,
Not for to ape his deathless strains,
But just to soothen me.

I thought how Burns this way had ta'en,
His great heart swoln with grief;
And how he raised this "simple stone"
To give that heart relief,
When, sudden, furth behind a tomb
Did shoot a form or wraith,
Swathed all in sable drapery,
Mair gruesome than mort-claith.

Behind a veil a woman's face,
With glaring eyes, I saw,
Eyes that gleam'd fierce as those of cats
When nigh their prey they draw;
Her face, lang-streetch'd, look'd pale but wild
And startled as a tod's,
That on a sheepfauld sudden haps
When he's on ither roads.

"Fear not," she cried, "I am but one
Of this great city's lost—
Only a 'common wanderer,'
Forsaken, tempest-toss'd;
But tho' aloof on stormy scenes,
As truly yet I be
Thy sister, sir; nay, shrink nor start,
A sister, sure, to thee!

'But I am weary, weary, sir,
And fain would rest in peace!
O that I might this night lie down,
And from all travel cease!
Beside us is the grave of him
Who woo'd and ruin'd me!
A gallant lad he was; but fate
And drink were more than he.

"He fell! I fell! ten thousand falls
Lower and lower down!
Yea, e'en to this last sink of doom—
'A Woman of the Town!'
'A public nuisance!' one who dares
To 'importune' proud man!
A 'street tramp,' a deceiver
Of all she can trepan!

"'A dangerous beast,' a 'dressed-up bait'
That lures to hells unknown!
The 'monstrous public pestilence,'
The scab Life's face upon!
And there lies he who made me this!
He was a gallant gay!
He was thy wonder, Annanside,
The sun that made thy day!

"He was my prince, I was his queen!
My prince he was, till when
I, princess-like, discarded him,
To rule o'er other men!
And thus it was! O fool, fool, fool!
I rose, and fled with one,
Who, in his turn abandoned me,
Destroyed and all undone!

"My prince then sought me out, and did
Just what I'd done to him!
Better, far better, had he turned
And torn me limb from limb!

But what he failed, the harsh world did!
Yea, trod me down, down, down!
And kneaded me to what you see—
A plague spot of the town!

"O God! O God!—Think ye that God
Can pardon such as me?
I am not what I was at all,
And fain to him would flee!
A dreadful deed has stopped my course,
A deed without a name!
But, sir, believe me when I say
I was not all to blame!"

"God?" said I, prickit to the quick,
"God, lassie, pardon thee?
God could thee pardon were thy sins
Blacker than Satan's be!
God is our Faither, lassie, aye!
We're His for foul, for fair!
There ne'er lived ane—nor can live ane—
Owre sinfu' for His care.

"Aff to the Hospital gae ye,
And gang this verra hour!"
"Oh, no!" she cried, "no, no, kind sir,
I'm far beyond its power!
No home, no hospital for me,
None but the bed of death!
Would that I now were laid therein,
And past all sin and scaith!"

By this time we were on the street,
Slow moving side by side,
I scanned her face at every lamp,
For signs to be my guide;
And soon we reached a quiet nook,
The Park gates just within,
Near where a flaffing glim o' gas
Feucht hard wi' nicht an' win'.

There, halting short, I said to her,
My puir, puir lassie doo,
Whether or no' your gruesome tale
Be a'thegither true
I canna tell ; but by your looks
I judge it's nae far wrang ;
And if that's sae, my little bird,
Ye've sung a bonny sang !

"Noo ye'd repent? Weel, thank the Lord,
A door is open ready !
Gae to the Magdalene this nicht,
And keep your purpose steady."
"No, no," she cried, "no Magdalene,
No hospital for me !
My time's too short, I feel so, here ;
But fain, fain, sir, I'd see,

"Ere my sad eyes are seal'd for aye
In death's dark narrow pale,
My old home I'd behold again,
And bonny Annandale !
In sackcloth I would creep to it,
On hands and knees I'd creep,
If by a trifle I might come
Myself in life to keep.

"O Fernielea ! O Annandale !
O happy early days !
O ruddy health ! O innocence !
How sweet were all thy ways !
Oh ! let me back once more to thee,
Just one more day to thee,
To lay me in the lone churchyard
Where all my kindred be !

"Dear, happy home ! Dear, early days !
I was an angel then !
Beauty I had, riches and place,
And love—love, beyond ken !

Oh, sir, dear sir! look soft on me,
Have pity on my need;
And if you spare a dole, I shall
To Annandale with speed!

"'Tis only there that I would flee,
'Tis only there I'd die.
My mother and whole familie
All in their graves there lie!
So, sir, dear sir, have pitie!
My prayer's a small request—
What will me take to Annandale
And there lay me to rest!"

"How much?" I said, "how much?" being stirred
By her wild passion'd words,
"How much, my doo? my bardie's purse
Ill with my will accords.
Will a' that's in't—a half a croun—
Will that help thee to tak'
Back, back for guid, to Annandale,
And ne'er thence bring thee back?"

"O sir," she cried, "thou art a king,
A real, right, royal king!"
And gracefully she took my hand,
And gratefully would bring
Saft kisses to it, mony, mony,
Showers o' them, doun, doun, doun,
That convert all by Holyrood,
That "Fresh Saunt o' the toun!"

She fummelt at my breist as I
Furth my deep pouch did draw,
My auld, auld oily leather purse,
Wi' 'ts pawtent clasp and claw
Ha! what was that?—a gentle tug—
I lookit doun amain,
Syne clutch'd her wrist, for in her claws
She held my watch and chain!

My watch! my auld grandfaither's watch,
His gowden seals and chains,
Grasp'd fast within the hizzie's clutch
As 'twere the devil's gains!
As I'd jaloosed, she pruved to be,
Sae harsh I cuist her aff,
"Begone, ye thief, begone!" I roared,
"Begone, ye scum and scaff!

"I saw ye smile as doun the street
We twa thegither cam',
I marked that smile, that smile tauld me
The smiler was a sham!
A waylayer, a decoy bird,
A street snare and a stain!
Out, out upon ye, hence, away!
Your lies, your wiles are vain!

"Your bonny hame in 'Annandale,'
Your 'Fernielea' and sic,
Are parts but of your dodge: but I
Fell soon saw through the trick.
But oh, my dear, my puir dear doo!
Nae doubt have I ava
Your cruel fate did ye constrain
Your gin round me to draw!

"Tell me if truly—verilie—
You're just a common trail?
Weel, that is richt, the truth's aye richt,
And does at last prevail!
Oh, my dear lassie, mend your ways!
Tak' tent and think awee!
For oh, my dearie, as we brew,
The browst we surely dree!

"Turn ye, turn ye, my puir lassie!
Gang hame—if hame ye hae!—
Tak' this half-croun—it's a' that's left—
Tak' it my dear, and gae!

I'm but a puir, puir loon mysel'—
Nae words, nae words, my doo !
Gae hame and try to mend your ways
And counsel guid keep true ! "

Sae saying, I wheel'd on my heel,
And left her to pursue
Her ain kent path, but just a keek
I stowlins backward threw.
Westward, alang the Drive she sped,
And ere she reach'd the gate
I saw her joined by ane—a man—
Her seeming bully mate.

Sune were the twa baith lauchin' loud,
She pointing straucht at me ;
And I could even hear my words
Rehearsed in mimic glee.
My half-crown, likewise she show'd up,
But seemed to wail my watch ;
For I could hear them in their wrath
My saul to Hell dispatch.

When cuddled up and safe in bed,
List'ning the wild wind's roar,
On this adventure lang I mused,
And turned it o'er and o'er ;
But every "turn" but braucht me back
To whare I first began,
Sighing, "Wae is me for this young lass,
Ay, baith for lass and man."

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.*

THE Scottish heart wi' rapture stirs,
Haill multitudes rejoice
To greet again their Highlanders—
Their "death or glory boys!"—
Wha to Fame's tap hae mounted high,
And borne the name of SCOT
To Honour's outmaist dreid Dargai,
Withouten blame or blot!

Rank up thae Scottish Highlanders—
Rank them wi' Glory's sons!
The wale o' Britain's islanders,
Or Romans, Greeks, or Huns!
They faced the very hordes of Death
Through haill-like blasts of fire!
And clamb in hardihood and faith
Through hells to their desire!

Cheer loud thae noble Highlanders!
Cheer them baith morn and e'en!†
Southlan' and Norlan' byestanders,
Be now baith heard and seen!—
Shout till thy vera sweats doun run
Like torrents owre thy bairds!
And drink a rouse when thou hast done,
Thou stey-at-hame, fat cairds!

Ten thousan', and ten thonsan' mair,
Wave bonnets high, and shout!—
The Prince o' a' the Powers of Air
Gives a wide berth their route!

* Written after their memorable entry into Edinburgh on the evening of the 9th of December 1898.

† As was so enthusiastically done in the early part of the day at Liverpool, and then all along their route, even to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle, well on in the evening. Their return to the Scottish capital was a marvellous one, indeed, historically so.

Lang miles o' thoroughfares and streets,
Are jamm'd wi' kindly Scots,
Women an' men, and gyte-gane getts,
Tearing wi' cheers their throats !

Auld Cloots,* nae doubt, lo'es Auld Reekie !—
There mony a loon hath he
Weel prenticed for his Kingdom smeekie,
Nae maitter whan they dee !—
But fiend a ane o' a' his rants
Is seen or heard 'enoo—
For only folk wham nae Deil wants
Could cheer sae dounricht true !

They mind o' Seringapatam
Corunna ! Quatre Bras !—
What time on to their faes they cam'—
To mak' them flee, or fa'—
Clinging to stirrups o' the Greys,
That they micht faster rin,
Either to fa', or frae their faes
Unfading honours win !

Vittoria ! and red Waterloo !
Grim Dehli and Lucknow !
Kandahar ! Tel-el-Kebir, too !
Are memories dear, I trow !
Sae thus they shout, thae wondrous crowds,—
Wave pouch-clouts, sticks, and hats,
Sending huzzas beyond the clouds,
And on to Heaven's yetts !

Send on, send on, send up on high,
Send cheer, and toast, and song !
Thae are the lads wha speel'd Dargai !—
Sons of yon heroes strong
Wha at Rosslyn, and Stirling Brig,
And Bannockburn of yore,
Strak Tyranny a strake sae big,
He's ne'er yet gotten't owre !

* His Satanic Majesty.

" Careerin' doun the street she comes—
A 'mad coo,' broken from the slums!"

"A MAD COO."

[Suggested by a Real Occurrence.]

RAMPAGIN', plungin', flingin'
Heid, horns, an' heels on hie,
Tail up on end, and swingin'
As storm-swung saplins be ;
Careerin' doun the street she comes—
A "Mad Coo," broken from the slums !

Wild panic spreads—hullaballoo !
Jump, fouters, jump—skedaddle, flee !—
She'd gore a Monarch, a mad coo !—
Fly for yer lives whae'er ye be !
The Drawgon ! hicher, heels an' horns,
The fiery deevil yinks by turns !

Helter-skelter—young an' auld—
Pell-mell, a' throoither gae—
Lord fend the lame, an' fules owre bauld
To flee an' save their banes this day !
Ne'er such a fiend was ever seen,
She'll toom thy streets, Auld Reekie, clean !

"Fish John" fornenst his hurly stood :
"Herrin' ! three a penny here !"
The eident body shoutit loud,
An' turn'd the runawa' to weir—
Neist moment folk heard out the sky
The hinner en' o' "Fish John's" cry !

Peg Scott was crossin' wi' some saut,
Frae the grocer's, in ae hand,
Whyles, slee, the ither, neth her brat,
Held a mutchkin in command !—
Peg, saut, an' mutchkin—a' were toss'd
Hicher than wracks on Skoll Rocks lost !

A hurdy-gurdy playing carle
His kist o' whistles fled fell sune,
But Crum gaed for't, but grudge or quarrel,
And played on it a brand new tune,
E'en cluish it i' th' stripe, I trow,
As slick's ye'd clash a wisp o' tow!

Doun by the Park-gate a bold band
Of Britain's young defenders mairch'd,
They saw the Coo, an' slap affhand
The backs o' nearest hillocks sairch'd!
Whare from, for lang—hid safe from view—
They shot and batter'd brave that Coo!

But nicht cam' on, and a' gaed hame—
A' but the Coo! And whaur was she?
Some say she left thae scenes o' fame
To spen' a haill month 'side the sea,
In hopes that cool North Berwick air
Her shatter'd wuts wad clean repair!

VERSES TO AN OLD EDINBURGH FRIEND.

[A Whilom Bachelor Journalist and Champion Golfer, Now Farming on the "Darling Downs" of Queensland, Australia.]

AULD CHUM!
Month efter month I've ferlied sair
How thou wast "getting on out there"!
I read thy notes wi' tenty care
Thy billie had,
But I could stow some shiploads mair
O' thine, my lad!

Here, goavin' round the Lion Hill,
Dreid dreams my anxious noddle fill!
But thou, as I did ken thee, still
Turns up in them,
The same auld scribbler—with a will
Nane daur'd contemn!

And, do my best, e'en till I blink,
Now thou hast run to "milk" frae ink,
To "Darling Downs" frae gowffers' link
An' putting greens,
What's thy new "form" I canna think
In thae new scenes.

Thy "style" in the Antipodes
Our teams wha cross out-owre the seas
May glean a notion of, but, please,
Ask nane of me,—
My flightiest fancy, lang degrees,
Fa's short o' thee!

Frae quills an' sheets to "ploughs" an' "clay"!
Frae *copy* slap to "meadow hay"!
Frae gowff wi' men to wanton "play"
Wi' "blacks" an' "bairns"!
Och-hon, och-hon, och-hon-a-rae,
What *Auld Sam* learns!

Thou'rt "planting wheat"—the New Warld way?—
And ne'er ance doubting it will "pay"!
Ha! our November is thy—May;
December—June;
Yule—hairst; an' e'en mid-nicht—braid day,
Braid day at noon!

Weel, weel-a-weel! I fain wad see ye,
An' for a season through bide wi' ye!
The kangaroos before I'd lea' ye
Would know me well!
I'd haunt them fonder, Gude forgie me,
Than Tib, hersel'!

They dinna squat upo' their hurdies.
Like cats, or wives, or tailor wordies ;
But bolt upricht, like bantam birdies,
On seat treeangled—
Their hinner shanks—twa strang-thew'd sturdies—
An' rump new-fangled !

At birth they're put to mammy's nipple,
To which they cling for months an' tipple
In cot marsupial, whare ae ripple
O' scaith ne'er enters—
Till they be grown an' fit, an' supple
For a' life's ventures !

I'm tauld, moreover, they, tho' fleet,
And of a nature mild and sweet,
Will turn on hunters whan they're beat,
And often rip
Wi' ae straik o' their lang hint feet
The foremost up !

Leeze me on a' such "game," my laddie !
E'en this last trait o' their's I'll laud aye !
And, man ! thae pocks, in whilk they haud aye
Their weans sae bien,
Please me 'bune a' in dam or daddy
I yet hae seen !

Nae living uncos such as these
Own we this side the warld-wide seas !
Our buckies, shell-fish, tad-poles, bees,
And e'en the spawn
O' cabbage slugs—our butterflees—
They whup aff-han' !

They are Australia's primest glory—
Some else things tell anither story !—
Her nigh dumb fauna, scentless flora,
And tropic clime,
Reft o' the gowd, whilk men adore aye,
Shaw not sublime.

Her rivers shrunk to "water-holes,"
Thirst-stricken herds around their shoals;
Lands—arid wastes, or mounds and knolls
Of drifted sands,
Tell aft the weird she patient tholes
In dread fate's hands!

But a' her ills—e'en fiscal pains,
Exchequer debts and lack o' gains,
Will flee betimes her vasty plains,
Sans leave or pass,
Whan ance she gets her "splendid rains"
An' rowth o' "grass!"

Then will her "Southern Cross" look fine,
'Many a' the glims ayont the Line!
I trow, it may May-licht outshine,
In sattled waather—
Whan haze, nor haur, nor reek combine
Folk's een to bather!

—Von Humboldt says that Southlan Cross
The folk in efter years maun loss,
Because the spheres that mak' its gross
Move contrar' airts,
Like Will-o'-Wisps on Soutra Moss,
And ither pairts!—

But write and tell us richt about it;
Smug ignorance—'tis undisputed—
Belies ilk truth that threats to scout it
In yearth or sky,
An' seldom sticks to substitute it
With some fond lie!

Wherefore, auld crony, clank ye doun
Upo' thy scribbling creepie soon,
An' ply the pen that owre this toun
Was prized lang years,
An' wan thee, with baith plack an' croun,
Huzzas an' cheers!

Nor halt even on the starry flicht
But lat *this* warld share thy licht,
Sae's we may see, an' ken the richt,
Frae bosh and blethers,
Anent a' things within thy sicht
That thou foregathers.

Inform us prime about the *Blacks*—
Thae "natives"—hardly human fac's !—
Sin' e'er thou struck them in thy tracks,
An' spared to shoot them,
I'm deein' fair to hear thy cracks
An' "views" about them.

Some ca' them "Austral Negritos"—
Paduan mortals, I suppose,
Wha, whan their freens dee, need no "cl'oes,"
Or funeral "weeds,"
But in their skins frae tap to toes
Find "ready-mades."

What like, ava, are lassie Blacks ?
Thou'rt still ane o' the single Jacks,
Sae, gif frae them a wife thou tak's,
It micht help maitters
To tell me what my knowledge lacks
Of the sweet craiturs ?

We've Bessie Bells, an' Mary Grays,
Fair Annie Lauries, bonnie Mays,
In thousans here, yet thou thy ways,
Did'st rin an' flee them,
To mell wi' queans as dun as slaes
Whan schule-weans pree them !

But fare-thee-weel, auld scribbling crony !
Write hame lang screeds an' write us mony !
Syne be thy bride or black or bonnie
Ane waddin' gift—
A snood to busk her cockernonny—
To her I'll drift !

DAVID CROAL.*

DIED AT HADDINGTON, JANUARY 27TH, 1904, AGED 85 YEARS.

PRONE on the earth another giant lies,
Another tower's fallen—shatter'd, overcast
By thy fell silent shaft, which flies,
O Death! incessant yet, as in the past,
Driving together, sure as they arise,
All generations to thine unknown, vast,
And shoreless continent, in whose dark skies
Nor sun nor star for us one glimmer hast!
Life, death! death, life! for ever and for aye!
Unheeding breaking hearts, they moil away!
Yestreen it was a maiden, now, this morn,
It is our aged friend—well-tried and sworn!
A noble "friend," I trow, one "true as steel,"
And worthy, untold times, e'en this great grief we feel!

ATHIE GRAEME.†

OH, sirs, I'm but a gangrel loon,
With pouch as bare's my hairt!
Frae Berwick Brig, to Brig o' Doon,
I ply the whistlin' airt!
Yet at ilk well-kenn'd clachan toun
Is never grudged a haine,
To screen frae scaith when nicht sets doun,
Or freens to kett the lyart croun,
O' "puir auld Athie Graeme!"

* Editor and proprietor of "The Haddingtonshire Courier." A warm and intimate friend of the writer's since the start of the "Courier" in 1859.

† A wandering penny whistle player.

I've cheer'd the ways o' youth an' eil'
Thae thretty years an' mair ;
An', binna when I tint my Nell,
I've little pree'd o' care.
That gruesome day !—(I mind it weel !)—
In gaun to Kelso Fair,
She teuk the tout, near Galashiel,
That fairly nickit bonnie Nell,
An' snaw'd "auld Athie's" hair !

The flow'r was on the rowan tree,
The blossom on the heath,
Beside a spring, aneth a brae,
We coor'd to gether breath :
"Come, Athie, dearie, play," quo' she,
"'John Anderson, my jo !'
I'm maybe wrang o' what's to be,
But something, Athie, loors on me
That hechts death's comin' blow !"

It fell, that *vera* nicht ! Sin' syne
I've wander'd high an' low,
Still dearer to me an' to mine
Grows "Winsome Nell," my jo !
An' mony a tear for auld lang syne
Doth blear auld Athie's e'e !
This human heart mak's sich a shine,
An' downa eithly memorie tine,
In even a man like me !

SONG: ABERDOUR.

[By an Annual Visitor from the Grassmarket.]

WE'RE awa' to Aiberdour, grumblin' Grizzy, O,
Throo its Taverns a' to tour, ramblin' Grizzy, O!
Whare their sweet bells tinklin' ring,
We shall booze, an' lauch, an' sing,
As we did of yore, by jing! ancient Grizzy, O!

Doun out-owre the yellow sands, denty Grizzy, O,
There, or lang, oursel's we'll land, canty Grizzy, O;
'Neth a rock beside the sea,
We'se admire baith land an' bree,
And our pocket pistols pree, drouthy Grizzie, O!

Throo the famous woods we'll rove, fairie Grizzy, O,
An' dream o' Langsyne's love, dearie Grizzy, O!
When unto my breist ye clung,
Wi' yer airms around me flung,
In the days when we were young, rare auld Grizzy, O!

To Starley Burn we'll gae, fiery Grizzy, O,
And to Donnybristle, tae, wiry Grizzy, O;
To Bruntisland we'se stap doun,
E'en Kinghorn, an' the Lang Toun,
An' taste weel their yill nit-broun, couthie Grizzy, O!

To ilk famous cairn an' burn, roving Grizzy, O,
We will toddle furth in turn, loving Grizzy, O!
And, to cheer us on our way,
Into mony pubs we'll stray,
And mak' sure we lose nae day, thrifty Grizzy, O!

Syne, when a' our month is up, waesome Grizzy, O!
An' we've drain'd the fareweel cup, playsome Grizzy, O,
We shall doucely travel hame
By the steam-boat owre the faem,
Maybe cantier than we came, glorious Grizzy, O!

FRANK ANDERSON*

HAITH! I'm ae waesome wicht this day—
Here, house-tied, cobblin' an auld shae!
Man! what wad my auld mither say
An she saw me?
It's weel she's deid—tho' I've been wae
Sin' she did dee!

Sin' e'er I was a hopefu' halfflin',
Close at the ploo's tail I've been shufflin',
And mony a rug, an' mony a rufflin'
The warld's gien me!
But this—its warst—defied a' bafflin'
That brak my knee!

Eh, Sirss! its hard to maister life
On twa sticks hirplin' thro' its strife,
Like ony helpless auld dune wife
O' nine an' ninety!
Never to stapp nor horn nor knife
Again in plenty!

* An old ploughman friend, who, in the latter end of his farm service, had the dreadful misfortune to fracture irremediably his right leg near the knee-cap. This lamentable accident has totally incapacitated my friend from following his first and honourable love—the plough. As a result of this sad and final separation, he now resides with his family in Edinburgh, and while visiting him in his new home recently, he curiously—yet sincerely — requested me to write 'something' on his 'case,' and the above rough-and-round verses were the ready—if rum—answer to his humorously earnest prayer. The main, or only, merit of them, perhaps, is their harmony, with almost exact and literal truth, a doubtful poetic quality at best.

Frank's 'better-half,' who is happily and healthily still 'to the fore,' is the quondam famous 'Hind's Wife' of the series of letters on the 'Ploughmen's Question,' which ran with great *eclat* through the local press some years ago, and a correspondent of the late 'Grand Old Man'—the late Mr Gladstone.

My proud Scots bluid boiled at the thocht
Of living on, and doing nocht!
I mindit how—lang syne—I'd wrocht
And cobbled shune!
'Could means throo that no come, if socht,
Whan a' is dune?'

The mair I mused, the less I mourned,
And briskly to the looms I turn'd,
Whan neibors, wi' their bauchles, spurn'd
Auld snabs for me!
Fetching their mending here—I'se warrand,
Wi' muckle glee!

Some o' thae freends, forbye their shune,
Declared their pats an' pans were dune,
And wad need tinkerin' fell sune,
To haud them gaun;
Quo' I, "Ye gowks! gae fesh them roun',
I'm just yer man!"

They brang not only pats and pans,
But barrels, bowies, caups, and cans,
Mougs, jougs, and tinnies wantin' hauns,
Souther, or clauts,
Beside their stools, claes-screens, and stauns
For haudin' hats!

Hand saws to sherp, auld shears to grind,
Cages to wire, lowse chairs to bind,
Cradles an' clocks to sort, or wind,
That wadna gang;
A' kind o' trantles they could find
They braucht alang!

It soon grew pautent, ev'n to me,—
That my twa hauns—deft tho' they be—
Could ne'er work thro' that monstrous sea,
And storm o' tredd,
Tho' nicht an' day, till I did dee,
I swat and bled!

Therefore, gif I'd outlive't ava,
On ithers' help I boud to draw ;
Sae, baith my wife and dauchters twa,
Aff-hand, I made
Apprentices, strick bund by law,
To learn my trade !

The prime depairtment o' the shune,
I man and maister baith my lane !
The wifie tackles a' that's dune
In patching breeks,
And duds that arena owre far gane
For 'clouts,' or 'steeks !'

The youngest 'prentice soops the shop,
Does a' our chores, an' gies us scope
In virtue's paths—but hang'd short rope
In ony ither !
My second bloomer fires wi' hope
Baith me and mither !

This prentice is a deevil fair,
A lingle threider past compare !
Send me a bauchle to repair—
Ev'n our Lord Provost's,
An' she'll mak' a' the Council stare
Like Fishy-raw ghosts ! *

My looms an' lap-stanes a' she kens—
Elshins and brogs, an' lingle en's,
Heels, uppers, taes, an' leather ben's
For walt or sole,†
Ere I can speak, she apprehen's,
An' brings the whole !

* Fisher-row, one of the coast towns near Edinburgh, said to have been much given in former times to superstition, belief in witchcraft, ghosts, etc.

† The stock in trade of a cobbler.

To live wi' her an' 'tither twa,
The fient a fear hae I ava,
For were the warst that could befa'
To happen noo,
How eithly micht I jouk the jaw,
An' warstle through!

My earthly trinity's thae three—
The three as ane, and a' for me!
A' aiquals in their unitie,
Whate'er betides,
Ready to share, whate'er it be,
The Lord provides!

Sae 'Frank' sall canty cobble on,
And be as rich whan life hath flown,
As gif he'd been some walthy Don,
Or Millionaire,
Ay, be as forrit up abune—
An' maybe mair!

YOUNG WILLIE'S WIDOW.

[An Owre True Tale.]

IN my lone little cot in the suburb o' the toun,
Musing in the wailing o' the win's eerie soun',
Brooding in this strange lan' on a' me an' mine,
How a' my joys hae fled wi' the days o' Langsyne.

To min' what ance I was in my auld faither's hame,
His "Pearl 'ithout price," nae care wad tame;
When Willie cam' an' woo'd me, an' won me for to part
Wi' the dear auld place, an' my auld faither's heart.

Oh, shame befa' the fause freens that wiled Willie on
Frae his fireside an' his "Dearie" to their haunts about the toun,
Sae happy for a year were Willie aye an' me—
O that awfu', awfu' drink, that such a thing can be!

For a' things prosper'd then, an' our little pet was born,
An' Willie was sae proud that birthday morn;
Now they baith sleep side by side—so dear, so dear to me—
In that strange Kirkyaird in this strange countrie.

A glume fell owre the hame when Willie jee'd awa',
Nae mony nichts a week—at first but ane or twa;
But aye it deepen'd deeper, the storm he wadna see,
For "the warld was a' against him," an' he was changed to me.

O waefu' was the douncome—waefu'er the fa'!—
Credit lost, a bankrupt, sald out house an ha'—
Despair, disease, the mad-house, an' onward wi' the wave
Till the shatter'd wreck was sunken in yon lowly pauper's grave.

Oh, my heart is like to break, my Willie, dear to me,
An' wee Jamie, too,—what gar'd my laddie dee;
What gar'd my darling dee, when I only had but ane?—
O, Willie, Willie, Willie, we've paid the wage o' sin!

Now to see how a' around me is blooming in the May,—
The green fields getting greener wi' the lengthening o' the day;
The very birds sae happy wi' their loves in ilka tree,
While lanely I maun wail—"O, wae, wae is me!"

The sun is in the far west robed in gleaming gold,
My heart is wi' my dear ones in yon Kirkyaird cold;
When morning breaks so brightly o'er wood an' flowery lea,
It will break upon me wailing—"wae, wae is me!"

SONG: DUNSAPPIE.

[Near Edinburgh.]

DUNSAPPIE braes, Dunsappie loch,
Thou are sae fair, thou sadden me!
Here a' my joys were brought to nocht
Here my true love I pairted wi'!
To mind me o' his lo'esome face,
The dimples in his cheeks an' chin,
Seem thy sweet howes to wearie Bess—
Their hill-encircled leas within?
Dunsappie braes, etc.

Owre there thy craigs an' cliffs sae fair
Are imaged in thy waters blue,
Sae in my lone heart evermair
My love is vision'd e'en as true!
Dunsappie braes, etc.

O wherefore did my laddie dee?
O wherefore gaed his ship sae stray?
Doun i' th' deep, the deep, deep sea,
Lie him an' a' his mates this day!
Dunsappie braes, etc.

Ye rocks an' whinnie knowes around,
Thou shining loch sae fair to see!
I never lea' thy hallow'd bound,
But I stray back fu' soon to thee!
Dunsappie braes, etc.

O that my laddie hadna dee'd!
O that he were but here ance mair!
This place were Paradise to me
Whare now I mourn, heart-sick an' sair!
Dunsappie braes, Dunsappie loch,
Nae ferlie if thou sadden me!
Here a' life's pleasures cam' to nocht—
Here my dear lad I pairted wi'!

JOHN CRAWM.

[A Late Distinguished Edinburgh Coal Merchant, and Amateur Horse Couper.]

I SAW him on the streets o' nichts—
A mountain o' a man ;
Stood six feet fowre, and on the wechts
Weigh'd thirty stane, an' wan.

Weel was he titled *Johnny Crawm*,
For *cram*, in sooth, could he !
His mornin' meal o' eggs an' ham
Was a feast even to *see*.

Fowre new-laid yites frae "Farmer Mac,"
An ashetfu' o' ham,
A loaf an' tea—ilk morning brak'
The fast o' Johnny Crawm.

He denner teuk at five o'clock—
His cook aye had it ready !
Were she ahint, it was nae joke—
He'd ca' her aucht but "leddy."

He startit till't wi' sawmont fish—
He lo'ed it—melt or rawn ;
Sax courses mair made up his dish,
Wi' yill—a Scots pint can.

Syne doun he'd clash afore the fire,
Haill hours to doze an' read ;
Ease was douce Johnny's sole desire,
After a "guid square feed."

The giant's heart was like himsel'—
Muckle, an' saft, an' great—
A' folk that kenn'd him liked him weel,
And not even *ane* could hate.

JOHN CRAWM'S ELEGY.

A MURNFU' mane's in Patter-raw,
An' neibor streets roun' there awa',
This morn the folk, groun wan as snaw,
At ilka door
Gather in groups, an' whimper a'—
"John Crawm's no more!"

O wha this day our tears will wipe?—
Ilk wrinkle in our cheek's a stripe,
A sewer, e'en an open pipe,
Whare fludes down pour,
For him wha's dee'd thro' eatin' tripe—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

Yestreen—the day death neckit him,
He to his ain wife, Jenny Sim,
Says—"Jenny, lass, for supper trim,
An' cook galore,
A pan o' tripe, fou to the brim!"—
"John Crawm's no more!"

When hame cam' puir John Crawm at e'en,
His muckle wame fu' toom, I ween,
Mair hungry had he never been
In 's life before;
Yet at his heels Death strade unseen—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

He rair'd to Jenny—honest man!—
"Bring ben the tripe, as gleg 's ye can!
I'm hungrier than a Hielant clan,
Weel may I 'roar'!"
Syne clasht him doun, an' to 't began—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

Ae mouthfu' he'd na ta'en but twa,
The third ne'er reach'd his wame ava,
For in his thrapple, like a ba'
Owre big for bore,
It stack, an' stey'd in spite o' a' !—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

Sae was this Titan tripp'd wi' tripe !
But ocht will serve when time is ripe,
An' we, perforce, maun slack our gripe
On Life's lo'ed shore,
And forward to our bournies slipe—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

In mony a puir hame he'll be miss'd
By mony a body sair distress'd ;
For "coal accounts" he *them* ne'er press'd
But, frae his store,
Sent lots what wad throo winter last !—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

Street vendors weel may chow their lips !
The wee newsboys bewail their "tips" !
Hard-working, weary men his "nips"
Nae mair restore !
Death sair, atweel, has creesh'd their hips—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

Jock Tod's sax sons, baith big an' wee,
Maun noo, half-clad, the winter dree !
Nae mair he'll them his "cast suits" gi'e,
"To cleed the core,
Until man-muckle they a' be"—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

Ye wives that gat his left-off sarks,
An' "made them doun" for oor young sparks,
Bemoan Dame Fortune's wanton "larks"—
Lost trade deplore !
She 's used thee waur than cessing clarks—
"John Crawm 's no more !"

Ye coupers, cadgers—a' ye folk,
Wha in horse-flesh thy life-time trock,
Short may thou noo thy favours dock,
Baith back an' fore!
Ah! thou'rt a sair, sair stricken flock—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

"John" sherp a proper naig could "twig,"
Whether for saddle, cairt, or gig!
Glanders, blawn-win', or weedy leg
He ne'er pass'd o'er,
But spied them out, and tauld them gleg!—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

A truer judge ne'er gaed to fair!
An' a' folk kenn'd him, rich an' puir!
To help them deal for horse or mare
He did adore!
Yet, rips an' rogues, tho' worsted sair,
"John Crawm 's no more!"

He was a "self-made" wordie man;
As country carter he began,
But early to Auld Reekie ran,
In days o' yore,
An' startit' gathering rags, and—than—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

Frae rags an' clouts, to cloggs, an' coals,
He mounted, as his native knolls;
Life's roughest rocks, an' hideous holes
Did he ignore;
Still, tho' he gain'd its envied goals,
"John Crawm 's no more!"

His great Haymarket eldin fauld,
As lairge as Inchkeith, I am tauld,
An' founded in the days of auld,
Ere he'd grewn hoar,
Is to be adverteez'd an' sald—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

His cairters, horses, lorries, stables,
Tho' ferlies *now*, will soon be "fables";
Savants will rise an' turn the tables
Wi' ruthless lore,
"Proving" they're nocht but red-wud raibles—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

But lives and lives his death unsattles,
And dooms their future's unknown battles,
Whare wapons wauchty—wands or wattles,
Dyed aft wi' gore,
Shall sune decide what dark fate ettles—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

Frae a' the city—ev'rywhare,
Frae ha's and huts o' rich an' puir,
E'en proud half-nabs, whase scrimpit gear
Nane may explore,
This wail will rise for mony a year—
"John Crawm 's no more!"

MISS JOSEPHINE JARVIE.

[An Edinburgh Boarding School Young Lady.]

HOW lovely! enchanting! delightful!
Old Madam* is going to Bath!
This school, I declare, is just frightful;
But her going re-opens Love's path!

Come! come to me Charley, my darling!
Haste, hasten to your "Gipsy Jo!"†
Fear now neither scolding nor snarling;
"Old Mad." is just going to go!

* The irreverent school-name of the venerable Lady Principal of the Academy.

† "Jo," short for Josephine.

And tho' Grizzy, our Govy, remains
In charge of us "girls," as you know,
With toothache and neuralgic pains
She's so troubled, she ne'er troubles "Jo!"

Then come to me Charley! come! come!
Leave me not in misery *so!*
From my "Master of Science" I'm lonesome—
Now that none dare say to you "*No!*"

The London exam. is approaching,
For which, if I wish a degree,
I ought now to be busily coaching—
Then, Charley! come and "coach" me!

You're the goal at which I am aiming!
You're the honour and prize I would win!
The plot that I always am scheming
Is to snare you with Love's subtle gin!

I soliloquize ever about you,
Every moment that I am alone;
Tho' oft, when you're with me, I flout you,
And, wickedly, say, "Get you gone!"

Ah, Charley, dear Charley! however
Could you think that that saying was true,
When my soul, as rusheth a river
To ocean, was rushing for you?

In Princes Street Gardens I saw you,
When the "school" was taking the air,
But to me I dared not to draw you,
For spectacled Madam was there!

How I hated her when you did pass,
And I only could give you a bow!—
All the time that, on the sweet grass,
I'd have knelt and worshipped you so!

Oh ! would that these "school-days" were over,
This long age of slavish restraint !
Its bonds do *so* tangle a lover !
They would best suit a "Nun" or a "Saint !"

And Josephine's none of these two !
She's a chosen disciple of Love !
The votaress, Charley, of *you*,
For earth and for heaven above !

Away with "high-breeding" and "art !"
"Deportment" and "style !" I'm so sick
Of their whole prudish cant ! in my heart
I could bid it farewell with a kick !

And flee e'en to Nature again,
To artless simplicity's charm !
To be free, I'd traverse York Plain—
With, Charley ! my hand in your arm !

To "walk so," to "sit so," to be
Ever feigning what one is not,
Is dissimulation to me,
Hypocrisy, slavery, rot !

I *so* hate all affectation,
All acting and living for "show,"
That, than eat or laugh to "dictation,"
For ever them both I'd forego !

The "New Woman?" Pooh ! Lord, make me
But Charley's wee wifie at home !
And all their "new" *horrors* may be
The butt of all satire to come !

I would care naught ! Well they'd deserve
Man's laughter for donning his trews ;
Sure the idiots should rather conserve
Our time-hallow'd honours and dues !

I'd neither be she priest nor doctor,
Except unto Charley, my pet!
And to him I'd be preacher, leech, proctor,
And the very best *Boss* he could get!

I'd lecture him, drug him, and tend him!
For him I would live and would die!
Such a wifie, oh Jesu! do send him—
If 'tis fated that "wifie" 's not I!

To ride on a "cycle," to caper
Astride like a child on a staff!
And to slang like unto a strapper
Of "tires" and "screws" and such chaff!

Oh! 'tis worse than to simper and whine,
Or to dress and to look as a doll!
Two creatures inane and supine—
Imbeciles, both lacking a soul!

To grow, and develop, and be
Active, and pretty, and strong,
Is a doctrine all sacred to me,
And ignoring it always seems wrong.

But to "physic," "shoe horses," or "shoot,"
For this or that "candidate" vote,
Ape our brothers from bonnet to boot,
And our own work deem folly and rot!

Out on them! This really *is* fudge,
Stuff, balderdash, bunkum, and bosh!
The grossest nonsencical sludge
Mankind ever pass'd with a rush!

Is there nothing more fit we can do?
Ah! where are the old and the poor?
The young and the invalids, too?
The weak ones—inside and outdoor?

They suffer, are helpless, they call—
  Call to us, by night and by day,
Yet our answer is tardy and small,
  Tho' our chance is fast ebbing away !

Then there's keeping shop, office, and sewing,
  And washing and scrubbing galore !
And when this runs short, 'twill be growing
  Quite the time to be whining for more !

As for *me*—why, have I not Charley?
  And is he not plenty for *one?*
I think so—fairly and squarely—
  Ay, *more* than "plenty," when done !

He's a scientist born and bred,
  As exact as the figure of THREE !
So I'm training both body and head,
  His fit spouse and "Companion" to be !

Yes, Charley, my darling, my Dawty !
  I *do* assiduously slave !
Now I sing like a Lind or a Patti,
  And play like Beethoven so brave !

You scoff at the "learning of *tongues*,"
  Apart from the learning of "*things*";
So I'm secretely straining my lungs,
  And wishing I only had wings,

To fly o'er the mountains and gather
  My "specimens"—store upon store—
And wander and dream midst the heather
  Of the prince of *savants* I adore !

With my geological hammer,
  And trowel botanical, I
From the rocks would smite chips of Love's glamour
  And his flowers from the sod dig so spry !

But I widely digress from the real,
This cursedly cruel, slave-life!
And what's dreaming, if my ideal
I am fated never to wife?

He has "vowed" me his "love," and I know
He's the truest and noblest of men;
But how oft disappointment and woe
Rule where "true love" promised to reign!

All alone, in this back dormitory,
Penn'd up and confined like a rogue
For telling my class-mates a story,
Of which C. was the hero incog.

"Two hours" was my sentence! Ah, Madam,
I'd been pleased tho' it had been "ten;"
For so long in fancy I'd had him—
My Charley, my king of all men!

Now, this time's near expired by my watch,
So my jailor anon will be here,
And my prison door slowly unlatch,
And say, "Josephine, follow me, dear!"

Then down to the front room we'll march,
Where my seat by the window I'll have,
And all passers I'll scan so and search,
Till I see *Him* come striding so brave!

Then I'll hearken him ring the door bell—
Oh! what heavenly music to me!—
Of all rings His ring I could tell,
Tho' a thousand were rung—*just to see!*

Then up to our front room he'll run,
And, tho' light be His foot on the stairs,
I shall hear it as sharp's the Time Gun,
Which the Old Maids at one o'clock scares!

Then opens the door, where, to Madam,
My hero his hand does extend.
Oh! would His good manners forbade him,
And said, "Give it to Josephine, friend!"

But it's coming! Some day at the altar
I shall link it so safely in mine!
It shall never escape, tho' he'd falter
And deny me, "His Own Josephine!"

DISILLUSIONIZED.

WHAT time the Moon, like deid Sol's ghost,
Among the clouds—now seen, now lost—
Abruptly flared and fled;
An' wan an' weird owre Nature fell
The lichts an' shadows o' her spell
In fitfu' shine an' shade;
Ance, sheltered in a lordly ha',
John Hootsman * and his "Sam" †
Resolved to scan an' study a'
Wealth's glittering show or sham.
An' seeking an' keeking,
The scales fell frae their een;
For a' there they saw there,
Was just Life's fairer sheen.

* A certain East Country farmer.

† By "Sam" is meant "Samuel Mucklebackit" alike here as elsewhere throughout this volume.

AN EPISTLE TO WILL, AN AULD PLOOMAN FRIEND.

DEAR AULD WILL,—

YE'RE wonnerin' hoo we're gettin' on,
In this sair smeekit Embro' toun?
Weel, my auld "man" an' crony boon,
Whan times were kind,
And I, thy "maister," lang years roun',
Ne'er lagg'd behind,—

This is a change indeed to 's a'!
Nae bawbees noo to fling awa'!
Nae "market days," nae "fairs" ava,
Nae "kirns," or "foys,"
Nae "curlin' suppers," big or sma',
Nae "Farm-house ploys!"

Nae fishing doun Tyne Water's side,
Whare a' our singing birdies bide,
And, spring an' simmer through, wi' pride,
That chosen vale
Roose, an' mak' famous, far an' wide,
Owre hill an' dale!

A choir o' merles an' lavrocks rare,
At ance on earth and in the air,
Start ilka morn a concert there,
That, as a whole,
Is, I jalouse, past a' compare,
'Twixt Pole and Pole!

And at the gloaming concerts, too,
Amang the warblers—what a-do!
The sun seems sweir to set, I trew,
An' lea' the scene,
Though weel he kens they'll it renew,
The morn at e'en!

A' birds, of ony note or feather,
In that fair valley come thegither,
And mak' me ask if sic' anither
Be kenn'd or own'd,
By Scotland, our respecktit mither,
The warld around?

But this is sheer aside our matter,
A jingle o' a different clatter—
Ev'n this great Toun, but I'se get at her,
Despite the Fiend,
Before I end this hamely chatter
Wi' my auld freend.

'Tween kintra life, an' life in here,
There is a differ, huge an' queer!
Folk young an' stoure, the tear an' wear
O' touns may thole,
And ev'n, in time, a pickle gear
Stap in some hole.

But men in years, if they maun work,
An' wad keep gaun their knife an' fork,
Let them think twice before they burke
Their bird in hand!
The bush ane micht turn out a Turk—
As lots have fand!

Sae, Will, if that thou reck my rede,
An' wadna rin owre fast to seed,
Thou, in the country, brose an' breid,
As a' alang,
Will toil for—fecht for—sweet, an' bleed,
Manlike, an' strang!

It's only Kirsty an' thysel'
Thou hast to keep in pork an' kail;
The bairns are married, weel an' haill,
An' "doin' grand,"—
The puirest o' them's pinkie-nail
Is worth my hand!

Besides, my Hero, by thy leave,
A soughin' wind aff Ballencrieve
Sings lownly that thou'rt now the Grieve
Of that fine farm !—
A lift that should, for years, thee heave
High owre a' harm ?

Go for the grieveship ! Shun the toun !
Tho' higher wages be its boon,
What better could they mak' a loon
That's weel eneuch—
Nay ! rising like a Harvest Moon,
Clear clud an' cleuch ?

If quiet, rest, an' peace thou love,
Keep snoovin' on in thy auld groove ;
The young may tempt the fates an' rove
But not the eld ;
They, if they're wise, will hardly move,
E'en when compell'd.

Ev'n for the young the city life—
For lad, or lass, or man, or wife—
Is fou o' pitfa's, rank an' rife,
Seen and unseen,
Which few can threid in its het strife,
Or shun them clean !

Scrawl down fowre-words an' sen' them in,
To let us ken hoo ye a' win !
And if thy grieveship's to begin
This side the tairm ?
An' hoo's the Coo ? an' Kirsty's shin ?
An' John Cowe's airm ?

Has Badger gat anither lease
O' that rare red-land ferm o' his ?
Faigs, Wull, he should sit still in peace,
At 's present rent !
The place, *at three times that he gi'es*,
We twa ance kent !

Auld Barbour 's deid ; is his sweet dame
To carry on the ferm the same ?
Is Miller better ? What o' Grahame,
An' his law-suit ?
I doubt the Laird will crap his kame
In *this* dispute ?

Thou wast aye strong on politics,
An' local an' Imperial tricks,—
How does the vote o' upstart Dick's
Among thee fare ?
I pray he soundly gets his licks—
He needs them sair !

The ithers *seekin'* Council saits,
Will never turn the Toun's debates ;
They're business bred, nae doubt, and rates
Could eithly heeze,—
Tho' *their* shares it micht try the Fates
Frae them to squeeze !

Ta-ta, Auld Crony ! Mind thou write !—
A letter grand can thou indite !
Sae, man ! tho' Kirsty fume an' flyte,
Clank doun some nicht,
An' reel us roundly "black-on-white"
Till neist day-licht !

TAMMY MACRAW.

[The Sleepy Schule Laddie o' Bruchton being Waukened late in the Morning by his Mither.]

FRAE fa' o' nicht to aucht neist morn,
Deil catch ye doin' else than snorin' !
I wonner what ye're gaun to turn,
Ye lazy lurdane, Tam Macraw !

Ye're sleepin' a' yer brains awa !
Ye're sleepin' a' yer brains awa !
Tammy ! 'Tammy ! Tam Macraw !
Ye're sleepin a' yer brains awa !

The Schule ? 'Twill be, in trowth, a Schule
That mak's a man out o' a mule !
Or a fine fallow frae a fule—
Like you, ye joiter, Tam Macraw !
Sleep, sleepin' a' yer brains awa, etc.

Yer faither's gane three hour an' mair,
An' still ye snot an' snotter there !
But, jump sall ye, an' doun that stair—
Ay ! bag an' baggage, Tam Macraw !
Nae sleepin' here o' brains awa, etc.

Maun I, yer mither, *you* entreat—
The lauchin'-stock o' Bruchton Street ?
Ye donnard eediot I cud greet,
Sae sair ye tout me, Tam Macraw !
Sleep, sleepin' a yer brains awa, etc.

I aye was swith o' limb mysel',
Owre ev'ry hizzie bure the bell ;
For snools, nae tongue my scorn can tell !
Bang up this moment, Tam Macraw !
Ye'll no' sleep *here* yer brains awa, etc.

Whan your Dad cam' to court wi' me,
"Ye're wide awake aye, Peg!" quo' he;
An' faigs, yer Daddie didna lee,
Tho' I'm yer Minnie, Tam Macraw!
Sleep, sleepin' a' yer brains awa, etc.

Loup up, ye loon! draw on yer claes,
An' pack to schule, an' men' yer ways;
Ye'se geet the play in twa-three days—
Braw time to snotter, Tam Macraw!
Ay, snooze an' snotter brains awa, etc.

Ha! Ha!! Ye're up! On fit again!
My Tammy still! my doo, my ain!
That wearie fit-ba' mak's ye hain,—
My bairn, my doo, my Tam Macraw!
Nae sleepin' noo o' brains awa!
Nae sleepin' noo o' brains awa!
Be dux at schule, fecht a' that will,
Let dotards fear ye, Tam Macraw!

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

[A New Song—Which Should Be Sung To Its Own Tune.]

WOW! ilka braw gent whom we see on the street,
Every manniken masher we meet,
Doun e'en to the scavenger on his beat,
Come gaily array'd in collars an' cuffs!

Collars an' cuffs! collars an' cuffs!
Cuffs, cuffs! collars an' cuffs!
Paper, auld sarks, an' nameless stuffs,
Are used by the ton for collars an' cuffs!

The lassies likewise, when rigg'd out they be,
Are collar'd an' cuff'd like mannikens spree—
Yea! coated, waist-coated, an' tied as we—
The lords Paramount o' collars an' cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

The black-coats at kirk, the lawyers in court,
Tradesmen an' toilers o' ev'ry kenn'd sort,
Counterloupers, gentry, an' people of sport,
Are never seen lacking their collars an' cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Ay! cadies, an' cabies, an' driech sandwich men,
Boot-blackers, news-boys—the smartest we ken!—
E'en their billies, the tracers—Dickie, an' Ben—
Ance a month at the least don clean collars and cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Noo, sin' they are a' universally worn,
"Collars an' cuffs" we should maybe no' scorn—
But lord they're a torment no easily borne,
An' aft mak' us damn them—baith collars and cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

It's a' vera weel for your mashers an' fops,
Coxcombs, an' craiturs in publics an' shops,
To gird wi' stairch'd clouts their wristies an' chops,
An' show off like lords in their collars an' cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Excuse the puir sowls, for their wee nits o' heids
Can grapple nocht else but what their bouk cleeds,
In a crap o' strong men they're the windle-strae reeds
Fit only to tag on duds, collars, an' cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

When we were twa youngsters sic plagues were-na kent,
Tib says they're a judgment our latter days sent,
A terrible scourge for guid time misspent,
Trifling wi' baubles like collars and cuffs!
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

I' the tricks, an' the freaks, an' the farces she plays,
Dame Fashion out-strips e'en hersel' noo-a-days,
But o' a' the daft cantrips she ever essays
Nane peep within sicht o' collars an' cuffs!

Collars an' cuffs, collars an' cuffs!
Stairch'd stiffer than airn! collars an' cuffs!
Paper, auld sarks, an' queerer stuffs
Are changed by the ton to collars an' cuffs!

BESSIE'S CHRISTENING.

OCTOBER 31ST, 1893.

IT was in Auchteen Ninety Three,
On Hallowe'en when Fairies slee
Hab-nab wi' Diels an' Warlocks free
'Bout "Charms" bewitched,
To name our Gran-child-cherub—we
Our Mess-John fetch'd.

He drapt the waitter on her broo—
The Puir Wee Thing! hoo she did groo!
Quo' he—"Eeliz'beth Erskine noo
Do we name thee!"
Syne pech'd an' pray'd, an' made his boo,
An' hame gaed he.

Our Mess John is ane able priest,
He, privately, bade me deegeist
This grand truth, deep-set in my breist,
—That our Grand Oe
Is peerless—Scotland Wide, at least,
Knows not her jo!

Sae may our "Pet"—(beyond compare !)—
Grow up, an' flourish as she's fair !
May ne'er fell Want, nor Wae, nor Care
Assail her Life,
Till She throo Heeven's Gate does repair
An Auld Scots Wife !

But Noo, an "Noo's" eneuch for me,
Our "Little Bessie" she's to be—
Our second "*Bonnie Bessie Lee !*"
Ne'er to forget !
But spare for mony an odd bawbee
As my "*Wee Pet !*"

(*More than ten years afterwards.*)

This day, when she is nigh upgrown,
The Little Limmer's turn'd an' flown,
Because I wadna dump her down
A "Grand Witch Story !"
But, by the lord, leave me alone,
She gats't to-morry !

OUR MAGGIE.

[She Emigrated with her Husband and Infant Child to Queensland in 1898.]

Our Maggie's gane out owre the bree,
Fu' mony a thousand mile beyond
The last sad glimpse upon the lee
Of that "Auld Land" she lo'ed sae fond !

Nae mair her winsome bonnie face,
Wi' loving eyes we gaze upon,
But other eyes, in other place,
Do it behold, an' love anon !

Far, far beyond the Tropic Line
  Her native Scotland's hid for aye!
Ye Powers above—eterne, divine!—
  Wi' gracious mercies strow her way!

Turn a' the trials she maun meet,
  To blessings manifest an' leal!
Sae "exile days" sall lichtly fleet,
  And her new hame be "Hame" atweel!

Her young "guidman," sae bauld an' strang,
  And e'en sae tender an' sae true,
May he, life's varying scenes amang,
  Be her sure guide an' guardian through!

And lang may peace an' weal combine
  Wi' heart contenment, deep, an' prove
Their new fireside athort the brine
  A hallow'd haunt o' joy an' love!

And oh! may she their bonnie bairn—
  The best they tak' frae Scotia's shore!
Naething but love an' kisses earn,
  Frae hearts that love—ev'n her *adore!*

Fareweel! fareweel to a' the three—
  (O micht we live to meet again!)—
But should they be 's we'd hae them be,
  They'll bless their flicht out owre the main!

THE DUAL FLAG.

LET the Stars and the Stripes wi' the Red, White an' Blue
But mingle thegither, weel-blended an' true,
And the Banner Combined shall wave o'er mankind,
Till a' wrang an' oppression lie buried behind !

The Flag o' the West wi' the auld Union Jack
Of the flags o' the world wad be worth the haill pack !
For the Crescent, the Dragon, the Eagle on hie,
'Gainst the march o' True Freedom wad as pigeons but flee !

The German, the Russian, Italian, an' French—
Auld emblems of bluid !—in our guid-will we'd drench !
By seeing fair justice out meted to a',
On that dear flag o' ours doun blessings we'd draw !

The navies o' nations less powerfu' than these
Our mutual Symbol wad hail on a' seas ;
And theirs, in return, they'd mak' rustle to see
The braid FLAG O' BROTHERHOOD out-streaming free !

Wee Denmark, wee Sweden, wee Holland, an' Spain—
Ev'n the least to the greatest—we wadna disdain,
But trust a' their richt to uncurb'd libertie—
Kennin' weel by oursel's what its great blessings be !

Our twa Flags, thegither, a "Standard" wad shaw
Mair glorious an' grand than Auld Earth ever saw !
It wad emblem thae myriads—our folk ever young,
Wha round the haill Globe speak an' sing the same tongue !

Sae haste ye, lowse out, an' unfurl high that Flag !
When Fate's fiat's gane forth, oh, why should ye lag ?
Stream it out, Jack o' Tars, stream it out far an' free—
Spread it braid to the breezes, on every kenn'd sea !

SONG: RARE AULD WILLIE.*

[Written Eight Months after His Death.]

OF a' the leaders we hae now
Baith kinds—the sicker and the silly,
But mak' me fidge an' claw my pow,
And sigh the mair for rare auld Willie!

O Rare Auld Willie! Rare Auld Willie!
Owre a' braid yearth there's nae thy billie!
Baith hill an' plain we scour in vain
To fin' thy marrow, Rare Auld Willie!

That day thou dee'd an' left us a'
My heart was pierced as wi' a guilly!
I saw our totterin' Pairty fa',
An' flee in fragments, wanting Willie!
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

Thou wast its foond an' corner stane,
And steevely thou thy posts did fill aye!—
NOO!! Than thy leavings, we hae nane—
Nae platform worth a boddle, Willie!
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

What if thy biggin's swee'd a-gley,
Or taps an' toories saucht the valley?
Thou startit fresh!—and, in a wee,
Built us far surer housen, Willie!
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

Noo, noo, alas! thy building's dune,
Thou'rt i' th' house whare thou maun dwall aye!
"Budgets," an' "Bills," ayont the Mune,
Thou may-na slave at noo, Auld Willie!

O Rare Auld Willie! Rare Auld Willie!
Thou hasna left this warld thy billie!
For micht an' mind, for wecht an' wind,—
Our best are sparrows to thee, Willie!

* The late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, ex-Premier of Great Britain and Ireland.

[The Following Seven Songs are from "The Story of Jamie King: An Edinburgh Sailor," in one of the Author's Previous Volumes.]

I.—A CITY ARAB'S SONG.

[Leaving Edinburgh.]

WE fed the day on "skeelie-broo,"
We'll dine the morn on cockie-leekie;
But broo or bree—nae mair for me!
I'm gaun to lea' ye, Auld Reekie!
Cauld an' clarty, Auld Reekie!
Dreich an' dirty, Auld Reekie!
Ye'd skin a louse, syne craw as crouse,
As gin ye werena Auld Reekie!

Fareweel, fareweel to ilka chiel,
My chums in raggit coat an' breekie,
Fareweel to a' baith big an' sma',
For I am leaving Auld Reekie!
Sour an' dour, Auld Reekie!
Proud an' poor, Auld Reekie!
Ye'd skin a louse, etc.

Nae mair o' "pity" offer me,
I've haen eneuch to mak me sick aye!
Like Nuns, yer help an' charitie
Are veil'd for certain, Auld Reekie!
Stuck-up, stingy, Auld Reekie!
Dull an' dingy, Auld Reekie!
Ye'd skin a louse, etc.

To bleck yer shoes an' sell ye news—
I scorn it noo, point-blank, an' cheekie!
Ill may ye be for baith for me—
I'm aff to sea, sune, Auld Reekie!
Musty, crusty Auld Reekie!
Fusty, dusty Auld Reekie!
Ye'd skin a louse, etc.

I 'spose ye'd like within yer bike
To keep yer drone slaves mum an' meek aye !
Ah, Madam, ah ! ye 're raither slaw !—
I 'm gaun awa, sune, Auld Reekie !
Mad, slave-driving Auld Reekie !
Bad, knave-thriving Auld Reekie !
Ye'd skin a louse, etc.

Still, Madam auld, tho' blae an' bald,
In after years I fond may seek ye !
Auld Mither Dun', it's just for fun
This song I've spun, puir Auld Reekie !
Bauld an' bonnie Auld Reekie !
Peerless, dear lass, Auld Reekie !
It's just for fun this rhyme I've spun,
My native toun *is* RARE AULD REEKIE !

II.—BEFORE THE MAST.

Burke and I a Clipper jined,
" Able-bodied " we both sign'd ;
Cash was out, and we'd no mind
To live off friends, however kind,
So shipp'd Before the Mast !
As common sailors we both sign'd,
And shipp'd Before the Mast !

That night we met, sweet Sue and I,
Near her father's house at Bligh,—
By my grog ! how she did cry,
When she heard that Burke and I
Had shipp'd Before the Mast !
As common seamen, cut and dry,
Had shipp'd Before the Mast !

My breast to hers, I did lay,—
"Sue! I'll kiss thy tears away!"
But she look'd up, and said, "Nay!
Thou born ass! thou silly jay!
To ship Before the Mast!
As common needy seamen may,
To ship Before the Mast!

To the daldrums she back'd then—
As a ship that, on the strain
Of a current bound to gain,
Backs, and faster backs amain,
Sobbing—"Before the Mast!
A common Jack-tar, mean and plain,
Go ship Before the Mast!"

"Sweetest Sue!" said I, "My dear,
This trip will but last a year!
When 'tis o'er, then, I shall clear
Pass the Board, and disappear
For good Before the Mast!
No more a common sailor, dear,
I'll ship Before the Mast!"

Then she did luff!—"Jacky, dear!
I will wait another year!
But as *First Mate*, Jacky, clear,
Pass the Board, and disappear
For aye Before the Mast!
A First Mate's lady 's grander, dear,
Than their's Before the Mast!"

So we sail'd and served a trip,
Common tars aboard our ship;
Then, home again, did lightly skip
'Fore the Board, and slack'd the grip,
That, taut Before the Mast,
As common seamen of the ship,
Bound us Before the Mast!

Next night we met, sweet Sue and I,
At her father's house in Bligh:
Davy Jones! laugh'd she not spry,
When she heard that Burke and I,
No more Before the Mast,
Need *serve* but now, as Mates up high,
Command Before the Mast!

III.—BOTANY BAY.

[An Ex-Convict's Song.]

To Bot'ny Bay
We sail'd away,
Five-hundred victims of the law!
All cribb'd and chain'd,
All honour stain'd,
And scourged for every freak and flaw!—
Men and women,
Landsmen, seamen,
Guilty and guiltless—ripe and raw!

In hold and bunk,
We knaw'd our junk,
Harder and salter than sea rocks!
All night we lay,
Where e'er we may,
Like heaps of refuse in the docks!—
Both old and young,
Both weak and strong,
Single, in groups, in packs, in flocks!

None dared to stir,
Our warders were
Fiercer than wild beasts o'er their prey !
If one but moan'd
Soon was he "boned,"
And made to rue his frolic gay !
With whip and lash
They'd stripe his flesh,
Like boards whereon you draughts do play !

They slaved us too,
Worse than the crew,
Scrubbing and pumping, night and day !
And, well or ill,
They work'd us till
Some would succumb and die away !
All—mild, or gruff,
Genteel, or rough—
All had to slave, and none say nay !

And when they'd come
To Bot'ny home—
Those who survived the Hell-like ship—
They were, as swine,
Haul'd thro' the brine,
Then forced some hundred miles to trip,
In dreadful pains,
Dragging their chains,
In slavery vile to be used up !

IV.—THE WANDERER'S SONG.

[In Rome do as the Romans do.]

Behold, good friends ! a Wanderer here,
The world all over may not peer !
A stripling of some sixty year,—
A dauntless ROVER—far and near !—
Whose motto is this maxim true—
In Rome do as the Romans do !

This adage, both in peace and strife,
Hath been the *Rover's* law of life—
Down to this time he'd have for wife
A carline from benorth of Fife,
And she the proverb he'd teach, too !—
To do in Rome as Romans do !

When he began his great career,
O'er all this mighty globe to steer ;
In couutless realms did he appear—
Yet never from his rule did veer
One jot, for Gentile, Greek, or Jew,
But did in Rome as Romans do !

This was a simple matter when
One did consort with civ'lized men,
Or ladies of the Upper Ten,
Whose feasts and wines—so prized !—were then
Got without price—if, straight right through,
One did in Rome as Romans do !

But it was quite another thing—
To conform to it on the wing
'Mongst Asiatic hordes, who bring,
Before their horrid gods to fling,
Their human sacrifices—bo-o-oo !
And do in Rome as Romans do !

In these dark lands, where still, pell-mell,
They eat their foes—and friends as well,
And where broil'd Nigger's hard to tell
From roasted Missionary swell,
There it was painful—*I* grant *you*,
To do in Rome as Romans do !

But that's all over ! Here at home,
Where to, for good, the *Rover 's* come,
Because he now no more can roam,
But must take wife, and con his tome
In soft learn'd ease, and start anew
To do in Rome as Romans do !

If he and his spouse disagree—
And it's nigh certain rows will be !—
His neighbours' practice, then, shall he
Adopt, and straight go on the spree,
Kiss all her maids, and call her "shrew,"
And do at home what home-folks do !

V.—AN "ANCIENT MARINER'S" SONG.

Full fifty years I've plough'd the Deep,
And many a hardship tholed ;
For dear shipmates I mourn and weep,
Who now lie dead and cold,
In the slime and the ooze of the deep, deep sea !
—The timid and the bold,
—The young "hands" and the old,
In the unknown bed of the deep, deep sea !

Full fifty years, o'er all the world,
With Danger I have been !
On rock-bound lee shores I've been hurl'd,
And death and shipwreck seen,
In the strife and the wrath of the deep, deep sea !
When storms would rage so keen,
That our ship would careen,
Like a boy's wee play toy on the deep, deep sea !

But, maugre seas and tempests dread,
Fogs, darkness, shoals, and squalls,
I'm here yet—neither drown'd nor dead,
I'm here—where duty calls,
An exile now for life from the deep, deep sea !
One on whose gray head falls
The merest falderals,
Harder than dangers did on the deep, deep sea !

Mayhap the Veteran of the Deep,
The decay'd Salt ashore,
Ere in death's docks he knocks asleep,
May yet taste, more and more,
Joys sweeter e'en than those of the deep, deep sea!—
With dear friends hold the splore,
And spin yarns by the score,
Of his heroic life on the deep, deep sea!

VI.—A CYCLONE AT SEA.

[A Sailor's "Yarn-Song," or Ballad.]

From the Malay Archipelago
Our ship sped on her homeward way,
Squall after squall their spell below
Had her in grips all night and day,
But with rare skill our Captain still
Steer'd her right o'er the Java Sea!

About sundown the second eve,
Much clearer look'd the weather gleam;
But this appearance did deceive—
The squalls return'd with howl and scream!
Yet, with fine skill, our Captain still
Ran her ahead o'er Java's sea!

Then nigh three hours we stern-board made!
With dreadful dangers all around,
Oft to capsizing point we laid,
As oft back'd upright with a bound!
For with rare skill our Captain still
Commanded on the Java Sea!

This violent and sudden change,
Meant nothing, mates, than the approach
Of some dread cyclone, new and strange,
Which might be sure wreck even to touch!
Yet, with grand pluck, our Captain tuck
Our good ship o'er the Java Sea!

For five long days we ran before it,
Making two hundred knots a-day,
Yet day by day we nearer bore it,
Or it made on us—yea or nay!
But skill and pluck our Captain tuck
Triumphant o'er the Java Sea!

On the sixth day, however, we
Thought that the race was up with us!
The Cyclone neared us rapidly,
Tho' Captain show'd nor fear nor fuss!
Sure of his skill, he, alone, still
Gazed fearless o'er that Java Sea!

"Lads!" cried he, "one manœuvre now,
One, only *one* is left us!—Come!
Should we succeed we may yet show
Our faces to our friends at home!"
Thus calm in skill our Captain still
So spoke upon the Java Sea!

'Twas chance the last, dread wreck to skip,
As it consisted in the plan
Of bringing to the wind our ship,
Amidst the awful seas that ran!
But, trusting *skill*, our Captain still
Dared it upon that Java Sea!

All sails were furl'd, excepting two,
A lower topsail and a trysail,
Then came the move which would construe
Fate's weird for us and noble vessel!
A hero tried—our Captain cried,
"PUT DOWN THE HELM!"—on Java's sea

His trumpet voice could scarce be heard
Above the hell of waves and wind,
But for this nothing then we cared,
Our dreadful danger all in mind!
Firm as a rock our Captain stood,
Directing us on Java's Sea!

The helm's put down!—the gallant ship
Comes grandly to!—thank God! thank God!
Some spars have gone upon a trip,
And frightful was the shock we stood!
But well, well done! our Captain won!
And saved us on the Java Sea!

There is a joy, there is reward
Defying tempests, baulking storms,
By so handling things a-board
Despite conventional rules and forms:—
This joy, this boon, our Captain soon,
Did nobly win on Java's Sea!

VII.—SONG: THE LINKS O' LEITH.

HOW fair in early simmer morn,
The glancing sunbeams busk an' wreath
The happy waves, as on they're borne,
To fringe the bonnie Links o' Leith!
The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith!
The bonnie, bonnie Links o' Leith!
'Tween sea an' sea, nae place to me,
Can match the bonnie Links o' Leith!

My laddie was a sailor bold,
Frae a toun ayont Inchkeith,
But, when ashore, he seldom stroll'd
Aucht far'er than the Links o' Leith!
The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith,
The bonnie, bonnie Links o' Leith!
To Jim an' me, 'tween sea an' sea,
Nae place was like the Links o' Leith!

But far his ship sail'd owre the faem,
An' did me driedfu' waes bequeath,
For it did wrack, an' ne'er cam' back
To neither Port nor Links o' Leith!
The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith,
Now but the dowie Links o' Leith!
He'd ne'er come hame across the faem,
To meet me on the Links o' Leith!

My heart was brak', I dwined awa—
Despair an' madness crush'd beneath!
I pray'd for death wi' ev'ry breath,
And lang forsook the links o' Leith!
The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith!
The wide and waesome Links o' Leith!
My laddie fair I'se ne'er meet mair,
Out owre the waesome Links o' Leith!

Sae wail'd I in the wanton wae,
That like a graff did me ensheath,
Until ae day, in blooming May,
He, skelpin' owre the Links o' Leith,
The Links o' Leith! the Links o' Leith!
Thae bonnie, bonnie Links o' Leith!
My sailor lad ran gleg an' glad,
To meet me owre thae Links o' Leith!?

Far, far abroad, my lad had changed
His auld ship, for ane ca'ed "Blackheath,"
The first did wrack, but this cam' back,
Flags fleein', to the Links o' Leith!
The Links o' Leith! the Links o' Leith!
Thae bonnie, braid green Links o' Leith!
Noo, Jim an' me may live an' dee
In wedlock, by the Links o' Leith!

IN THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

[Verses Enclosed in a Letter to Mr George King —An Old Farm Friend.]

King George the Last! I gat thy letter,
And, sire, I couldna had it fitter,
For I was barglin owre a whitter,
Wi' "Paper Broun"—
Out-threshing its same occult maitter,
Whan 'twas flung doon!

Broun 's a sair vratch!—(thou kens him weel—
Yon turk thou threepit wi' at Biel!)*
I'm blow'd, and he no owre my skeel
Nigh had the better,
Whan, pat! burst in our Posty chiel,
Wi' thy royal letter!

I tauld our souple freen' about ye,
He laugh'd, and said he durstna doubt ye!
(Auld Reekie has nae keener scoutie
'Mang a' his tribe!
She's baith the baaby and the booty
Of Broun "the scribe").

Quo' he—'His Mayjesty is richt,
Auld Reekie's in a sairous plicht!
A burlesque in this cent'ry's sicht,
A lang-tailed Mock—
A contradictory Moral Fricht—
Broun's born to dock!

'Sae, Samil, vrite and note the King
Ane's come this monstrous Farce to ping!
Yea! a' its hallow shams, by jing—
Guffaws and groans—
He's here that sall haill ship-loads ding
To Davy Jones!

* A well-known place near Dunbar.

'Deep a' maun sink—*a' that is fause*—
(It canna itherwise, because !)—
Why, man, I'm ben the Age's hause
As far as ony,
And diagnose creeds, systems, laws,
Flit fast to Johnnie !

'We'se sweep the Warld's boord, I trow !
We'se mak' a bonfire and a lowe
Sall gar your great Vesuvius cowe
And crouch for shame
That she for fierce or fiery glowe
E'er had a name !

'Kirks ? Kick-shaws ! tubs o' truth an' trash !
Mixt wines and slops—a nauseous hash !
Eneuch to bring the water-brash
Upon a Black !
We'se *tirl* them a'—wi' little fash—
And that's a fac' !

Their buildings ? Poo them doun ? Na, Na !
We lo'e the temples best of a' !
But we their "Pu'pits," grit an' sma',
Sall mak' to shine
As lichts that truth hersel' will shaw
I' th' mirkest mine !

'Nae mincers ! nae equivocators !
Saying "*lovers*," meaning *haters*,
Qualifeeing—(silly craiturs !)—
Ev'ry sentence
With the oppositest maitters—
Wut, or nonsense !

'Am I a Socialist ? Far mair—
And chief for justice everywhare !
I coddle nowther rich nor puir
For pelf nor place !
Nor grab nor grant but what is fair
For a' man's race !

'Nae wars? We sall hae instant war!
War to a feenish, near and far—
'Gainst ev'ry blot, 'gainst ev'ry scaur,
An' sin and shame,
That doth full happiness debar
Man's humblest hame!

'Nae peace! Why, Samil, whare's yer heid?
To what end else does just war lead?
Man! with your wife, whan disagreed,
What fallows sure?
First tirrivees, syne, *peace* indeed,
Peace, deep, *secure*?

'Dick Broun!' cried I, 'Dick, wale your words!
At loggerheids, and e'en drawn swurds,
I am with either loons or lords
Wha daur to hint
That Tib an' me have e'er discords,
Out bed, or in't!'

'Why, Samil! wad ye bosh me, tae?—
E'en you that aft mak's mair adae
About a trump'ry sark or shae
That lacks a button
Than did King Bruce whase haill array
Was made moths' mutton!

'And if a-bed you twa agree,
The gloris news high pleases me!
For tho' I like to hear a lee
That pruves invention,
I love connubial amitie
Beyond a' mention!'

'Dick,' I retortit, 'hoos't wi' you?
Is Nellie no' on fit enoo
That ye sic freedom doth aloo—
Yer ain lane lippens?
Fears she-na, "Dickie" may construe
Sich "leave" for licence?

'Like charity, reform begins—
Whan it is true—experience fin's—
Whaur it is born, syne outward wins,
Just as it grows;
But it nae ribald noisy dins
Do e'er disclose!'

'Sam! this warld's wrang!—its "systems" vile!
Outrageous contrasts shame its soil,
A few surfeiting—crouds, the while,
For neidfu' breid
Chain'd slaves! in direst misery toil,
And doug lives lead!'

'Wae's me! poor Dickie! but, what syne?
Think ye with blatant bosh supine
E'er to command that be divine
What's a' through bad?
Na, na! anither way than thine
Succeeds, my lad!

'Look West, look West! midst reek and rain,
The Warld's redemption springs again!
And crinch by crinch the people's ain
They're winning back,
Comforting multitudes, while nane
Is wrang'd one plack!

'Sae, as of yore out of the East
The "Wise Men" tramp'd, their sauls to feast,
Do ye the like, my bumptious priest,
This verra 'oor,—
And learn that "Heaven,"—just yet, at least,—
Is immature!

'Dick! "step by step" is sure, if slow,
And, surely, *safest*, here below,
Whaur every ither rood we go—
Our course to bar—
We meet a fiend or human foe,
Swamp, sea, or scaur?'

'Weel, Samil!' hen-peck'd Dick rejoin'd,
'To halt a wee I'm whyles inclined,
As Nell, ye ken, is of a mind—
"What is, is best"—
And, raither than roused woman-kind,
I'll face the West!

'However, to your country crony,
King George the Grand, ne'er let on ony
But that I am the People's son aye,
Their Champion chiel'—
The Thunderin' Napoleon Bona
He faucht at Biel!

'Tell him his liegeman's coming out
Ance Nellie weel gets owre this tout,
To swear allegiance, kiss his foot,
Or Royal tae,
And drink his dynasty, to boot,
Outlast Doom's day!'

Awa' he set, the gabbie deil—
Never to do haet mair, atweel!
I've kenn'd him thus harangue wi' skeel
And mobs defy,
Syne hame the veriest poltroon steal—
If 'Nell' drew nigh!

Sae, in thy lug, auld 'neibor Geordie,'
Weigh ye the scribbler word by word aye,
And mind them just as they accord aye
Wi' thine ain notions
Of what is slim, and what is sturdy,
In thy devotions!

END OF THE EDINBURGH CROONINGS.

COUNTRY CROONINGS.

TWO SONNETS:

I.—East Lothian.

A THREE-FOLD picture—moorland, plain, and sea—
Behold our Lothian, limn'd so matchlessly!
Her rocky isles and castellated shore—
The blue waves fondling them for evermore;
The white-wing'd ships, her sea-world couriers given,
Circling around her like the birds of heaven;
Her heathy moors, a wavy background grand—
Dark forests rolling to her happy strand!
Soft-contour'd hills upspringing from her breast,
Where Labour struggles and is lull'd to rest;
Crystalline streams sweet-babbling thro' her vales,
Like wandering maidens singing true love tales!—
Her fields, her plains, and, smoking far and near,
Her freemen's peasant homes—to Peace and Virtue dear!

II.—Auld Langsyne.

WHEN gloomy dool lies heavy on the heart,
An' darkens a' the warld to our e'e,
How fondly backward do our fancies start
An' revel in the realms o' memory!
The golden days o' yore we live again—
We trace sweet childhood's paths and flowery plain—

We rin ance mair the raids our boyhood ran—
We haunt the haunts o' our romantic youth
(That yett o' Eden, whaur real life began,
An' we war' thrust furth on this world uncouth !)—
We linger in the scenes, lang years forlorn,
Whaur early manhood strode, an' love was born,
An' still the mair is lo'ed the mair we tine
That glamourie buskit time—dear, hallow'd, Auld Langsyne !

ADDRESS TO TRAPRAIN LAW.*

HAIL ! venerable, ample, steadfast friend—
Dear as a mother's form is thine to me !
So, as a child might, at thy foot I bend,
To pour this lay of filial love to thee ;—
Thou wast the wonder of mine infancy,
And tho' in youth afar I drifted hence,
Again thou art my sacred mount to be—
Mine own Parnassus—whose high grottoes whence
The mature Muse may sweep the Universe immense !

For thou art as the pivot of my world,
All round thee circles that I love or know ;
Tho' to the utmost Cosmos Thought were swirl'd
Back to this source and centre, here below,
Would it wend back—though loathing to forego
The bootless chase of problems which old Time
Makes mockers of research—life, death and woe—
The How and Why of Nature's wonders prime—
The secret infinite—the mystery sublime !

* A striking, and, as seen from the west and north, a high and symmetrical hill, which rises abruptly from the centre of East Lothian to the height of 900 feet above sea level.

To jaded, baffled bard, how calm, how sweet,
  Are thy familiar and mute mountain nooks !
I press thy springy turf beneath my feet,
  I breathe thy purer air—which holds nor brooks
  No element to feed the pain that books—
Not Nature's—breed by false imaginings ;
  And all my morbid cares take wing, like rooks,
When sudden March-dawn on the rookery springs,
And Boreas e'en is hushed with din of clanging wings.

Then o'er the rounded field of thy grand dome
  And craggy glories of thy southern side,
With zest unwearied do I climb, and roam,
  And revel in the spreading prospect wide,
  Which, from far Ochils to the Northern Tide,
And from green Lammermoor to Grampians grey
  Affords one landscape, seen in summer's pride—
Might well ev'n Dryasdust himself betray
Beyond his highest flight—lugubrious " Lack-a-day ! "

For what unutterable beauty's given,
  And spread to man o'er this his natal sphere !
And if this is but earth, what will be heaven,
  Tho' sure its sheen 's anticipated here,
  Or its gates stand ajar, and thro' them clear
A beam celestial streams athwart our strand,
  Flooding each valley, moorland, plain, and mere,
Up to the mountain tips, with mantling grand,
Till rare old Scotia 's dight like an Enchanted Land !

Hither and thither o'er the green expanse—
  Sprinkled with homesteads as thy slopes with flocks,
Gleaming and glistening in June's radiance—
  The raptured breezes flit in fragrant shocks,
  And sing like children 'mong thy rifted rocks
Where I sit musing, blessing heaven the while,
  That such a land no malison provokes,
On lawless anarchy, or slav'ry vile,
For 'tis of Freedom true the law-ruled home and isle.

Around thy swelling base and beetling crags
No more, Dumpender ! * whirls the rout of war !
Where oft have flouted pitted legion's flags
Now the green tree and "milk-white hawthorn" are
Seen waving in this summer peace afar ;
And for the blaring trump and deaf'ning gong,
And shouted slogans of fell foes at jar,
Are heard the low of herds and ploughboy's song,
And that pæon of Art—the railgod's whistle strong !

Ah ! many a change of varying might, I ween,
Hath swept thy ken—alternate rest and throe—
Since thou emerged, nude-born, upon the scene,
Ten thousand times ten thousand years ago !—
Immortal Hill ! the years that man doth know—
A century—fall and effect thee yet
Ev'n less than one light, melting flake of snow
Doth his most lasting hand-work waste and fret,
His vaunted "Pyramids"—Time's laughter and regret !

Before the deluge named "The Flood" had swept
O'er thee the ages as a pall were hung,
'Neath whose dark folds remote thy dead youth slept,
Eras ere Troy was by Homer sung ;
Eras before old Noah was young ;
Eras ere ever from thy flinty grasp
The first rude axe by early man was wrung,
And fashioned with laborious chip and rasp,
In search of food or foe—his trusty friend to clasp.

And as thy semblance now, so in past time,
Thou must have look'd and filled that concave sky,
Bending all round thee its old arch sublime—
Summer's and winter's one fit canopy !
With all thy brethren round thee far and nigh—
Edina's Crags, Inchkeith, sea-level May,
Bass, Berwick, Doon Hill, and the Lammer high ;
Gullane and Garleton, and—far away—
Old Scotia's cloud-like seats—the "Bens" and Grampians grey.

* The old name of Traprain Law.

"Around thy swelling base and beetling crags
No more, Dumpender! whirls the route of war!"

Thus ever 'midst our Lothian garden set
Uprear thy cairn-top'd cupola for aye !
Colossal dome ! no nakedness regret !—
Thy massive splendour needs no trickery gay !
A mountain and a monitor alway,
As palpable to dullest thought as sight ;
Teach thou the hordes of men that fleet away
The lesson of thy time-enduring might—
Thy pledge of glorious hope—to those who read aright.

THE LEGEND OF TRAPRAIN LAW.*

KING LOTH, the Grim, sat on his throne—
Owre a' the Lothians King was he ;
Nor friend nor kin loved he, but ane—
Ismolde—his ae fair daughter, she.

To castled Hailes his warriors beat—
Thanes and wise men, frae far and near
In troops, on horse, or sandal'd feet,
With flowing locks and warlike gear.

* "King Loth, who held sway in the Lothians, and to whom the county is indebted for its name, had a fair and only daughter, on whose brow the diadem was in due time to repose. The monarch kept court at some quarter of his dominions not far from Traprain. A shepherd youth lived at this place, with whom the young princess fell hopelessly in love. Stolen interviews followed, and the king too late discovered that his daughter had brought disgrace on her lineage. The punishment was death, and that in one of the most appalling forms. The erring damsel was taken to the top of Traprain, and was thrown from the dizzy height of several hundred feet to the plain below. The spot where she fell was ever afterwards known by a spring of delicious water that burst forth from the ground the moment she alighted upon it. She was found by her friends not quite dead, but insensible, and was conveyed to the shores of the Forth, where she

Daurin' they bear their Saxon brands—
Sword, dagger, spear, and battle-axe ;
Whilst swings the mace, with iron bands
Clampt like Thor's hammer, at their backs.

Athort the fosse they jostle in—
Thane, Viking, Scald, and Odin's priest—
And fill the Hall with clam'rous din,
As 'twere to jocund wassail feast.

Bul wherefore sits the King so pale,
In sable, throned on wool-pack hie ?—
Before that throne arraign'd is one,
Now doom'd for death, Ismolde is she !

"Daughter of Kings ! thy weird betide,
I, Loth, Bretwalda, Lord and King,
From Eastern Merse to Strath of Clyde,
Thy Prince, in judgment, 'gainst thee bring.

"By right and birth this seat were thine,
By deadly sin now lost ere won !
Alack the day ! that child of mine
So base could stoop to born thrall's son !

"Yea ! not to stoop, but seal with love,
Before the gods, thy royal troth !
Dread Thor ! Valhalla's gates above
Burst vengeance full for childless Loth !

was put in an open boat, and left to drift at the mercy of the tide. The wind and waves proved more merciful than her unforgiving sire, and the still unconscious but miraculously preserved lady was wafted in her frail bark as far as Culross, where she gave birth to a son, who, under the name of St. Mungo, became the patron saint of Glasgow. One day, not far from the spot where his daughter had fallen, King Loth was espied and killed by the peasant lover. He was buried at the base of the hill, and, according to the chronicler who relates the story, 'a stone was raised to tell future generations where he had been laid."—D. CROAL.

"Yon smooth Oswald of Deira, he
That, homeward bound from Columb's isle,
Foot-sore, sojourn'd a space with thee,
Hath fool'd thy head with tales the while."

"Oh, father!" cried the noble maid,
"Oh, royal Loth, traduce him none!
Ralph loved me since we children played;
I love him for his worth alone!

"Who mated me from earliest days?
Who shamed Fife's champion bow and spear?
Who saved *thee* from the dread assays
Of wild Scots on the Ochils drear?

"Deny him not!—But Ralph I love
Or weal or woe—I care not else!
As for thy "gods"—One reigns above;
Our fathers' "gods," as dreams, were false!"

"Say'st thou? Those gods confound thee, wench,
For by their god-given power in me,
Their wrongs and mine this night I'll quench
In thy heart's blood—mine tho' it be!

"Lost child of Hengist! list thy weird:
From Traitor's Rock, Dumpender Hill,
Be thou cast forth this eve—declared
Ill traitress, ripe for death as ill!

"And let thy bones unhousen'd rot—
Fit carrion for the night boar now!
Accursed whereon they fall the spot,
Grim haunt of gorgons—curst as thou!

"And torn from mouth of him the tongue
That henceforth names thy name shall be!
And death his guerdon—old or young—
Who this black day wouldst succour thee!"

So spoke the tyrant, and withdrew ;
Him none in all that Hall gainsaid ;
Forth rushed his murd'rous menial crew,
And as 'twere wild beast, bound the maid !

They've ta'en her to that dreadfu' Hill ;
No plaint made she, no word she spake,
But whiter than her white robe still,
Her ghastly face your heart might break.

They stand upon the fatal rock—
How hush'd that star-lit gloaming's pause !
They from her limbs the thongs unlock—
How hushed sad eve night's curtain draws !

O, they were twenty stalwart men,
She but a maiden slim and slight ;
Thus high in arms, Ismolde is ta'en,
And cast sheer furth that awful height !

As white downpours a mountain flood
O'er crag and cliff upon the heath ;
As drops an eagle from the cloud,
Whom fowler's barb has carried death,

So fluttering fell the fair Ismolde—
That vicious thrust the Saxons gave
From scarps and jagged peaks untold
Her fragile form unscath'd did save.

Their brute strength proved her boon, I trow !
Their Saxon lack of ruth her gain !
O, for her lover champion now,
With arms outstretched upon the plain !

Alas ! 'twas but a birken tree—
Ralph, far in Fife, Loth's ire had flown—
But blessings on that birken tree
And the saft swaird she lights upon !

Sae dreid her hap, sae pure her heart,
  Her safety gart the breezes sing,
And frae the ground she landed on
  Flows welling aye a caller spring.

Close on the witching hour o' night,
  Stowlins, old Madge, her nurse, drew near—
And 'maist wi' fear did swarf out-right,
  Yet moaning low, Ismolde to hear !

Like wearied babe she lifted her ;
  Like nurse gane gyte, away she fled,
Nor baited she till o'er the sea,
  Ismolde in fisher's skiff she'd sped.

The Powers abune look'd friendly doun,
  Nor nigh that bark cam' storm or strife !
It drifts anon by Culross toun—
  Stronghold of Oscar, King of Fife.

The King held Beltane on the strand,
  " What drifting wrack is yon ? " cried he ;
" Here ! Claude, Harewolf, and Loudon Ralph,
  Who takes it first– *his* prize shall't be ! "

Three galliots, like three proud swans,
  That sweet May morn shot o'er the sea ;
And oars were plied like willow wan's—
  But Ralph right nobly bore the gree.

" A hooly prize, fair won, my lad !
  A hooly prize ! " the King cried he ;
" Hist thee ashore the foundling moor—
  What ocean stray-waif mot she be ? "

Moor'd high and dry, they round it pry,
  " Jesu ! " cried Oscar, " what is here ? "
As from the hold the fair Ismolde,
  From deep sleep waking, 'gan to peer !

Dumfounded—ghaistlier than ghaist,
And staggering as a champion fell'd—
"O King!" cried Ralph, "be this no jest—
A miracle is here beheld!

"This is the maid, for whom I said,
I'd flown her pagan father's ire!
Fair won, Ismolde, let me unfold
A 'hooly prize,' indeed, my Sire!"

Prince Oscar was ane knightly King—
A Beltane wedding gave he both;
But when Ismolde her tale had told,
His vow was pledged to chastise Loth.

When Hallowmas had swept the plain,
A fleet of ships stood o'er the Forth—
Oscar's bold eagles ris'n again,
In full fair flight from furth the North.

But Oscar was the princeliest knight,
And in surprise did scorn to take
Even Loth; quo' he—"We come to *fight*,
Not *slaughter*, ev'n for Ismolde's sake.

"Speed, envoy, then, to Court of Loth,
Say—'To redress foul murder home,
A thousand gallants, bound by oath—
Even Oscar and his knights have come.'

"The deed he knows—but give this ring,
Rasped from the nape of Ralph—a thrall,
Who won the fallen child of his King,
Yet nathless comes to 'venge her *fall!*"

To Castled Hailes the envoy came,
And told King Oscar's challenge full;
King Loth—no warrior lag or lame—
Full wroth, his royal beard 'gan pull.

'Back, braggart, back to Seton Bent!
Let all your Highland stags be shown!
Thy herd's a feast by Odin sent
Our Saxon dogs to gorge upon!'

Around Dumpender's rugged base,
Upon them Oscar's knights 'gan fall,
And many a rueful Saxon face
That day kiss'd mother earth withal.

Wild was the fray—like boars at bay
The Saxons fought frae dawn till dine;
And blude eneugh by mony a sheugh,
Gart lang ere night rin red the Tyne.

When Oscar charged the tyrant Loth,
Their spears both in flinders flew;
Syne swacked they swords in deidly wroth,
But a churl behind King Oscar slew!

The sacred spot the hero fell
Tells to this day his Standing Stane;
Another, nearer to the Hill,
Where Loth by Ralph was fought and slain!

SONG—THE PLOUGHMAN.

DRINK a bumper to the ploughman,
Pledge him in a cup profound,
Toast him as our strong and true-man
With all honours round and round:
Here's the brawny, buirdly ploughman!
Here's the world's breadwinner true!
Drink a beaker to the ploughman—
To the dregs drink—Speed the Plough!

Thro' the bitter days of winter,
Cold and wet he guides the share ;
Toiling on till night present her
Warm fireside and cottage fare—
Here's the brawny, &c.

In the wakening spring-time speeding,
What a priest in power is he !
Striding forth—the broad earth seeding
That her children filled may be.
Here's the brawny, &c.

On thro' sweltry scorching summer,
Never lagging—late and soon—
Urging Nature heap her garner,
Like one gracious, princely boon !
Here's the brawny, &c.

Then he grasps the golden harvest,
Sweeps the wide fields at a word ;
Till from happy east to far west
He the world with rowth has stored !
Here's the brawny, buirdly ploughman !
Pledge him in a cup profound—
Toast him as our strong and true-man
With all honours—round and round !

A COUNTRY HIRING.

A Dramatic Rhyme.

PERSONS.

Mr Alex. Dirler, *Tenant Farmer of Hi-Woo.*
Robert Wauchty, *Foreman Ploughman at Cauld-Broo.*
Mrs Kirsty Wauchty, *His Wife.*
Young Rob and Will Wauchty, *their two eldest Sons yet resident in the Parental Home.*

SCENE.—*At first, the* MAIN STREET; *and latterly, the Bar Room of the* BLACK BULL HOTEL *of a* LOTHIAN MARKET TOWN. (*Both Street and Hotel full of people and very busy*).

DIRLER (*advancing to a middle-aged countryman, who is apparently seeking a new situation, standing in the street*).

Weel!—Are ye here, my freend, to hire?
A man like you I fain desire,
A guid fore man to ploo.
Sae, if sae be ye want a place,
We micht agree—I like yer face!
What say ye to Hi-Woo?
But, can ye stack? And can ye saw?
An's yable for the pheerin'? *
Speak out richt straucht—we are but twa,
And nae else ane's in hearin'?

Than! say, noo—*dounricht true!*
What wey ye're gaun to flit?
And what is, lat me quiz,
Yer name, an' praisent bit?

WAUCHTY (*modestly*). Ma name's Rob Wauchty; at Cauld-Broo,
Wi' Maister Gimp, I've held the ploo
Come Whitsunday twa 'eer;
Atweel I can baith saw an' stack,
An's at the pheerin' nae weys back—
Sirss—*thaat* ye needna fear!
Aw leave Cauld-Broo an Maister Gimp
Becuz his wey's sae odd!
Siller wi' him, like sense, is scrimp,
Tho' Gear he mak's his God!

Some day, slap, he'll burst up
Auld Kirst, whan him she meets!
His greed, sir, indeed sir,
Her blude to steam hicht heats!

* Drawing the land off into ridges, or drills, as wanted.

DIRLER. A' vera guid! I ken ye noo!
I've seen yer wark, lad, at the ploo,
Sawin' an' stackin', tae!
But, man!—hae ye nae working folk,
Forbye yersel', that ane could yoke
On ony owre-thrang day?
We've sae few o' the cottar kind,
That, whan it comes a press,
In a sair plicht oursel's we find—
Ay, aft in hopeless mess!

The young folk flee and flock
Mair tounwards ev'ry year;
A bad job for them, Rob,
But waur for us, I fear?

WAUCHTY. Dod, Maister! that is vera true!
For instance, here's mysel' 'enoo,
In sicna sich a case:—
Jock—he's my auldest—boud to gang,
A twalmonth syne, and by my sang,
He's haen a thankless chase!
To E'nbro' aff awa he flew,
And gat a car to drive;
Neist week he was braized black and blue,
And rescued scarce alive!

'O!' he wrate, 'sad's my state,
Loading Leith lorries noo!
What a shame, leaving hame,
For this slave toil and stew!'

DIRLER. That's aye the wey! but aff they go,
Whether they're wantit—aye, or no—
They think they'll storm the warld!
Whup! in a kennin', neck and heels,
Aneth thon roarin' traffic's wheels
The feck o' them is harl'd!
Ithers, nae doubt, do fair eneuch,
E'en win a "bigger pay"
Than ablins they'd dune at the pleuch,
But whaur's their *weal*, I pray?

Yet, alack, seldom back
Come to the auld calf ground
Lad or lass, ance they pass
Inside a city's bound !

WAUCHTY. Aw hae fowre mair—twa fit for wark,
The ither twa's wi' Maister Starke,
Doun at the Public Schule ;
The twa wark-fit are callants leal,
Ane sixteen, and his billie chiel
Was fourteen 'eer last Yule ;
The auldest lad—for him Aw seek
A place to learn the ploo,
At twal or thirteen bob a week,
Sir, he'd be cheap to you ?

His billie, wee Willie,
Could gang yer workers wi',
Or in course, the odd horse
Could ca'—an' we agree ?

DIRLER, G'wa ! and fesh them to the Bill,*
And I'se be there belyve, I will,
And see about the fees !
Auchteen and tatties, and the rest,†
Is what I proffer for the best,‡
I howp that sall ye please ?
As for the lairner—he's no cheap
Onless he beirs the bell ;
But, freend, owre that we shanna threep
Afore we see himsel'.

Be aff, than, nor laugh, man,
Until yer laddie wins !
May be, man, wi' me, man,
His battle but begins !

* The Black Bull Tavern.

† Eighteen shillings and potatoes, and the other usual perquisities, weekly.

‡ Most efficient ploughmen.

WAUCHTY (*turning, and suddenly descrying his whole party*).

Ho ! here's the faim'ly at our back—
The wife hersel', and a' the pack
O' pups we've left at hame !
Thaat big doug's 'Rob,' an' this ane's 'Wull,'
Baith ready, sir, for the Black Bill,
An' ye be wantin' them ?
Of course, baith wife an' weans can wait,
Nae baather need be made ;
They ken what's what at ony rate—
They've owre heard a' we said ?

At our backs, a' our cracks,
They heard as weel's oursel's !
By ma sang, Aw'm no' wrang—
Their lauchin' on them tells !

(*They retire to the Inn in a group*).

DILRER (*in the bar parlour of The Black Bull, in which they have reassembled, having liquor and writing materials before them*).

Drink out, Rob, man, drink out ! Here's t'ye !
Hech ! Say what noo aboot the fee ?
Sayna it's no' eneuch !
The man wham ye are wantit for
Has been wi' me abune a score
O' winters at the pleuch !
He leaves me only (puir auld Tam !)
For that he's wearin' auld,
And's kill'd wi' pains—tak' up yer dram,
'Twill baulk this vicious cauld ! (*writing*).

That's a' doun ! For yer loon,
Lat's say—hum !—ten a week ?
Wull, of course, the odd horse,
Micht drive—gin him we seek ?

WAUCHTY (*rising to his feet excitedly*).

Ten bob for Rob ! Na, na, dear sir !
What wad his mither say ?—'*hear her ?*'
Lord, man, she'd fire the toun !
O' ca' it *twal !*—nocht less than *twal !*—
I daurna tak' aucht less !—nor sall,
Altho' it brek' us doun !
Twal it maun be, an' *ten* for Wull,
And no' wan bawbee less !
Yes ? Did ye say 'Yes ?'—then, sir, Aw'm full !
And hoo Aw'll Kirsty mess !

Bring her ben, let her ken ! (*Mrs Wauchty comes forward to the table*).
Kirsty ! breik up, ma dear !
Aw hivv a' for the twa
Ye wantit—*written here !*

(*Displaying the wrttten contract of service for himself and his two sons*).

KIRSTY (*with ill-concealed glee*). Auld Rob, ye gom'rell ! man, be quite !
Nae wonder ye learn me to flyte,
Gaun on sae like an ass !
But, sir !—I beg yer pardon, sir—
Rob's aye a-jee whan we're astir,
The time the hirings pass !
Still—our new Maister that's to be—
'Od, sir, I like ye weel !—
I'm awfu' gled you twa agree,
For Rob's a thrawart deil !

Fraise him an' praise him,
Nae man on Yird's as guid ;
But hout him, or tout him,
And he'd drink your heart's bluid !

DIRLER (*giving* WAUCHTY *and his lads their 'arles,' or feeing money*).

Hae, Rob, *that's your's ! this*, callants, yours !
Noo we're ticht tether'd, by the Pow'rs,
And gled am I it's owre !

Kirsty ! we twa are mairried folk,
But, were we young, and no' bespoke,
I'd mak' Rob stand atoure !
I'd mak' him fit to hang himsel'
E'en frae our new brig's pier !
He'd be its first the warld to tell
The waes o' lost love here !

For, ye see, his jealousie
Wad never let him live,
But rile him, an' wile him,
Himsel' full rope to give !

THE WEE BROUN SQUIRREL.

[A Greenwood Rhyme].

IN the fir plantin', frae the screich o' day,
Like the plumed prince o' the greenwood warl',
What time the elfins daurna shake a tae—
Up a tree, look at me, the wee broun squirrel !
Merrier than cuckoo heard,
Gleger than swallow bird,
"Puck" himsel's a gowk to me—a wee broun squirrel !

Deep in the heart o' the evergreen tree,
Far frae the ken o' the muneshine crew,
Rockit by the winds my forest bowers be,
The cushat's my trumpeter—croodle, croodle, doo !
Gyte wi' luve—railin',
Cooin', an' wailin',
Simmer nicht an' mornin' croodle, croodle, doo !

Swith as the hoolet to's auld blichtit tree
  Stealeth on saft wing at early cock-craw,
Bricht as a star flaucht, I spoot up on hie,
  What time the laverocks on morn's star ca'—
    Cockit luggies, curly
    Lang tail, an' swirly,
Twinklin' on the lerrick taps in the wauk'nin' daw !

The born Jack-tar o' the woodland am I—
  "Steeple-Jack" daurna wage a speil wi' me !
Yon spruce-pine tap, spearin' the howe sky,
  I wad lay it at his feet or he'd coont three !
    Up, like the hawk, I'd vault,
    Down, like the thunderbolt,
Syne, oh whaur, "steeple-Jackie," wad a' yer glory be ?

Up a tree, look at me, the wee broun squirrel,
  Merrier than Robin Hood, the lea-lang day !
Ye little plumed prince o' the greenwood warl'
  What time the nicht fays daurna shake a tae,
    Cockit lugs, an' curly
    Lang tail, an swirly,
A' the elves are sloths to me, the wee broun squirrel !

JOHN KNOX.

LIKE lion-fronted isle sublime
  That sheer from ocean seek'st the sky—
Above the levelled waste of Time
  Thy record towerest huge, and high !
    Between this light and yon dark past,
    An adamantine barrier cast !

And as such isle, sun-rising east
  Hangs in his orient o'er the sea,
Art thou, o'er all time set amidst,
  The gratitude of all the free!
    Thou, stable midst unstable, stood
    The worthiest for thy country's good.

And thou with fix'd soul didst pursue
  Thy purpose sacred—light for man,
Nor fear nor mortal weakness drew
  Thee from the goal one wayward span,
    But bursting the chaotic night,
    Thy one aim cleft—"Let there be light!"

And there was light! and evermore,
  Sphered radiant in that light, art thou!—
A glowing orb amid the gloir,
  That star-wreathes Fame's eternal brow,
    And tints with amaranthine ray
    Time's surging turbid flood for aye!

THE KNOX MEMORIAL.

[Song written for, and Sung at,* the Public Concert Held in Aid of the Funds of the Institution.]

A' ye wha reck our Scottish name
  Fit wi' the warld's first to ally,
Match wi' thy gift this cherish'd fame,
  An' round our Knox Memorial rally!
Our kindly plans, as Scotland scans,
  Auld memories crowd thick upon her;
Wi' gleamin' e'e her children free—
  She points out Knox for foremost honour.

* *And encored three times!*

There Resby, Craw, an' Hamilton,
An' seer-like Wishart—daunted never!—
Were in her glorious cause struck down,
An' wear their martyr crowns for ever!
But he wha came wi' noblest aim
An' crowned their wark wi' highest glory,
Hath not a stane, for a' our gain,
In his loved land to tell his story.

But hark ye, Scots! it shall not be,—
Scotland's leal in heart, tho' boreal!
Tho' maybe late, we'll surely see
A grateful' country's Knox Memorial!
That day come soon! his native toun—
Her "Lamp o' Lothian" burnin' brighter,
May woo Tyneside wi' leesome pride,
An' daur the envious warld to wyte her!

For weel ye trow his "cairn" shall be
Nae feckless monumental ruckle,
But ae great schule o' learnin'—free
To whilk our deftest lads may buckle;
Where ane an' a' baith puir and' braw,
May pluck the tree o' ample knowledge,
Or at the door, for little store,
Plume their young wings for highest college.

Then rally, rally round our flag,
Nae Scot sae dowie he may rally
An' somewhat aid, tho' 's means may lag,
Will prove him to the world our ally.
Lang life an' power to young Balfour
Honour to Scott, an' years to wear it;
An' eke each name, we proudly claim,
Posterity will yet revere it.

Then rally, rally! O ye Scots!
Oh, what is warld's gear to honour?
Come wi' your placks, your crowns, your notes,
Throw aff ingratitude wi' scunner!
Was not John Knox—ye heedless folks—
The maker o' the weal ye thrive in?
And can ye now mair wisely show
Your thanks than aid the scheme we strive in?

This ancient burgh, Haddington,
Wi' royal charter, rights, an' laws still,
That gave us Scotia's wisest son,
Maun keep the lead in freedom's cause still!
Nae faint turncoat our auld grey Goat,
Would ever to the age conform her!
Sae now her cry—"Let faction die,
And honoured be our Great Reformer!"

AULD HANSEL MONDAY.*

[As it was Held in the East Country in my Young Days.]

WHAN grim King Winter hauds his reign
Mang trains o' gloom appearin',
Auld Hansel Monday comes again
Wi' routhy mirth an' cheerin';
His look is like the Freend o' Man's—
To auld and young endearin';
A haill year's walth is in his han's—
He scatters without fearin'
To a' this day!

* Hansel Monday, the first Monday of the new year, was equivalent to Boxing Day in England, etc. Auld Hansel Monday was the first Monday after the 12th of January—New Year's Day, old style. Both days originated from the same ancient custom. Up to the period of the Reformation, there were certain well-defined and marked holidays and festival seasons, and Christmas, or Yule, was the chief one in Britain. Prior to the Reformation in Scotland, and in feudal times, it was customary for the lord of the Manor to present his retainers, etc., with a 'box,' or gift, hence Boxing Day. After the overthrow of the Papacy as the established religion, the stern Presbyterian divines, it is recorded, proved themselves so zealous for the new faith that they even forbade their congregations to observe the

His bags are fou o' wondrous cheer,
  His social face is glowin'
Wi' heartfelt glee—tho' whiles a tear
  Doun his fat cheek is rowin' ;
On happy auld lang syne thinks he !
  But shortly does it tout him,
For auld Scots hospitality
  Mak's a'thing round about him
    Blythe, blythe this day !

ancient holidays, and even Christmas—in the northern part of the Island—was to be obliterated at once, as advised in every Reformed pulpit in the country. The very buskings of Popery were to be destroyed, and not a visible shred of them to remain. In pity, however, those ardent theological reformers for the loss of the old Yule, humanely granted their devoted followers a gift, or Hansel Day, which they appointed should be the first Monday of the year, old style. In Banff, Fife, Peebles, and other parts. Hansel Monday—the first Monday of the year, new style—is still in a fashion observed, but it was only in East Lothian that *Auld Hansel* Monday was recognised and observed in anything like its pristine glory in our day. It was there—even only a few years since—truly a hallowed name to East Lothian men, women, and children. With it were associated feelings, and thoughts, and fond longings, and memorins of the human heart, peculiarly of the tenderest desires and recollections of the family and the fireside circle, and every home tie that a leal and loving heart holds dear. From the busy and confounding towns and cities came the servant girls, the shop boys, and the artisans back that day to their native calf-ground. Whole families were re-united —with, here and there, alas, a dear one amissing. In the rapid glance of the eye, in the warm and vigorous grasp of the hand, untold volumes of well-understand meaning were conveyed by Scots men and women to one another on Auld Hansel Monday morning. The village streets, from an early hour, were thronged with visitors. The early trains brought in large numbers from almost every quarter of the conntry. From the surrounding rural districts came all the day crowds of youngsters, well dressed young men and 'bonnie lassies,' and grave, sagacious-looking, grey-headed Scottish men—men the like of whom can be seen, it is said, in no other country.

Hail, merry morn! the puir man's day!
When furth the cottar's fowre wa's
Care packs him aff without delay
To wail in touns his puir cause!
Then ilka en', Jock's butt and ben,
The lichtsome foot on floor fa's,
O' rustic joy, ne'er shy nor coy
When Time a fittin' hour shaws,
As now this day.

By screich o' morn the bairns are up,
And loud the auld folk rousin';
What braws are donn'd, what sangs are conn'd,
What daffin' an' carousin'!
The parritch pat this morn I wat,
The mice themsel's may doze in—
On rarer fare baith rich an' puir
Do deeply shute their nose in
Wi' joy this day!

Their wames appeas'd, the young an' stout
Maun graith them for the shootin';
And mony a queer gun's huntit out,
And bullets ticht to put in.
Tam shouthers ane like a rain spout—
A roostit Copenhagen,
That "even Auld Nick wi' couldna shute,"
As Pate confides the lug in
O' Jean this day!

Aff wi' the lads—we leave a while
The auld folk, bairns, and lasses,
Wha cosh at hame, shall time beguile
Wi' ilk kenn'd freen' that passes;
Sae, brisk and bauld, we jump the stile,
And for the toun address us,
Owre wintry roads, for mony a mile
Thick-thrang wi' maist a' classes,
Lat lowse this day!

The toun stands ilka side a burn,
That loups a rockie linn there,
And as below the brig we turn—
Oh, Wow ! the deavin' din there !
The Linn, galore, did ramp an' roar,
And trains an' crowds cam' in there ;
And whalm'd and whirl'd, and brawl'd an' birl'd,
And vortex-like did spin there,
This awfu' day !

The " Red Lion's," fount our drouth maun slake
Wi' genial Jamie's best ane,
Syne to the Games, weel-primed, we'll make,
And see the grand contestin' !
Within a ring o' hemp an' stake,
Some chields their claes are castin',
While shifting crowds around them break
In laughter loud an' jestin',
Richt gleg this day !

In skin-ticht duds o' flannel soy,
They loup, and rin the races ;
Lang, lang they've practised for this ploy,
Noo they maun shaw their paces.
But vain, alas ! Baith man and boy
The day ere lang disgraces ;
Few win, maist fa' and sair destroy
Their braws, or splairge their faces
Wi' glaur this day.

Hammers and cumbrous caubers now
Like willow wands they're swingin' ;
Wi' wild huzzas at each big throw
The startled lift is ringin' ;
But we maun go—the targets, ho !—
And leave the giants flingin'
Their shafts an' dread bolts to an fro,
Like Jove, some god-fae bringin'
To grief this day !

"Three shots a shillin' !—bleeze awa' ;"
A sturdy auld carle cries us,
As we draw near the butts in fear
O' burstin' guns' surprises ;
"A muckle cheese, twa chairs an' a',
Forbye some tea, 's the prizes,
Ma faith ! he is nae man ava
Wha comes an' never tries us
Ae round this day !"

Dick shouthers first the trusty gun
That craw-herd Johnnie lent him
(Wha chuckie stanes wi't, mony a pun',
Amang the sprugs had sent 'em),
He took a lang and deadly aim
At the bull's e'e fornent him,
Syne steekt his een, an' fired as game
As gin his lass ahint him
Look'd on this day !

Whare did the wayart bullet speed ?
Gae speir in Beanston Valley ;
The muckle target, richt a-heid,
It cleared as clean 's a swallow !
Tam neist for "Copenhagen" paid
His last bob—but, puir fallow,
Not even a lowin' clout to 't laid
Could coax a single volley
Frae it this day !

Lang, lang, wi' friendly joke an' crack
The crowd gart muskets smack there,
But gif the target e'er ane strack
We didna stey to mak' sure.
On leaving, as we keekit back,
All huge in white and black there,
It stude, defying the haill pack,
As lairge, and as intack there,
As Sol this day.

Sune ran we hame wi' anxious haste
For our grand Hansel denner,
Pork chops and dumplins—lord a feast—
A gorge for saunt or sinner!
Our country core were a' weel braced,
And wearyin' to begin her;
The board's richt eithly spiced an' graced
That's spread for health an' hunger
Like ours this day!

The furious onslaucht, knife and fork,
Was a' owre in a whuffy,
Sae weel our tusks an' talons work
In this wee glorious jiffy,
At Prestonpans his Hielant dirk
Nae clansman plied mair stuffy,
Than did our lads their weapons yerk
Amang the creesh an' taffy,
In lochs this day!

And aye atween the stechs, galore,
We pree the tither drappie,
To synde the gusty mouthfu's owre
And clear our claggit crappy;
Ilk lad and lass their glasses pass,
And touzzle owre the nappy;
The auld folk see, but let a-bee,
And wyte the time sae happy
For pranks this day!

When toasts were dune and things aside,
In stumps auld Andrew Brodie,
Wha in his oxter, like a bride,
His fiddle braucht, blythe body;
He screwed her up wi' conscious pride,
And rosin'd her that snoddy,
He saw'd us aff sweet Kelvinside,
Like Gow, inspired wi' toddy
And sneesh this day!

Syne sune wi' reels, an' strathspeys even,
The wee cot housie dirled,
As a' the blasts o' yearth an' heaven
Were 'gainst its boukie hurled ;
Braw lads and lasses lap and skirled
Wi' men, and folk wha'd striven
Man's number'd years in this hard world,
An' "heuch'd" like warlocks driven
Clean gyte this day !

But daffin' jigs, an' sangs, an' tales,
Sped far too swith the hours on,
For freends were met whom morrow's gales
Wad waft apart life's course on
Anither year, and maybe ne'er
Again while time's flood roars on,
Might they e'er meet, or even greet,
This fickly warl's shores on,
Tho' here this day !

Weird hopes and fancies fill'd each heart,
A wild fond sadness moved us ;
We lingered lang—sae laith to pairt,
And the "farewell," it proved us !
But blessings on that Hansel ploy,
It aye the mair behoved us,
To pray the Powers—for oh, what joy
It braucht wi' those wha loved us,
This matchless day !

AULD HANSEL MONDAY DEFUNCT.*

HAITH! a'-thing changes, a'-thing dees—
Stars, systems, badgers, butterflees,
Kings, kingdoms, fasts, festivities,
Fame, fashions, fads—
A'-thing, and ilka thing that is,
To its end hauds!

Ah, wae is me! what ferlie, then',
If Hansel Monday, too, be gane,
And sall, amang the sons o' men
Be straucht forgotten?—
Oursel's, time-press'd, deep in our den,
Sall sune be shotten!

Yet, Hansel Monday! do I see,
This day, in this thy main countrie,
The 'auld hinds' laab'ring variouslie,
At pleuch an' cairt,
E'en cheerie whistling owre the lea,
Richt blythe at heart?

"I hardly can believe my een!"
That on this yird there could be seen
Sich visible, sich waefu' teen,
And lack o' mind,
As this—that thou'rt discardit clean
By herd an' hind!

What! are we livin'? At the Toun
I frae the railway rushit doun,
Half crazy and dementit groun,
My staff in hand,
Demanding every porter loon—
"Is this Scot-land?"

* Written while on a visit to my native locality in January, 1901.

O Hansel Monday! wearie me!
Wi' nae wae heart nor tearfu' e'e,
They cairt, they ploo, they whustle spree
And thou awa!
Gane! like a sunk ship i' th' sea,
Hull, masts, and a'!

Sae, Hansel Monday, here I am,
Set doun to girn this forlorn psalm,
And wail thy memorie, whan sham,
For ae haill day,
Used to be sack'd like Noah's Ham
That folk micht play!

Ah, Hansel Monday! What wast thou,
Whan, neth his brown an' tousie pow,
'Sam's' front was brent, an' bauld enow
To please e'en Mammie,
And mak' auld Dad nae wirrycow
Deem his 'wee Sammy'!

Owre even a' those rousin' days,
Thou, Hansel Monday, highest rase,
Thou gat our 'laurel wreaths' an' 'bays,'
Our love, heart-born!—
The gods wad fail to lisp the praise
Due thy warst morn!

The Kintra owre gaed gyte wi' joy!
Mirth ev'rywhare ruled man and boy!
The vera 'bobbies' wad employ
Thy hours carousin'!
Pris'ners their jailers ev'en wad foy,
And set a-bousin'!

What meetings 'tween auld freens an' freens!
What happie children, clean as preens,
A' in their their dandiest dinkt like queens,
And little lords!—
A rising host to slay life's spleens,
Tho' *they* are hordes!

Then, Hansel Monday! day divine!—
Born owre a' ither days to shine!—
How couldst thou fail? how couldst thou pine?
What cancer ail'd thee,
Thou Prince of *fêtes*—(a glorious line!)—
As a' folk hail'd thee?

Droll Hogmanay, an' wild New Year,
Belhaven races, Gifford Fair,
Thrang Hiring Friday, and lots mair
Than eild can tell;—
Thou whupt them a', and, ilka whare,
Didst bear the bell!

And still, for a' thou dwined an' dee'd!
E'en like an ord'nar this-warld weed—
Witch-craft, or ither crack-brain'd creed,
That mak's men wud!
Wow, wow! the doom that thou hast dree'd
Mair than cowes cudd!

This auld calf-grund I'se bid fareweel!
I downa thole this blow atweel!
It beats the deaths o' Baird an' Steel
By miles an' miles,
And sall my warmest bluid congeal
Neth ev'n Sint Giles!*

* St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh.

NOW WILLIE'S AWA.*

Now blythe lilt the birds doun the bonnie Tyne valley,
The larks hover hie o'er the green Kippielaw ;
How sweet 'twere to roam thro' the springtime wi' Willie,
But how weary to wander, now Willie's awa !
The snaw-hoords on Soutra, the saft win's are thawing,
The simmer's renew'd to the muirland an' lea ;
The swallows come back an' the blossom is blawing—
A' nature's restored, but na' Willie to me !

The snawdrap an' vi'let, in nooks bield and shady,
The primrose an' daisy—the fairest o' a' ;
The hawthorn blooming, the green-spreading meadow,
Wad wyse me to wander—but Willie's awa !
Ah ! never again, by the green shaw an' meadow,
While Tyne bickers doun sunny-starr'd to the sea,
Shall I wander at e'ening, an' hear my dear laddie,
Roose nature sae deeply and dearly to me !

The setting sun beats on the braes o' Phantassie,
An' cleeds in gold haze the green Kippielaw !
The dew freshens nature, sae green an' sae grassy—
How blest wad I be werena Willie awa !
O thou mellow mavis, the e'ening enchanting,
Till th' kindling stars thrill i' the blue lift sae hie !
How sweet was thy sang, in yon gloaming-hushed plantin',
When in true love we trysted - my Willie an' me !

O hush ye, blythe birds, doun the bonnie Tyne valley,
O hush ye, sweet larks, o'er the green Kippielaw !
What recks how ye sing, an' ye sing na back Willie !
Your woodnotes are wailings noo Willie's awa !
The snawdrift, o'er Soutra, in tempest was blawing,
An' bleak was the scene on the day he did dee !
But bleaker an' darker is sorrow's nicht fa'ing—
This mirk nicht o' death—that parts Willie and me !

* Written on the occurrence of a melancholy incident in real life.

AN OLD FARMER'S EPISTLE TO HIS LANDLORD.

[Re the Agricultural Depression].

PEACE, weal, an' wealth, an' length o' days,
Wi' leal Scots love an' honour,
Combine an' bring a' happiness,
Your lordship o' the manor!
Excuse this blaud, tho' poor always,
And all obscure its donor,
His rustic Musie pleads an' prays,
Ye'd ne'er for this disown her.

His screed's nae threat'ning missive sent
By Parnell-fired Hibernian,
To shore ye death as punishment
For drawing rents agrarian:
Scotch to the core!—nae compliment
Gin *he* lilts "peace" unvaryin',
And relegates the violent
To Fenian an' barbarian!

But noo, my lord, I'd fain ye'd ken
I'm dounricht sair distressit;
My wut—in degrees—aucht or ten
'Neath zero I should guess it:
In truth, the drap ink in the pen
Seems frozen wi' d:stress o't,
An' sair I dread my parl'd brain
This yarn will mak' a mess o't!

That wizard fire-king, Gladstone, says
We gowks maun change oor Premier,
An' set him in the lift to blaze
Our grand politic streamer;
Then shall he lichten a' the ways
O' each puir nichted dreamer,
An' lure him on to happiest days
Wi' his far-glancin' glimmer!

Cumbrous restraint frae tacks he'll weed,
An' root out auld hypothec ;
Entail, an' a' the land law breed
That plague us waur than toothache !
And "compensation" grant, indeed,
"Improvements"—tho' saun shoe thick—
An' gie to land, like grub, free-trade,
So's a' may buy an' ploo quick !

When furth o' Downing Street he's clear'd
The Tories—as his mode is !—
He'll thoosands turn to peasant lairds,
Wha noo are dyvour bodies ;—
Puir groanin' owners o' stackyairds,
Whaur scarce a donkey's load is,
O' aucht kind grain that isna' wair'd
On factors, duns, an' toadies.

When he gets through, my lord, sure then
We'll scorn baith Russ an' Yankee :—
They may as weel as us cry "hain !"
The rocks o' Killiecrankie !
A fair field gie to Scottish men,
Your favour keep an' thank ye ;
An' gif they downa stand their ain,
The Diel plays them a pranky.

But, oh ! my noble lord and chief,
What will or then betide us ?
The crisis like a midnight thief,
Is in the bed astride us !
That foreign rung in's neive is prief,
Destruction maun abide us,
If landlord mercy some relief
Does not aff-hand provide us.

In common times 'twad men degrade
To hint or crave "abatement ;"
That a' should 'bide by bargains made,
Is truest doctrine's statement.

But there are pits in every trade,
And some that seem by fate meant,
To swallow haill the best rules laid
For trade's true honest treatment.

An' this is ane, my lord, the noo—
The pitfa' term'd "Depression;"
An ugly, black quagmire to view,
But uglier to play clash in!
Yet heid an' lugs, a droonin' crew,
This bog the farmers plash in;
Some hope the strong may struggle throo,
But *sinkin'* here's the fashion.

Hear, then, my lord, your bard's appeal!
Exceptional our strait is;
Sae, in the way ye ken sae weel,
Exceptional grace do mete us!
A chieftain—let your people feel,
Tho' high o'er their's your state is,
To meanest clansman's woe an' weal
Your chieftain's heart elate is.

Remember in your castle ha',
Whaur never poortith dare look,
When in your princely rents ye draw,
What a' they cost your puir folk.
In simmer's sun and winter's snaw,
For duds an' brose a queer lock,
They toil'd in hundreds, grit an' sma',
To heap your burstin' gear-pock!

Abridgement o' a half-year's rent
Would scarce suffice to *ease* us;
And not e'en three times ten per cent,
Discounted, would release us!
It seems to "Sam," then, what we want,
An' in lang-run would please us,
Is—to revalue by consent,
An' tak' what justice gi'es us.

Choose each a fittin' arbiter,
The Shirra he another,
An' let them fix a rent that's fair,
Without mair bosh or bother.
This wad mak' a' our jealous stir
In mutual goodwill smother,
An' laird an' tenant—hand an' fur—
Like auld naigs pull together.

Fareweel, my lord! this humble strain
In its ain spirit tak' it,
Judge not its counsel wi' disdain
Because a clod-poll spak' it;
But, whether by you scorn'd or ta'en,
Till some ane better mak' it,
The feck o' folk—this time again—
Will side wi' "MUCKLEBACKIT!"

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

[AFTER A WET YEAR].

DEAR M———,
Hoo are ye a', man, owre the Ferry?
O' thee I aft think an' Fort Garry,
And ferly gin Time's restless wherry
Shall e'er again
Waft us thegither, bauld an' merry,
Some glorious e'en!

Far ben the "backwoods" we twa ran,
Defying skaith, clime, beast, or man,
Adventure in our hearts, in haun'
A Colburn rifle—
All friendless, in that strange lone lan'
Deeming a trifle.

Sin syne, auld comrade, I am here ;
But this by thee seems not to lear',
As in your dear-prized note ye speir—
Gin " Peg " I mount—
O' this far-famous awfu' year
Some true account.

I'm stagger'd whereat to begin,
The tale sae far, far back does rin,
But I'll just jump my story in
Where last hairst ended,
And first the deluge, like a linn,
On us descended.

A' winter, lowlands, haughs, an' glens,
Were transform'd lochs, an' bogs, an' fens ;
Even weel-drain'd upland, loamy plains
In your auld kintra,
Up to midsummer, wi' the rains,
Kythed deserts wintry.

Sma' wheat was saun, an' maist o' that
Was droun'd out to a waesome scrat
Ere Mayday cam', like ominous bat
Wi' cloudy wings,
To usher in the nicht distraught
This harvest brings.

A' thro' the spring, the Land o' Cakes
Ne'er buskit up her shaws an' brakes ;
But storms an' multitūdinous wrecks
Laid her in woe ;
An' for birds' sangs, we'd bardies' shrieks
'Bout " Dolereau ! "

Trowth ! drear an' gurly was the simmer !—
Puir Nature ! May month wadna trim her ;
June whistled thro' her leafless timmer
Like surly March,
And e'en July, the turn-coat limmer,
Proved hard an' harsh.

St Swithin's Day stole on apace,
Great promise in its watery face
The legendary tale he'd grace—
The "forty days"!—
Like water kelpies, each in 's place,
Beyond a' praise!

A month ahin', at lang an' last,
Tween showers, an' gales, an' skies o'ercast
And sick hope daily sinking fast,
The hairst began,
When lo! anither horror pass'd
Owre auld Scot-lan'.

A flood, to whilk the floods afore—
And, trust me, we had score on score!—
Were but as gutters to the roar
An' rackin' din
O' spated Tyne's tumultuous pour
Owre Linton Linn.

The Craps? I beg thee, dearest M————
Constrain me not to talk o' them,
For if sae, ye'd my screed condemn
As patent lees;
And deem a madman grown auld "Sam"
Athort the seas!

Sae warrily, I'll simply say,
We've gat our hairst a' in this day;
And we've some forty stacks o' strae
Forbye the chaff;
As for the corn, baith guid an' gray,
Is just some draff.

The tatties? Wae's me for the tatties!
For, tho' not fond of them as Pat is,
I railish them wi' herring as saut as
Yerl Beconsfiel';
But, och, this year, alas! their faut is
Sae few to peel!

The neeps an' them are just a match,
Wi' here an' there a guidish patch,—
Of failure absolute a swatch
The best I've seen
Sin daylicht, suffering, drew the latch
O' "Sammy's" een.

Fareweel, dear Malcolm, fare ye weel!
God bless ye a'! And thou, dear chiel,
Should e'er blind Fortune's chancy wheel
Row us thegither,
Wow! what a glorious nicht we'd steal
Frae fash an' bather!

"RECIPROCITY."*

HAE ye ne'er heard o' the braw shepherd lad,
Wha wons 'wa' doun n'ar the sea,
An' has whittled a rung, a' our sorrows to blaud—
Ca'd Res-e-pros-e-tee,
"Just," Res-e-pros-e-tee,
"Fair," Res-e-pros-e-tee,
He'll cudgel the crouns o' the foreign loons
Wi' Res-e-pros-e-tee!

This shepherd bold is a discreet lad,
And ane cunning carle is he!
Sae he has been kuitlin', sin' times grew bad,
At Res-e-pros-e-tee.
"Just" Res-e-pros-e-tee, &c.

Gin Jonathan tax a' oor kirns an' clouts
Why should his wheat come free?
"Gie him tit for tat," the shepherd he shouts,
Wi' Res-e-pros-e-tee!
"Just" Res-e-pros-e-tee, &c.

* On the occasion of Reciprocity being discussed by the members of the East Lothian Farmers' Club—prominently by Mr Shepherd of Gleghornie.

BY MY NATIVE STREAM.

By Night.

LO! by the auld grey castle wa's
Art wending on,
Where the martin flits as the e'ening fa's,
As in years bygone?
Soft an' low, fleet an' flow,
Awa', awa'.

The stars licht up, as in a dream,
Auld castled Hailes;
And o'er thy tide my native stream,
The owl still wails,
Weird an' shrill, abune the mill—
"Tu-whoo, tu-whoo!"

Now the ouzel, the craik, and the sedge-singer
Sing echo forth;
As the "witching hour," griping night's finger,
Stacks through the north.
Seeking the morn wi' wild sick mien—
Ghaistly, ghaistly.

Ower the auld "strength," like a risen wicht,
A solitary daw
Darkles a moment in the starlicht
An' flits awa'—
Laughs drear an' clear, the auld mill weir,
"Awa', awa'."

The same as thou didst ever be,
My native stream;
The same—yet; oh, the same to me
Thou does but "seem;"
To the world's breast the auld snake's prest—
Evil and care!

By Day.

The wagtail an' lone heron ward
Thy lonely ways ;
An' the cushat croods her fond regard
To the dreaming braes ;
When the gloaming broods owre the misty woods—
Wailing, wailing.

Sunlicht an' shadow garment thee,
Like wedded bride ;
An' the brown spate makes thee grand to see—
Row on in pride ;
But gane, dear stream, the grand boy dream—
Awa', awa' !

"SAM."

UPO' life's stage, doun at the Abbey,*
He debuted as a 'baaby'
Some auchteen inches lang ;
His Minnie gave him sooks for squackin',
Same's she had dune for a' her cleckin',
Noo a deil's dizzen strang.

* 'The Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tyne, one mile below the county town of East Lothian. . . . The village takes its name from the stately abbey that was founded there, in the year 1178, by the pious Ada, Countess of Northumberland, afterwards the wife of Prince Henry, son of David I., King of Scotland, and mother of Malcolm IV. It was in this sacred building that a Scots Parliament assembled in July 1548, and discussed, and decided in favour of, the union of Queen Mary with the Dauphin of France. The walls of the "Abbey" have long since been rendered invisible by "decay's effacing fingers," though the villagers and many others still attach the name of "Queen Mary's Room" to one of the detached houses that now form part of the out-buildings of Abbey Mill.'—Correspondent of *People's Journal.*

So he squack'd on and grew apace,
And soon began to toddle ;
He clutch'd the forelock on Time's face,
He fear'dna aucht a boddle.
Their "whalpins," and "skelpins,
Were as flae-bites to him ;
Round about, in and out,
He ran wi' tireless limb.

A little billie sune gat he—
A seraph, sent doun for a wee
To lead his first steps on ;
But ere the close o' five short years
The seraph pales and disappears—
Anither wanted 'John'!
Thenceforth for Sam 'a' things' were changed :
At first, he stude aghast!
Syne round and round for miles he ranged,
But to despair at last!
Auld Dad then, his lad then
Tauld whaur the seraphs sang ;
Sam grat mair—stamp'd, and sware
That '*Dad for John should gang!*'

Time quell'd thae bursts, and "Sam" renew'd
His glowering, but 'a' things' review'd
Nae second time the same!
Yet fair they were as they had been—
Death made the ae blot in the scene
Around his native hame ;
Its fields and hills, its smoking toun,
Its pine woods towering high,
Its miles of river, up and doun,
His auld delights lay bye.
But 'wee John,' deid an' gone,
His weird threw over a',
And the scene, fair and green,
Life's cruelest tears would draw!

But youth, and native strength of heart,
Prevail'd owre e'en that premier smart

And nigh death-stab of woe ;
"Sam," 'sent to school,' a chief became
Unto his mates in every 'game,'
And mony anither 'go'!
They saucht birds' nests mair than their books,
And kenn'd them better far
Than mony a lang-haired don that looks,
But 'can't find where they are!'
Nicht and day, wark and play,
Were thae boy-raids for birds!
They saucht them, they claucht them,
Fiercer than 'saunts' their swurds!

Anither dear, engrossing ploy,
That held the average Abbey boy
Surer than wizard's spell,
Cam' of the 'trouts and mennons' queer
That hotch'd wi' life the waters clear
Which wash'd his native dell!
O for ae hour o' Auld Lang Syne,
When, yet unsmudged wi' ill,
We 'fish'd,' or plouter'd in the Tyne,
Doun by the Abbey Mill!
Alas, alas! 'All flesh is grass,'
And made but to be mown ;
Auld schule mates dree'd their fates,
And Sam's left bird alone!

But his king passion in those days—
The lasses was!—a woeful craze,
Waur than the 'wild-birds' spell!—
A'maist ere he could lisp their names
They lichtit in his heart the flames
That ev'n age downa quell!
Yet leeze me on thae loves untauld—
'Miss Mitchell,' and 'Miss Steele'!
Jean Swanson,' and yon nine-year-auld
The matchless 'Peg Macneill'!

He sees yet, and drees yet,
The flashes frae their een!
Him, a' owre, the haill fowre,
Their wiles had coosten clean!

This calf-love's 'speech' was hantrin 'tugs,'
'Nips,' 'pookins,' 'jags wi' preens,' and 'hugs'
The lasses ca'd 'provokin'"!
In winter, aft its 'language' was
'Ice-skids,' or warring wi' 'snaw-ba's,'
And missing *them—by token!*
Miss Mitchell was his 'Prood Queen Bess,'
Peg Macneill 'Queen Mary,'
Sweet Miss Steele his 'Juliet' was,
Jean Swanson still did vary—
Whyles she was 'Hamlet's lass,'
Then, 'Cleopatra' whyles,—
Fancy clad that rare jaud
In mair than Shakespeare's styles!

Thus sporting, reading, and 'lass-fond,'
He dream'd thro' boyhood, and beyond,
And up to manhood clam';
Wae sucks! this ither stage o' life
Was as nae flowery strath, but rife
Wi' wearie ills for Sam!
Jungles o' care, huge danger blocks,
Quagmires, and swamps, with shreds
Of bonnie greens atween the rocks,
Whare scant joys made their beds,
Fill'd his stage of 'full age,'
As weel's of 'manhood's prime';
And at last, when a's past,
Its bouk o' care's nae 'styme'!

A', a' his young sweethearts are deid,
A white grave stane is at each heid,
In place o' him langsyne!
For death he's now an 'easy lift'
He is sae reft of every gift,
He has but breath to tine!

Deid, scores o' freends ! his birds and trouts !
His first-loves--a' the fowre !—
And a' his auld mates hereabouts
Are past that 'awful hour,'
When Fate comes the end thrums
To snick aff life's full wab,
Syne throw'st owre to a Power
That ne'er was kenned to blab !

PUNCH AND DAWTY.

[Two Old Farm Horses].

A LOWERING, dour, December sky
Hung o'er the Loudon lands, that lie
Spread out sae braid and bonnilie
Between the Lammermoors and sea ;
Sae green, sae fair in simmer time
They're ca'd the garden o' our clime.

But now they look as drench'd an' droukit
As gif they Noah's flude had sookit—
A' draiglet, dreepin', soddent through
Wi' snawy thows, and jumly broo
Of melted ice, and slush, and rain,
That winter brews and swills amain.

Nae laabor gets the land 'e noo—
" It's far owre wat to cairt or ploo ;"
The " men " are plouterin' breakin' sticks,
Or in the barn mendin' secks ;
The " cottar bodies " bide at hame,
Whare, eident aye for back and wame,
They bake, or darn and patch their duds,
Or plunge them in the saipy suds ;
And scour and redd a' things sae fine
Their little housies fairly shine.

Pent cosh within the stable wa's,
The tether'd horses in their sta's
Lounge wearily throughout the day,
Deid tired o' a'—rest, corn, and strae.
Some, drowsy, doze and fitfu' sleep ;
Some, rapt in cogitations deep,
Nod, nod, till in a maze profound
They sage-like sleep baith saft and sound.

The younkers o' the stud meanwhile
Mischievously the hours beguile,
And tak' slee nibs at neibors' necks,
Or rive an' pilfer frae their hecks.
At Clipilaw, as is weel kenn'd,
There's some that for fine manners stand
Conspicuously aboon the heads
Of ither ord'nar quadrupeds ;
In a' horse gumption they are great,
And scarcely equall'd ony gate.

Yon farthest aff ane is a meer,
A Clydesdale o'er-gane thirty year,
Fat, sleek, and sonsy, slow—but sure,
And e'en a sicker jaud and dour,
A perfect fiend to turn the sod,
Or haul a cairt, wi' twa ton load ;
A pawky yaad—nor hich nor haughty—
Kenn'd far and near as "Canny Dawty."

Her neibor in the nearer triviss,
The maist redoubted naig alive is !
For bulk and strength enormous famed,
That "Punch" his waggish maister named.
Foal'd in the grand year sixty-foure,
Of the royal stock of Staney Tower,
His breed is mixt ; for, in degree,
This was intended, sae that he
Micht shaw the warld, and gar it sing
The glories of its equine king !

For generations his forbears
Were socht for, and were match'd in pairs,
Till, lang an' last, the product was—
This triumph of selection's laws !

He ance had been a model naig,
But noo that character was vague ;
Except for outward form, whilk was
His feature that braucht maist applause.
His image made e'en coupers stare ;
Like a giraffe he tower'd in air ;
His rigid neck was lang, yet swack ;
The head on 't ae haill e'e did lack.
To fit this philosophic horse,
His frame was baney, huge, and coarse ;
His tail, through some thrawn accident,
Was twisted at the rump asklent,
And hung, as aft I've seen a maud
Hing owre the hurdies o' a jaud,
Belanging to some gipsy scamps,
Stravaigin' on their endless tramps.
His colour, of the hue of fire,
Was weel-toned down wi' muck an' mire.

But this rare stable Patriarch,
Ane-e'ed, thrawn-rumplet, gaunt, and stark,
Was neither wanting gifts nor grace ;
But in strict fact amang his race
Was for profundity and wits
The "Grand Auld Horse" elect of bruits.

His efforts oratorical
Proved him nae sorry oracle ;
And, tho' his language was horse Doric,
Their fame micht weel become historic.
A bardie, with the gift of tongues,
Wha's kenn'd for years thae auld ferm bungs,
Has sheaves o' his harangues collated,
And into Scots them a' translated.
(The *crack* here given best suits our rhyme,
As it took place this vera time !)

PUNCH.

Dear Dawty! snooze nae mair, my jo!
Our driver, Tam, wha touts thee so,
And aften toobers thee for tricks,
Is at the Big-house sawin' sticks.
He'll no' be back for twa-three hour yet,
Sae crack a wee, my dear, to your mate!

First, tell me, Dawt, what's wrang wi' thee,
Why hings thy heid sae pensivlie?
Why does thy bushy tail sae droop,
Was made thy doup to whisk and soop?
It micht as weel be in the sea
For ony guid it's noo to thee!

DAWTY.

Punch! weel thou kens an' my tail's still,
It's no' because, like thine, it's ill
And feckless, throo a broken rump,
As ony auld wife's toothy stump!
But rather—'care o' me!—because
Of this sair time that on us fa's,
Sairer, and sairer as each year
Comes only but to disappear,
And leave our puir auld maister puirer,
Than wham lives nane mair just or fairer!

It's only three days gane yestreen
Sin' in he papp'd here wi' a frien'
(Upo' the land there was nocht doing,
And thou was at the smiddy shoeing).
Doun on the corn-kist the twa
Held lang converse. I heard it a'!

Oh, Punch, Punch, Punch! ane sorrier tale
Did ne'er the lugs o' horse assail!
Its sadness gart me grane an' greet,
And nidder doun to my fowre feet!

The burden o' their waesome session
Was "Agricultoorawl Depression,"
And ither things—owre deep and dark
For sic as me to mind or mark.
They ca'd them "Res-e-pros-e-tee,"
"Keumoolativ Fertilitie,"
"Taxation Incidence;" and, last,
"Bi-metalism" was up-cast,
And round and round and owre debated,
Till baith my lugs an' their's were sated.

Punch, had ye heard the Maister speak,
'Twad gi'en even thy stiff rump a tweak;
And e'en thy toom e'e-hole gart blink
And twinge wi' pride—he did *sae* clink
To sense and reason a' the havers,
Whilk are atweel but clishmaclavers!

PUNCH.

But, wumman! that's nae "*Tale o' Wae!*"
I ken mysel' a' that's to say
About the maitters thou hast mention'd;
And—in thy lug!—I am intention'd
To fall upon and burst thae blethers
Neist time our Horse Assembly gathers!
But tell me noo, and tell me quickly
What thou o'erheard that made thee sickly.

DAWTY.

O Punch! wilt thou believe it true?
The Maister's fail'd!—clean broken throo!
A *broken farmer* and an auld,
To be cuist out o's house an' hald!
And flee—he kensna how or whare,
And find some hole to hatch this care,
And nurse its cleckin' evermair!

PUNCH.

What! fail'd! bankrupt! a dyvour!—HIM!
The Maister bankrupt? Oh, thou grim,
Black Hag accurst they "Fortune" name!
If aucht on yirth could thee defame
Or bring just evil—now, pell-mell,
Thou'dst flounder fathomless in hell!
The Maister fail'd! Wi' a' my force
I thank my stars I'm but a horse!

DAWTY.

Wheesht! Punch, man, wheesht! or sune thy gabble
Shall stir to revolt a' the stable!
The Maister's doun—that tale's owre true,
But 's reason nane for this ado,
He's doun, and wi' him hunners mair
Already crowd Misfortune's flure!
A giftie crap sure Ruin's threshin'
By "Agricultoorawl Deepression!"

PUNCH.

Now, Dawty, naething waur can come—
We touch, this nicht, the pit o' Doom;
Ah, what a change sin' we were Vaigies,
Twa scamperin', prancin', bits o' staigies,
Wi' snortin' snouts an' flowing tails
Careerin' owre the pasture fiel's,
Wi' twa-three ither cowtes an' fillies,
In summer days—a band o' billies,
And frisky titties—a' as gay,
And fou o' fun as bairns at play!

Nae sough in yon days of aggression
By "Agricultural Depression!"
Nor were the markets funerals
Of hopes and joys, laid low in shoals!—

But gatherings wi' pleasure fraucht,
Whereat the staff o' life aye braucht
A just and fitting meed to all,
Whase labour, skill, and capital
Had wrung it from the stubborn moor,
And laid it ready at each door !

Faigs ! rent was safe to reckon on
The year that we were broken-in !
(No' "broken" as the Maister 's noo,
But broken-in to cairt and ploo)
It made a differ whan our wheat
Fetch'd three times that whilk noo we geit !
And ither things preportionate—
If no' a tate "extortionate,"
To hantrin folk and burgh bodies,
With whom content a "slavish" mode is !

In such a routhy, prosperous time,
We and the Maister pass'd our prime ;
And did safe-like renew the lease
Of Clipilaw, in hope and peace ;
He little wotting, honest man !—
The *slough o' care* he into ran !
I saw 't and spak, but thou forbad' me,
And, sneering, "Jerimiah" ca'd me !

DAWTY.

Yes, Puncher, but thou stand'st sae high,
Nae wonder that thou "sloughs" descry !
At such a hicht, wi' such an e'e,
Thou micht the Bog Sarbonian see !
Thou a True Prophet ! true, I ween,
To prophesee *that*, aince it's seen !
Gif truly thou this storm foresaw
That now bursts owre auld Clipilaw,
Why did thou ne'er the Maister tell ?
He understands thy neighing well !
But cheep about it, ne'er before
Have I heard thee aince *nicher* owre !

PUNCH.

I daur say no! How could'st thou hear
A sound that never reach'd thy ear?
But, saucy hussy! a' the same,
Know *now*, to thy disgrace and shame,
I tauld the Maister years ago
Truly what's come—e'en this *great woe*.
I tauld him, gin fule folk teuk ferms,
For leases lang, upo' the terms
Whilk we and a' the warld then heard
Were offer'd baith by writ and word,
They wad, as sure as my name's Punch,
On sorrow's soups sune sup and lunch!
Ay! sup and lunch, and brekfast, too,
And feast, and feast, and ne'er be fou!

The Maister understood me weel
(Dounricht mirac'lous is his skeel
And learning, baith of men and brutes:
He kens us a' frae croun to cloots).
Says he, whan he had heard me out,
"Well, Punch," quoth he, "I hae nae doubt,
"Sid sic things come as thou's observin',
"I wad—my guid auld trusty servan'!—
"Thy Maister *boud*, indeed, cry 'hain!'
"Gin wheat an' meat frae owre the main
"Cam' in the dreidfu' bulk thy fears,
"For me an' mine in efter years,
"Mak' thee to think an' tell me noo;
"But, cheer up, auld horse! and eschew
"Sic dotard fancies! Thou'rt aware
"'A faint heart ne'er wan leddy fair!'
"The die is cast—the tack's renew'd—
"And, weal or wae, I'se never rued!"
Na, Dawty, he 'se ne'er "rued"—but *yince*,
But *yince* will serve him a' life hence,
For it will last his life and him—
Altho' he beat Methoosalem!

"Sin' we war' brak we've been a pair,
We've ploo'd thegither thretty year!"

DAWTY.

Oh, oh! Oh, Punch, what sall we dae?
We 'se a' be sald, the debts to pay!
I heard him say sae my ainsel'—
And his words rang like our death-knell!—
It 's hard to say owre his narration,
But something he ca'd "Sequestration"
Is cuisten noo owre a' his gear—
Baith deid an' quick—and sair I fear
They'll shaw nae ruth, but in the ring,
At the great sale displenishing,
We 'se a' be run, and have to go
To the best bidder—*ay* or *no!*
Oh dearie me!—that I should dree
Sich 'whalming wae—*and yet no' dee!*

PUNCH.

Sell! Let them sell us! Ev'n for *that*
I hae a remedie, dear Dawt!

Sin' we war' brak we've been a pair,
We've ploo'd thegither thretty year!
For twenty, Tam has been our driver—
A willint fouter, and keen striver!
Ablins, I micht hae lat *him* slip,
Were he less ready wi' his whip!
But for his leishin's he maun pay—
I'll funk his buttock weel some day!

Dawty, my jo!—tak' tent o' "Punch!"
Gin grief thy breastie rug an' runch,
As weel it may, for this last jar
Is a mischance by ordinar'!

Pruve noo thou art o' noble grit,
And bid despair stand aff a bit!
Mind, naething 's ill but what is thocht ill,
E'en death itsel' to that is brocht still,

By noble and heroic sauls,
Whan high resolve them disenthralls
Frae doited friets and dowie fears—
The weaklin' getts o' waning years !

Gin we maun leave fair Clipilaw
And drag out our auld age, awa
And far abeigh our native fields,
On mailin's that but slav'ry yields,
Or city streets, mirk-dim wi' smeek,
And dinsome as they're black and bleak,
Hauling vile cadger muggers' ruchles,
Trockin' auld airn, banes, an' bauchles,
Limping wi' spavie, weeds, an' racks,—
Till at the last, laid on our backs,
Deid, stiff and stark, they hack us doun
To be by dougs devourit sune !
Sid sic fell fate as this betide us,
What odds, gin Hope stand steeve beside us,
Her dexter digit pointing free
A heeven for even you an' me ?
For if such meeds the human class,
Wham we in virtue far surpass,
It stands as plain 's a pheerin' pole—
For us there is a sim'lar goal !
O thou condemn'd—this world's accurst !
'Tis writ " the prison bars shall burst—
The first be last—the last be first ! "
Then, Dawty, on that happy shore
We 'se meet at last, to part no more !
But wander ever, side by side,
Thro' routhy pastures, spreading wide,
And greener e'en than our ain haughs,
Whan spring-time busks the siller saughs !

DAWTY.

The nicht comes slap on efternoon !
The men will a' be here anon !
That thrawn diel Tam wad fell us doun,
Gin he but heard the slichtest soun' !

O Punch—my lord ! my comforter !
I wasna able skairsh to stir,
Or cock a lug, when thou began !
Noo ! I'm as blythe as whan we ran
Twa playsome foalies wi' our mithers,
And kent o' neither thangs nor tethers !
But Tam 'se be here 'enoo ! May be
Yet at auld Clipilaw we'll dee !
Wha kens but the new Maister man
May buy us baith, and let us stan' ?
Lord grant he may ! my auld heart's set
On this dear place—our auld *hame* yet !
But there they come ! *they're at the door!*
Lord save us ! *hoo* that Tam does roar !
We're deid horse, Punch, for wan word more !

THE GUIDWIVE'S FAREWEEL TO HAILES.

O WHITE, white lies the winter roun' the auld castle wa',
An' ruin'd keep an' toorie are wreath'd wi' the snaw,
As time draws near to lea' them, tho' but deid wa's they be,
Amid the snaws o' winter they dearer grow to me !

They min' me o' langsyne, when in the dear old days
I ran a thochtless lassie o'er Tyne's sweet banks an' braes,
An' roun' an' roun' the Castle, like bairn roun's mither's knee,
I grew up, little dreaming how dear it was to me !

Here I a maid was courted—was wooed an' wed an' a,'
Here a' the bairns were born, an' ane was ta'en awa',
Here we've been lang sae happy—the bairns, guidman, an' me—
It hurts like death to think o' this parting that maun be !

Never again, O never to ca' this house our hame !
Never again, O never this auld fireside to claim !
Thro' a' the lang years coming the strangers' place 'twill be,
When we are gane for ever—the bairns, guidman, an' me !

The bairns they cling to "mither," the guidman downa speak,
I cheery-like tend to them when my heart's like to break ;
But frae this ben-room window, when nae ane's bye to see,
What longing looks I'm taking o' the auld countrie !

Ah ! wae is me, thou robin that singest at the door,
Ae waefu' lilt o' sorrow is a' thy birdie's store,
A wail for byegane simmer that soon returus to thee ;
But our bonnie auld hame—never, can time gi'e back to me !

To say "Fareweel for ever," ye bonnie banks an' braes,
An' fare ye weel, Tyne river, that I've lo'ed a' my days ;
Farewell Traprain and Kippie ! fareweel the dear auld Mill,
The brig across the water, the fit-road up the hill !

But we a' maun say "fareweel"—on earth we hae nae stay ;
"Fareweel !" "fareweel !" "fareweel !"—day crieth unto day ;
The warld is wide an' wearie, an' hard is life, I trew—
A touch, a turn of fortune—the *auld* is changed to *new* !

But oh ! my heart is dowie, sae weel it lo'es this nest,
An' a' its ties asunder this flicht to rive at last !
But take this flicht I *maun*, nor spurn at Fate's decree,
An' gae mak' anither hame in a strange countrie !

CREMATION.

[An Epistle to a Retired Dominie].

COME ! yet yauld Thomas len's yer lug,
Whyles I a friendly neb an' mug,
In its grim portals deftly plug,
Sans botheration ;
And thee this ravel'd tale out-rugg,
Anent "Cremation."

This age materialistic—whilk
Developed prime a Mill an Dilke—
Deems little but sour kirn milk
Your auld ward lear' ;
Her mental kine o' *Savan* bulk
Crave fierier fare.

Thus follows it, as wrack frae wind,
(Effect its cause comes slap behind),
These sages, "meek" with pride of mind,
Sing out—"Behold !
Burial, this day, doth Science find
Is waste untold."

"Science," at length declares, alas !
Water, carbonic acid gas,
Ammonia, an' a little ase,
We a' maun be !
As food for plants—kail-stocks or grass—
After we dee !

And, strange to say, the way to do't
Is *burnin' !*—burnin' croon an' cloot—
No' as they did auld witches—but
In pats or pans,
Reducing slap to dust an' soot
Heids, heels, an' hauns !

Then fareweel, Tam, our auld kirkyaird,
Its tear-bedewed an' bonnie swaird ;
Its tender memories revered
Wrench frae our hearts ;
And a' the rest let's be na fear'd
To play our parts.

Oh ! Tam, auld Tam ! gie me yer loof ;
Age on your pow now snaws sad proof,
That what o' life, for your behoof,
A dwindling shaird
Is only left !—e'en just enough
To say ye're "spared !"

D'ye think, auld Tammas, when ye dee
(As dee ye *maun*—next week, may be),
That ye'll prefer your friends to see
Ye buried decent?
Or that the crabbit dominie
Should bleeze a crescent?

If that the latter, mak' ye shair
That at yer burnin' will be there
Fu' mony a lad ye skelpit sair—
To show "respeck,"
Smilin', as lowes ascend in air,
To hear ye crack!

But mirth aside, I doubt this dream
Is jimp fit matter for my whim;
Tho' serious hardly I can deem
The ghaistly question—
An' muckle jalouse 'tis a theme
To crack a jest on.

TO THE REV. DR WHITELAW.*

[A Reply to "A Plea for Cremation."]

WELL hast thou shown, my gifted friend,
Thy meet desire by fire to end!
For that thou should'st anticipate
The general doom—man's future fate—
Is just what I would have expected,
Who long thy genius hast respected!

* The late Rev. Dr Whitelaw, of Athelstaneford, East Lothian, who wrote the "Plea" in the "Dublin University Magazine."

Yet still, my gruesome bard and fiere,
I pray the Fates thy wish sincere,
To be burn'd up—alive or deid—
May not be granted with fell speed !
But that thou may'st for mony a year yet
Escape "fire-cars"—baith bouk and spirit !—
To bless and gratify us lang
With many a sermon, book, and sang,
Ere to the chauldron thou art turn'd—
Into some white ash to be burned!

Thy reason—that as from fire proceed
A' things whatever—quick or deid—
Seems rather far-fetched—that therefore,
We straight should bar the kirkyard door
Against the sexton, and the pack
Of dingy "undertakers" black,
By emulating Mary's fame—
Consigning young and old to flame !
Kindling the monstrous human pyre
In some back alley, barn, or byre,
And thrusting thither in a box—
Fired to a white heat till it smokes—
A brother, sister, parent, friend !—
Like divine Shelley—at whose end,
On that fair shore of Spezia's Bay,
Byron saw in blue flame pass away
Frame of the most ethereal mind
That ever linked with human kind,
And sicken'd in his saul to see,
The dread, infernal tragedy !

Again, wherever most abounds
Thy fav'rite element—in the rounds
And zones and climes of tropic heat—
There thou discover'st all that 's great
In the wide field of man's estate ;
There bigots, blackguards, despots, rage
Like starving lions 'scaped their cage,

There are the rack, the wheel, the hook,
And other toys we overlook ;
There frowns the lover in grand style
When faithless maiden stirs his bile ;
And ere he tramps her to the death,
In the heroic way thou saith ;
There, too, upon her funeral pile
Jumps up the widow with a smile !
Disdaining, in extreme of joy,
" *Even to mourn her orphan'd boy !*" *

Well, well !—The Lord I gladly praise,
If in the North such deeds as these
We vainly search for ;—but, I fear,
Even in this icy hemisphere,
Whether of Saxon, Dane, or Gael,
Our annals tell as bad a tale ;
Nay, even in times contemporaneous,
We see our records miscellaneous,
Teem daily with a mass of crime,
As hellish as of any clime
Belov'd by Sol—the god of fire—
As any Christian *can* desire ?

Mayhap we cannot boast those " rare
Stern virtues," which, in lands more fair,
Do " bloom as in a heavenly air."
What then ? sure that 's no reason why
Our friends should burn us when we die !
If 'tis our climate's fault, it seems
Bad taste, that we, by those same beams
We sadly lack'd in life, should be
At death, despatched so terribly !

But seriously. Down from thy " Manse
Look not, my brother, so askance ;
Love thou the tombs more tenderly,
And view them with untroubled eye !

* Vide the " Plea," Dublin " University Magazine,"

They are the spots, of all the earth,
Most sacred. Altar, home, or hearth,
Or battlefield—where Liberty,
Thro' war's riv'n clouds, hail'd Scotland free,
Have not such influence to enthrall
Or draw thought to them, as withal
Those green and silent mounds possess
Down through all life's mysteriousness !

Then, cherish still our "Auld Kirkyaird,"
Its tear-bedew'd and love-pressed swaird ;
Its hallow'd memories revere
With reverent saul and heart sincere !
Care nothing for its rayless gloom—
Thy saul shall never know the tomb !
Turn not from it in coward fear,
But trust it more as death draws near !
Invoke no visions of crossbones,
Death's heads, or worms beneath its stones ;
But look upon "God's Acre" as
The porch through which to Him we pass !
The bed where we lie down a-weary
Of tumult vain and sorrow dreary,
To wake above, renew'd for aye,
The heirs of everlasting day !

DEATH OF "AULD CHAIRLIE."

[A Favourite Horse].

AULD Chairlie's deid, his yokin's out !—
We've "own'd" him sin' he was a cowte—
A nobler nag, a faithfu'er servan'
Yird ne'er bure, nor mair deservin' !
His lineage was obscure, I own—
A sort o' cross bred octoroon—
Frae nearest blood-royal pedigree
Removed even to the last degree ;

But in himself were gather'd neat
The virtues o' a' breeds complete !
And, sure, 'bune either looks or birth,
Even in horse flesh, ranks Moral Worth ?
An' this was Chairlie's greatest "point"—
Guid nature, mense, an' "wut" conjoint !
In him dwelt neither wrath nor guile,
But leal desire to serve an' toil.
He wadna cruik'd a limb to harm,
Nor, kennin', trampit on a worm !
A cannier beast does no' survive him—
He loot the wee'st callant drive him !

But now thou'rt deid, my peerless nag !
Sma' need is thine o' praise or brag !
Thy noble life I'se ne'er forget,
But in fond heart thy memory set.
And it is much, tho' deid in truth,
To have inspired this love an' ruth,
An' deep regard an' grief for thee,
Even in this sad extremity.

Only a horse—"a brute" thou wast,
But did stern justice mete at last
Deserving dues to nags an' men,
How were the tables turn'd then !
A hantle o' our human kin',
I wat, wad hae to change wi' thine ;
An' the true "brute" wad then be seen
Owre aften in Man's shape, I ween.

THE NEW AND THE OLD WAYS TO WEALTH.

[To a Young Commercial Friend.]

THOU writ'st me, Jack, o' thy intent
To "win an independence,"
And pray'st, wi' "advice," I anent
Thy purpose dance attendance:
For Auld Langsyne, see "Samuel," then,
As thy fond love beseeches,
Clank doun, an' point wi' ready pen
The shortest cut to riches!

Begin by slichtin' ilka friend
A cast aneth thy "station,"
Frae poortith's neives thy kids defend
As ruinous degradation!
An' every "chum," fause, slim, or staunch,
Gin thou in gear o'ermatch him,
Straucht from thy favour—root an' branch—
Without a tear detach him!

To add a boddle to the hoard—
(That "privilege independent!")
Ne'er grudge to truckle to a lord
As laigh as he's transcendent!
Obsequious, court the monied loons,
Lip-worship and adore them—
Wi' subtile flatt'ry stuff their crouns,
An' flower the ground before them!

Peer out, wi' keen politic e'e,
The *a la mode* incomin':—
Sae shall thy Protean morals be
Found meet when 'Change shall summon!
Like full-blawn ship, tak', aye, the seas,
Prank't in the blaze o' fashion;
An' tack to ev'ry blast an' breeze
Of "nobby" vice an' passion!

A free, accepted, favour'd son,
A weel-graced bairn o' Mammon,
What thou despise thou needna shun,
Nor what see'st fause ca' gammon.
Thine ain belief, lock'd in thy heart,
Do resolutely fate it ;
Absolve thy soul the good man's part,
Tho' heaven desiderate it !

To circumvent, or even draw
To ruin the unwary,
Be bold—ne'er fear thy country's law,
Gif thousands are the quarry !
Dodge, plot an' shuffle, wind an' wheel,
Work auld an' new pretences ;
Just thou succeed—outshame the de'il—
Success a sure defence is !

. . . . .

Thus Moderns Mammon's hichts aft clim',
Post on vile acts they sprawl up,
Auld wisdom's yoke 's owre lag o' limb
Thae geniuses to haul up !
They maun mak' spangs at sudden wealth,
Abjure as "loss" ways thrifty ;
Be millionaires by trick or stealth,—
Or fled bankrupts—at fifty !

An' gin the envied guerdon 's won—
Alas, thou lord o' nature !—
"Self-made" art thou?—Ah ! self-undone—
One moment scan the creature :—
Lo ! prematurely auld an' spent,
"A conscience but a canker !"
In "independent" discontent,
The Knave finds sorry "anchor !"

Dear Jack, deep ponder this a wee—
The "self-made" rogue's repletion ;—
Then, sure, thine after aim shall be
A nobler far ambition !

For competence the brave will fight,
Nor worlds in arms debar them ;
But, want or wealth, they cleave to "*right*,"
Tho' yawning "ruin" scaur them.

Adieu ! I shun that higher ground,
Where best I might exhort thee ;
But haly themes let priests expound,
"Sam's" rhymes they 'd ill comport wi'.
Go on an' prosper to the end,
Auld honour put thy trust in !
Heed not what meed this world send,
Heaven metes at last the just ane !

OUR CHURCH VACANCY.

[To Thomas Pintail, Esq.*]

DEAR TAMMAS,—
I got your note. Fell proud I be
To learn you're on our "Comytee,"
"We've got a judge and referee"—
(Cried I, richt vauntie !)
"In our polemic dominie,
W'uth ony twenty !"

Now shall each daurin' candidate
Be heckled weel on Kirk and State !
John Calvin's creed—the "five points" great
They maun endorse 'em !
Armenian heresies on "fate"
Avoid—or curse 'em !

* A certain Lothian farmer—and a former schoolmaster.

Tackle them, Tam ! an' be nae sparin'
On that teuch doctrine—Trinitarian !
If in yer grips ae cheep, like Arian,
They dare to mew—
Expunge them wi' the Unitarian
Socinian crew !

Syne pruve them wi' the Athanasian—
That "creed" wi' ne'er a twa-faced phrase in ;—
Gif ane demur, ye'll speir nae reason,
But pack him aff—
Folk hae nae mind, when barns are bleezin',
To riddle chaff !

Our need is urgent—therefore wale
A shepherd famed owre hill an' dale
For zeal, an' wrath, an' lungs to quail
This stiff-neck'd age,
Wi' graphic notes on Clootie's jail—
Its destined cage !

And, also, Tam, *I rede ye weel*
Yer choice be on a *Union chiel*,
Wha will go in for pawkie skill
An' compromise,
Cannily to "bird-lime," "trap"—or "steal" *
A' prey that flies !

Noo warrin' patronage is gane—
Worried the auld contention bane—
Why should we, like three jowlers, strain
At ithers' neck ?
Oh ! sune our trinal leash—rin ane,
For Scotland's sake !

* Terms in common use in the Church controversy in Scotland at the time.

Ye mooted "Disestablishment,"
An' speir hoo I think thereanent!
Ye ken fu' weel I'm that way bent:
But, Dominie!
'Tis that towards UNION it wad tent
The sisters three!

An' lastly, Tam, màk' sure yer choice
Fa's on a lad wi' catchin' voice,
An' genty mien—fit to rejoice
Our lasses fickle;
Or ye may raise yer lugs—a noise
Wad gar them tickle!

They doubly can out-vote the "men,"
Sae, gin ye wadna toil in vain,
Mind what I say—'bune a', wale 'ane—
A woman wanter;
An' there's my loof!—the Manse, aff haun',
Is his instanter!

LEAVING LINTON.*

[AN ORPHAN LASSIE'S FAREWEEL].

THE sun shines owre this grassy lea,
The singing laverocks m'unt the sky;
The flocks an' herds fu' peacefulie,
Move here an' there, or wearied lie;
A' Linton glitters in the glare,
An' gladsome blink o' bonnie May;
And licht o' heart is ilk ane there—
Tho' I maun leave't this Term Day!

* East Linton, a beautifully situated agricultural village in the heart of East Lothian, on the river Tyne, and lying six miles west from Dunbar.

Leave Linton !—never see it mair !
O never mair again, again !
O wearie me, my heart is sair,
To say fareweel to a' I ken !
The auld kirkyaird, the water side,
The jumping trouts, the siller saughs ;
The rocky Linn an's gushing tide,
Tyne's banks an' braes, an' bonnie Haughs !

I daunder dowie thro' the street,
I stoiter weary up and doun ;
A tether's wound about my heart—
Whase ither end is round this toun !
O bitter fate, that I should dree
My last day here in maiden prime,
And forsake a' that's dear to me,
Or e'er can be this side o' time !

Yestreen I wander'd to the Law,*
I clamb again the wally brae ;
I kenn'd it was the last o' a'
The times that I that clim' wad hae.
An' wasna my heart fou to see,
An' wasna my heart wae to feel,
How bonnie is our auld countrie,
An' how I loe it a' sae weel !

I've gane to a'where round about—
To auld Hailes Castle sigh'd fareweel ;
Wi' breaking heart an' lingering foot,
Pressmennan left and bonnie Biel !
An' Binnin' Wood where aft I stray'd
Wi' Jamie in the dear langsyne ;
The Auld Wa's, Round Taps, an' Langside,
Pencraig, an' up an' doun a' Tyne !

* Traprain Law, two miles south-west from the village.

And noo, this warld sall haud to me
Nocht but the memorie o' them a' !
O Linton ! what wey should it be
That I frae thee maun jog awa' ?
Here, in thy dear lap, wad I rest,
Here, in thy bosie, live an' dee—
My native nook, my native nest—
But Fate says, "Na ! it canna be !"

LINTON LINN.

[A Tinkler's Rant.]

WE had a wee pownie—we had but the ane,
An' whan that ane crokit—oh, we had nane !
The siller's sae sweir aye, an' hard to win—
Dear Meg what gart thou dee ?

We draggit her doun to the edge o' Tyne,
An' wi' oor lang guillies we skinn'd her fine,
An' deep in *Lang Cram** we whammel'd her syne,
A feest for troots to be !

But that e'enin' a dreidfu' flude set in,
The river neistday full spate did rin,
An' aff soom'd oor pownie to Linton Linn,
Aboot the oor o' three !

"Murder ! a murder ! if e'er there was ane !"
The fowk they a' cried, whan, wantin' the skin,
They saw oor auld pownie skyte owre the Linn
Forgainst the oor o' three !

Wi' poles an' muckhawks syne a' did rin,
The "Murder'd Bodie" to rake oot the Linn,
But naucht but a pownie wantin' the skin
Could thae gowk roorals see !

* A well-known deep-running reach of the Tyne immediately above Haddington.

SONG: NORTH BERWICK NELL.

[By a Love-Lorn Benedict from the City.

JOY, joy, could I but have her,
Could I catch this peerless belle!
Only at death's port I'd leave her—
Strappin', young North Berwick Nell!

Yon Linton kimmers wash and kame,
An' ilk lass thinks she's nae sma' swell—
But a' seem ghaists awa frae hame
Sae sune's they meet North Berwick Nell!
Joy, joy, etc.

Them at Dunbar an' Ada's toun *
Wi' saws an' pents busk up to "tell!"
The feck, whan dune, are blae an' broun,—
(Sad frichts near thee, North Berwick Nell!)—
Joy, joy, etc.

She in her fisher gear an' goun,
Short coaties to her knee, 's a belle,—
(That needstna fear to show thy shoon—
Nor thy twa legs, North Berwick Nell!)
Joy, joy, etc.

What *if* her Minnie flytes an' scaulds?
What *if* her Dad goes on the gell?
(Sich virtue owre them thou unfaulds—
Thy freens seem saunts, North Berwick Nell!)
Joy, joy, etc.

Atoure her back the wauchty creels
She thraws as eithly in a spell,
As yon half-nabs do their manteeles—
Nae dolly jaud's North Berwick Nell!
Joy, joy, etc.

* Haddington.

Her crabs an' haddies ilka morn,
Owre a' the toun she tak's to sell ;
Wi' fient a fin does she return—
Wha could resist North Berwick Nell !
Joy, joy, etc.

Her face is like the rising sun,
Whan first it peeps in Lowrie's Dell,
Sae roguish red, sae fou o' fun,
An' life, an' hope 's North Berwick Nell !
Joy, joy, etc.

Her form is like yon saplin' aik's
That toors abune St. Mungo's Well,
A Norlan quean whom naething quakes—
What sturt could steer North Berwick Nell !
Joy, joy, etc.

Ye gods wha cast to men their lots
As thou think fit—or ill or well—
Keep what thou list—if, oh ! ye gods,
Ye grant but me NORTH BERWICK NELL !

Joy, joy, could I but have her !
Could I cleek to me this belle !
Only at death's yett I'd leave her—
If ev'n *there*, NORTH BERWICK NELL !

LAMBING TIME.*

TENTIN' his flocks wi' care on his brow,
Auld Sam Mucklebackit, rough an' grey,
Retired from the warld to a beil' sunny knowe,
Blinkin' an' winkin' sits a' day :
Croonin' an' moonin,'
Moonin' an' croonin'
"Jowler, tak' the red tod my bonnie lambs wad slay ! "

* This was written in the happy farming days of other years !

Up i' the howe o' the Aprll sky,
A' the day the laverocks sing to Sam ;
In an' out the hedges the little birds shy,
Forrit to his very taes creeps a wee lamb
Bleatin' an' greetin',
Greetin' and bleatin',
Seekin', the silly thing, its ain yowe dam !

Ilk yowe surely has lambs twa or three ?
See them down the hedge sides—fifty in a band,
Racin' an' chasin', and friskin' owre the lea,
Sorrow's sel' couldna such a sicht withstand ;
Such rampin' an' racin'
Such strivin' an' chasin'—
Ilka lamb as glorious as a prince o' the land !

Some werna lucky, but ye gat through—
Melancholy Mucklebackit !—weel we ken !—
Ye'd ne'er a deid yowe, an' lambs but few,
Just a pair still born at the hinner en'.
Puir dwarfed last anes,
Wee deid, cast anes—
" Born before their ages," like sae mony men !

MORHAM DELL.*

[Suggested by an Actual Dream.]

WHAN Nicht had closèd the Day's ae e'e,
A-watchin' the yowes, sleep found out me !
And I laid me down on the clover-land,
Like wrack on an unkenn'd ocean strand.
" Sweet Morham Dell ! sweet Morham Dell !
Fairies an' moonshine lo'e thee well,"

* A beautiful little glen, about a mile and a half west from Traprain Law, noted for its fairies, in the " poetic days of Eld."

Sang a wee voice as there I lay—
An' again unto me in this winsome way :—
"Sleep no more, dream no more—hearken to me !
Fair Queen Mab, 'neath ane rowan tree,
Low, low lies in pale sickness laid ;
We go to bring her Leech with our cavalcade.'
Then up sough'd a night wind, strong an' shrill,
To waft me athort yon eerie hill—
Whare Garvie scuds its broken way
Doun Snawdon's lanely Howe for aye.
I thocht o' the Leech as on I sped—
Ane auld Warlock, grey and staid,
Wha wins by himsel' in a rocky cave,
Whilk when he dies, will be his grave.
In an eerie den between twa linns
O' the Garvie, this warlock wins—
Bearded an' rough—of antique line—
On 's shoonless shins, three feet an' nine.

"O warlock o' the Snawdon Howe !"
The elfins cried,
"Leech o' the fairies—ever thou,
Trusty and tried ;
Haste thee, haste thee, Warlock, haste !
Steer up, pack up pottle and paste,
Low, low, on the swaird o' Morham Dale
Lies our Lady stricken an' pale.
O haste !
Convoy and all is ready and made
For thee in our royal cavalcade,
And bugles blow !"

. . . . . .

First, then, in the multitude
Rode the grave Leech in high mood ;
Then a fairy madam came,
In white locks of elfin fame—
Pure of heart, tho' queen-like—she
Driving in her coach an' three.
By her side, of royal mien,
Consort o' the sickly queen

Rode on Afric Cat—whose eyes
Burn'd like stars in frosty skies.
Then lo ! the musicianers—
Mab ! a glorious band is hers—
Horn on high, so sweet and clear,
Starnies drapt half way to hear.
They play'd ane fairy Mab-lo'ed pæan,
Till old Night did hotch again ;
Then an imp-like, ouphish ditty,
Made the vera Leech grow witty,
I leuch—
For the vera Warld did quiver
Round them, over them, and ever,
Till they a' passed but Ane, and he
Dash'd his fire-tail in mine e'e !
" Therefore ! " quo he, an' flew on,
Leaving me to grieve an' groan :—
O'er me stoopt ('twas a' in sleep),
An' smellit my face—my Southdown Sheep !

ANE DEEVLISH PRANK OF YE WICKED ELFIN KING.

FAR up the glen, on a whinny knowe,
Yellow-haired Effie sat a' day
Plaitin' a snood for her dreamy brow,
An' learnin' the lintie's sweet, sweet lay,
Till the gloamin' fell
O'er the lonely dell ;
Oh, bonnie Effie, gae hame, gae hame—
Thy minnie 'll froun
An' ye come na soon,
An' auld angirt faither do mair than blame.

"Gude nicht, lintie, I'm aff an' awa ;
Gude nicht, burnie, too ;
An' a wee, wee kiss for my wee flowers a',
The fairest that ever grew !
Oh ! just like a bee,
Am I happy wi' thee,
As I sing thro' the lang simmer day,
Wi' the sun-blinks coming,
When the bees are humming
Lilts o' the nature and lealest for aye.!"

Foxgloves, bluebells, thimmels, an' spinks,
Lootit their heids a-wee ;
She gazit doun the glen where the burnie jinks,
Ane waesome wench to see ;
"O the stars are shootin',
An' the kye are routin',
An' hame I maun gang, ye weel, weel ken ;
I'll come agen
To the bonnie glen,
An' lo'e ye for lea'in' ye a' nicht alane !"

Noo, a blae wee deevilick son o' an elf,
Was croun'd the king o' his tribe,
Had heard a' this, and quo' he to himself—
Wi' ouphish-like laugh an' jibe—
"Eicht queens are mine,
She'll mak' the nine ;
O stars ! O stars ! by the moon woo'd well,
We'll caper an' sing,
We'll dance in a rlng,
Wi' the king i' the middle—mysel', mysel' !"

He pressit his horn to his impish mou'
An' toutit three times three ;
Like bells his twa cheeks were blawn, I trew,
An' the tears ran frae his e'e.
"Rat-a-too ! rat-a-too !"
He summoned his crew

Wi' an elfin blast under the mune,
They heard the command—
In the clap o' a hand
They were swarming a-low an' abune.

Wee Effie, sae mazed, she sank on the swaird,
In a leefu' an' sleepy-like dwam,
The king o' the Elves, a snell proud caird,
Spake orders to bind the wee lamb!
"And carry," said he,
"Her tenderlie
All unto my palace so fine,
For there in Elfland,
In the silk so grand,
Of my queens she'll be Queen o' the nine!"

Up the glen in the moonshine, awa, awa,
Wi' volt, an' caper, an' funk,
They danced, they snappit, an' heuched awa,
Like Alloway's ghaists for spunk!
An' the valley a' rang,
As the linties sang—
"O Effie, wee Effie, fareweel, fareweel!
Lang years three times three
Elf queen ye maun be,
An' sigh for auld Garvie in revel an' reel!"

"HIRING FRIDAY."*

AS business call'd, I gaed to toun,
An' braved the hiring warsle;
So these "impressions" I note doun
O' this great human hirsel.
Morosely, by a glowing fire,
I retrospect the habble:
Yet scorn my soon-suppressed desire
To execrate the "rabble."

* This is a "red-letter" day in the lives of the peasantry of East Lothian—the Hiring Friday at Haddington.

For while humanity is dust,
And man a vagrant craitur—
Whase aft daft antics bring disgust
Your sagely meditator ;
He is not all he seems to be
In holiday careering ;
Aft thro' the scum of foamy sea,
The pearly treasure's peering !

Where ignorance an' folly meet
Wi' youthfu' glee to prompt them,
What if vulgarity should greet
An' her dear children compt them ?
The boorish speech, the gait, the leer,
An' mind a blank—we pity,
Yet what ye lack—God's truth—is here,
Ye shams in toun or city !

Here simple human nature shaws,
All unsophisticated ;
Unknown, unheeding fashion's laws—
Her yearning heart unsated !
That one heart, worn on rustic sleeves
This day for knaves to peck at
Is Adam's still—and joys and grieves
Or plush or hodden deck it.

Still, cross'd was I our manlike "hinds"
To see sae fool'd an' cheated,
By gallows scamps, wi' tricks an' blinds,
A school miss might defeated !
By riff-raff rogues, whase victims were,
In a' that decks the wearer,
To such tag knaves—as Tyneside air
To Cowgate reek—superior !

But drunts aside ; the "ither facts,"
Let us a moment scan them—
Behold auld Scotland's buirdly backs,
An' shanks *that shaw men awn them !*

"Beloved at hame—revered abroad!"
The "wall of fire" around her!
The arm with whilk she clears her road
When thick faes would confound her!

An' lasses, sweet! as lads are stoure!—
Braw cockernonied leddies!
Show faces that would papists sour,
Mak' benedicts an' daddies!
Nae prime-faced, dwarfish, dolly jades
That cankered guidmen bothers,
But, "plump an' strappin'" stately maids—
Proud Scotland's future mothers!

A MAY MONTH TRUANT.

ON a sunny genial day,
When at length the mid-aged May
Wi' the braird begude to busk the waukenin' earth in green,
I teuk my staff in hand,
And, sudden, slipped the band
Whilk hauds us to the warld round a stake o' troubles keen!

Tho' wyled by mony a flower,
I stayed-na ance to glow'r,
Till the siller-gleaming Tyne sang her pæans at my feet!
Then,—like the bard I felt
In my freedom fond—I knelt
At the shrine o' Nature, spell-bound wi' her look sae fair an' sweet!

A' doun the sheltered haughs,
The towering feathery saughs,
Like queens august waved welcomes to the realms o' wood an' stream;
In their fairy-flickering shade,
Ane enchanted wicht I strayed,
Wi' the "banks an' braes" around me—in a rapt Elysian dream!

On an' on, thro' yellow broom,
Birks an' hawthorns, briars in bloom,
Cowslips full flowered, springing brackens, daffodils ;
Linties singing summer's theme,
To the deep-pleased, lingering stream—
Zephyrs fragrant, roaming idly o'er the hills.

Past the mill an' the green wood,
Whaur a leafless rowan stood,
Like the wraith o' bygane winter—still unlaid—
Ere I wist, mysel' I found
In the kirkyaird's lonesome bound—
Waking up to conscious being, whaur soun' sleep th' unconscious dead !

Thro' a winnock, left undraped,
O' the forlorn kirk I peep'd—
It was empty, silent, vasty, eeerie, weird ;
Sic an awesomeness within,
That a running mousie's din
Wad gart ane start an' shudder as a skulking ghaist he heard !

But the golden gloaming blazed,
And my fancy, as I gazed,
Restored the shadowy temple and worshippers of yore !
I heard auld James "invoke,"
There stood our auld-kent folk,
In reverent postures lowly—as they stood in life before !

Tears, burning, scorched my een,
As I fond recalled each frien',
Whyles I tholed the dread fact waefu'—"In their graves they sleep aroun' !"
Sae I turn'd, in sorrow, fain'
The auld names to con again—
That affection fond and partial on memorial stane hath hewn !

Somehow, our footsteps creep
Aye whaur our ain kin sleep ;
Sae, by rote, I haply saunter'd near a weel-kenned auld ash tree !
On a sair jee'd moss-grown stane,
Lang I leaned an' made my mane
For that far back age—the golden—when my warld was mother's knee !

For her ! her "laddie's" tears,
Fu' mony cauldrife years,
Have well'd an' flow'd an' dried ; and well'd an' flow'd again !
Wi' some sma' blinks between,
Fell stormy life has been—
And aft the "laddie's" bark shored to strow wi' wrack the main !

But thro' a' those years to him
(As the Heaven-lit pole star's beam),
The memory o' a mother's love hath beacon'd every shoal !
Let seas with tempests war—
Ae rift may serve a star,
To ward the seaman struggling to his love-encompass'd goal !

Fareweel, thou sacred dust—
Safe garner'd in His trust !—
Hope pierces the dark shadow with a golden beam of Day !
Shine on, O Beam divine !
Wi' growing lustre shine !
As we draw the "bourne" nearer—making light death's dreary way !

LEECHMAN'S PILLS.

[IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.]

(*Unsolicited.*)

YE a' hae heard o' Leechman's pills?—
(Wha hasna heard o' Leechman's pills?)—
A doctor's drug that never kills
Ev'n those wha tak' them;
And cures a' brute an' human ills,
As fast's we mak' them!

He won'd awa doun Steenson * way,
In a house howkit in the clay,
And lived on sautit snails, they say,
Wild weeds an' ruits,
And brocks he trapt ere screich o' day
By snouts or cluits.

Yet, tho' he dwalt an' fared sae mean,
He'd ance a great Professor been
Of Occult lore at Aberdeen,
His *Alma Mater;*
But, through some clatter, left it clean,
A little later.

A grand Professor out o' wark—
Tho' being extra learn'd an' clark —
He bauldly steer'd his ill-starr'd bark
Whaur Science bade,
And in the depths o' forests dark
His haven made.

* Stevenson, on the Tyne immediately below The Abbey, Haddington.

Here he for years was little known,
His pills in's heid being barely grown,
Altho'—some say—the seed was sown
In the far North,
And he but stay'd, till, far'er on,
He'd pruve their worth.

The plain truth o' the maitter is,—
He waited on a wife ca'd 'Biz,'
Wha, in a Cavey, near haun hiz,
Lived mony a day,—
A carlin wi' a witch's phiz—
Keen, auld, an' grey.

She was to be his '*Adverteezer*,'
If that his promish'd fee did please her,
Whilk e'en it did—for what he gies her,
To vaunt his pills,
Wad stow'd the maw o' Julius Cæsar,
And pay'd his bills!

Wee Tibbie had the coffin cough,
'Deed'a' her life-time, on-an'-off;
And Mither gied her a' the stuff
That love could gie;
But, deil-may-care, 'twas not enough,
Tib but to dee!

But jist afore her hinmaist day,
The neibor call'd was 'auld an' grey,'
Quo' she—'Skelp doun the Toll-road brae
To Jimsie Steele's,
And bid his Nancy sen' this way
Some Leechman's peels!'

Tib had a wally doze at wance,
An't vrocht her sae, that, in a glance,
Ye'd thaucht the lassie e'en wad dance
For vera joy,
And noo she to the schule can prance
Like ony boy!

Auld Andra Bruce roomaticks had
In his twa big taes, *verra baad*:
But the Grey-wife says—'Androo, lad!
'Tho' sair it feels,
I'se cure ye, tho' it were the Scaud,
With Leechman's peels!

Auld Andra hadna ta'en a 'box,'
Ere frae the chimla-neuk he cocks
His twa big taes, 'ithout the socks,
And bare as banes,
To pruve to a' us sceptic folks
He'd tint their pains!

Young Balder grew as lean's a rake—
Owre lugs in love wi' Susie Blake—
And couldna for his life-bluid take
The sma'est morsel,
Sae hoo 'twas wi' him—guidness sake,
We ken by oursel'!

The Grey-wife thrappled him wi' micht--
(Gaun to High-bank, like Katie Slicht!)*—
And dozed him sae that he outricht
Leuch at his 'ills,'
Gat Shoosie, an' was made a 'Knicht,'
A' throo thae pills!

Scott's Coo, in the deid thraws wi' fivver,
Shored sair she wad be nae lang-liver—
Till that the Grey-wife thrice did give her
A mash o' 'peels,'
Whilk made her ailment like a river
Strone to her heels!

* Who was found drowned in the river Tyne at High-bank.

Neist week that Coo to ten pints milkit,
The feck o' twal the neist she bulkit,
And ne'er frae that again she skulkit
The simmer through,
But daily thrice a brimming full kit
Yooph * aff her drew.

Auld Wullie Wilkie's auld yaud horse—
(Of jests *par excellence* our source)—
Whan reens an' rungs failed to enforce
The craitur forrit,
And Wull's best aith was lost in course,
Loud as he swore it.

Wi' half a ton o' coals ae day
She reestit on the wee Brig brae,
Jist as the 'Wife was auld an' gray'
Cam' stumpin' doun,
Roaring like wud—'Wull! Wull, I say
Ye donnard loon!—

Lowse-out the beast, an' bather nane,
The yaud's no fit to stand her lane,
Sae worn is she to skin an' bane,
Wi' wark an' hunger!
Its nowther aiths, nor whup, nor cane
Will ser' ye langer!

'Gae hame, an' tether her in sta',
And I'se gie her a denty ba'—
A gross o' peels doun-pouthert sma',
Weel mixt wi' saim —
Three times a day, e'en nicht an-a',
To purge her wame!'

* Euph; diminutive of Euphemia.

Thro' fricht, or greed, this Wullie did,
And, sirss, the outcome wasna hid !
Within a month the auld meer slid
Owre braes the steepest,
Whan tons o' coals hint her war' laid,
And snaws lay deepest !

Whan Inflooenza 'grew sae bad,'
Fu' mony a lass, fu' mony a lad,
Forbye auld stocks, an' them wha had
Sair will to dee,
Upo' the douce Grey wifie ca'd,
Fell smert an' slee !

She 'peel'd' them a', an' pouch'd her fee,
And only *some* o' them did dee !
An 'Adverteezer' but was she
Of a great 'Boss,'
Sae 'wasna answerable, ye see,
For ony loss !'

The Cholera and the Sma'-pox cam'
The 'peels' were fa'n upon ram-stam !
The drinkers ev'n steer'd ev'ry dram
Wi' dozes o' them,
And swore Death 'wasna worth a damn,'
And 'ne'er wad know them !'

'Haill multitudes o' people died ?'
Nae doubt—*that* couldna be denied !
But than, may be, they hadna tried
The Leechman cure,
Or, if they had, 'twas misapplied,
Ye may be sure !

So-so ! The 'peels' kept selling on ;
To grit dimensions sune had grown
The Grey-wife—like a soda scone
Weel baked an' fired—
Desired by all, refused by none,
Envied, admired !

'And Leechman's sel', the ex-Professor?
Was he still neth the Censor's pressure?
Whaur was he noo?—O kindly say, sir!
Puir, ill-starr'd man!
His pills war' never health's aggressor,
Nor plague, nor ban?'

The auld saut-snail consumer? Why,
In a King's Palace he did die,
Chokit wi' gowd, and noo doth lie
In's Mausoleum—
To Solomon comparèd by
A' folk that see 'im!

He left the pawtent o' his 'peels'
Unto his offspring—canny chiels—
Wha, if ye ask'd at Nannie Steele's
As by ye gaed,
Ye should be tauld they're heid an' heels
In the auld trade.

The Badger-catcher, ere he dee'd,
A glorious Institoot decreed,
Whaur Adverteezers can be fee'd,
And fear want never—
Like princes, from all trouble free'd,
Be kept for ever!

SECOND EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

[At the Beginning of the Agricultural Depression.]

BRAW thanks for thy fraternal letter,
Pack'd line on line wi' priceless matter,
A' sorts o' news an' dear-prized clatter
'Bout a' our freen's,
Wha mak' a Scotland owre the water,
The auld demeans!

"How are the times in Caledon—
I ask not of thy god, Gladstone!—
But how's the farming moving on?"
Thou eager question,
And sagely threep the theme is one
"Sam" shouldna jest on!

Here, then, thou brand-new backwoods' saunt,
Since gravity is now thy cant,
Know that this Scottish year is scant
Of naught, but seems
A medium-yielding, average plant,
Sans all extremes.

The spring cam' soughin' saftly in,
Our seed was sawn wi' dry March win';
May sapless sped; but left behin'
A faultless braird,
Whilk June and July matured syne
With meet regard.

Now hairst is ended; thack an' rape
Secure a sonsy, weel-won crap
Against the rains, an' ocht mishap
Frae winter's storms—
God send it scare beyond high Alp
Last year's alarms!

The neeps an' tatties, too, are prime,
No free o' blight—but just a styme;
We scarce a hopefu'er autmn time
Have known before;
Had we 'scaped recent loss—this "rhyme"
I'd sung galore!

Alake, alake! there hangs a tale
The stoutest, hopefu'est heart might quail!
Scores o' our sturdiest farmers fail
To jouk the jaw,
An' broken-hearted families haill
Gae to the wa'!

What heart but bleeds to think o' them—
Wives, bairnies, auld stumps—sire and dame—
A' riven out their auld, auld hame
They've kenn'd sae lang,
To seek in tears, despair, an' shame,
Some-whare to gang!

And active, pushing fallows, too,
Have bit the dust—alas, nae few!—
But cases such as theirs, I trew,
Move pity less,
Because themsel's, wi' rack-rent drew
Themsel's a mess.

A' owre the land, this is the tale—
Failures an' changes thick prevail;
Land-rent is melting down like hail
In April's lap;
An' mony farms the lairds themsel'
Perforce maun crap.

But efter a' is said an' dune,
The gloom, I ween, will lichten sune,
The mirkiest hour—whan there's nae mune—
Precedes the daw'—
A jiffey ere god Sol abune
Illumines a'!

Like water running unconfined,
A' things to level are inclined!
Sae rents will settle—cash or kind—
As need shall show,
Tho' twenty million lairds combined
To stem the flow!

Then welcome thy steam argosies,
In smoking fleets out owre the seas!
Send meat an' wheat or what thou please,
To staw toom bellies:
'Twill cost thee soon a Yankee "squeeze"
To undersell us.

A fair field and no favour granted,
We'll face old Jonathan undaunted,
An' laugh his "boundless prairies," vaunted—
"Heaven's maps unfurl'd!"
John Bull's and Sandy's pluck 's implanted
To whip the World!

Adieu! mine erewhile backwoods' crony,
I lang to meet ye mair than ony!
Oh, tak' a whid to Scotland bonnie
Some cannie morn—
Thy sicht wad heeze ane higher than mony
Braw craps o' corn!

Fareweel 'enoo! whate'er betide
To us the "Ferry," either side,
Or weel or wae the warld wide
By turns do tak' it,
I am, auld comrade, friend, an' guide
Thine—"Mucklebackit!"

AN AULD FARMER'S LAMENT FOR A WET HARVEST.

OCH, och! anither dismal day!
Out thro' the stooks the dreepin' rain
Seeps, seepin'—rottin' corn an' strae,
An' blastin' a' our hopes again!
The haill wide lift I scan in vain—
Still thicker grows the cloud array!
An' wae, wae seems our Loudon plain,
Whilk last week looked sae rich an' gay!

Wae sucks, thou wearie Eastlin blast,
Frae yont Dunbar that stormest stoure!
A' ither airts—south, north, or wast—
At hantrin times grow dull an' dour;

But thou! Gude kens nae "simmer shoo'r,"
Thou brings us whan thou'rt ance owrecast,
But ae lang half-week's constant poo'r
Maun we dree ere thy drunt be past!

O, sirss! is this the end o' a'
O' our lang twalmonth's toil an' care?
Maun we sit feckless, sech an' blaw,
Like snools, mere fraits an' vain despair?
Alake! I look around me—there,
In that black east there's prospeck sma'
O' getherin' what aince promis'd fair—
The "richest hairst" e'er Scotland saw!

Ochone! gif my dreid fears come true—
Gif baith the corn and tatties rot—
Sirss! what the warld could stap us noo,
Gaun, ae bite, doon disaster's throat!
A mairacle could save us not!
The dyvour's court we boud gae throo'!
O Lord! ease thou thy wrath a jot—
Let not thine ain sae laighly boo!

What wi' rack-rents an' bills to meet—
Labour a ransom—seasons bad—
The markets farcies—finest wheat
(Whare it is saved an' can be had)
Selling only sae that ane is glad
To tak' whatever ane can geet:
A' this—an' mair—mak's me sae mad
That I, for dounricht teen, could greet!

Oh! hard art thou—thou wearie warld!
An' sair, sair are we ding'd by thee!
Frae the blue hichts o' Hope we're hurled,
Aft in the twinklin' o' an e'e!
Syne whare we crouch in miserie,
Despair's black banner flaffs unfurled,
And Ruin's sword is threat'ninglie
Close owre our heids by factors swirl'd!

"Aft my young footsteps sought thy keep,
Romantic Hailes!"

AULD CASTLED HAILES.

MEANDER on an' glide awa',
My gentle Tyne ;
Wend by Hailes' ruined castle wa'
Like stream divine !
Too soon to me shalt thou hidden be,
For aye, for aye.

Aft my young footsteps sought thy keep,
Romantic Hailes !
What time the howlet, weird an' deep,
The moon assails,—
'Twas here—ah, here—I trysted here,
My Jean, sweet Jean !

Here the martin and the water ouzel,
When gloamings wane,
Shall come, sweet summer, musical,
When I am gane ;
And the cushet "crood" in the drowsy wood,
Like Nature's saul !

The jenny wren an' the sedge singer,
The wagtail, sae spree ;
In the golden e'enings here shall linger,
While unremembered Me
Dree wind and lee in a far countrie—
Och hone the day !

YOUNG JEANNIE'S FAREWEEL.

FAREWEEL, thou bonnie Auld Hailes,
An' a' thy broomy knowes sae fair!
I'm broken doun in misery,
To say—"Fare-weel for evermair."
Oh, had this warld a warld been,
Whare justice e'er stood poortith's freen',
This weary day I hadna seen,
Nor my heart pang'd sae fou' o' care.

Fareweel, thou auld Castle wa's,
Whare Tyne sae fondly lingers bye,
In 's bosom proudly cherishing
Thy hoary shadows, braid an' high.
As in the stream sae faithfully
Thy ruins deep below we see,
Sae true thy cherished memory
In my leal heart shall ever be!

Fareweel thou blooming hawthorn,
Whare my dear laddie trysted me,
When wild birds sweetly chirrupit
To greet the e'ening star on hie!
Nae mair, thou blooming thorn, nae mair
Will I to thy sweet shade repair,
To meet my gentle laddie there—
But wander to a far countrie.

Sae fareweel, bonnie Auld Hailes,
An' a' thy broomy knowes sae fair,
Ilk saugh an' hawthorn blossoming—
Fareweel, fareweel, for evermair!
The little birds on restive wing
Tak' up the strain an' seem to sing,
"Our Jeannie 's gaun awa', puir thing—
Fareweel, fareweel, for evermair!"

THE LATE PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON CONFESSIONS OF FAITH.

UNDER the heading of "Creeds and Canaries" there once appeared some very clever lines by the late professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Notwithstanding, I did not agree with their author upon the subject so deftly and neatly disposed of in them—to wit, the "mooring" of the intellectual life and theological beliefs of Christian ministers in this advanced age to an official and formal document propounded and drawn up by a body of fallible and comparatively ignorant men centuries ago. Hence the following rhyme by way of answer to him, which appeared a few days after his own.

LARKS AND LIBERTY.

I had a little laverock bird
Whose doleful song was scarcely heard
The gilded cage beyond it;
All day it leapt from perch to perch
As if for freedom sweet in search!
Day after day—again, again—
It tried and tried, but all in vain—
Its jail securely bound it!

One morn the glorious summer sun,
To gladden nature wide, begun
His upward march thro' Heaven,
In love and joyous liberty
The larks, like *Blackies*, sang on high;
"Poor bird," I said, and op'ed the door,
"Come out and join the merry core—
Come out, release is given!"

Down from the topmost spar it leapt,
Whisk! thro' the door ajar it swept
As hawk-death were behind it!
Then up the sparkling morning air—
Up, up it mounted, singing rare,
In grateful raptures and elate,
A lay to Freedom consecrate,
That now no cage did bind i

"If birds are wise, men are not fools!" *
For they, too, hate their narrow rules
And old dogmatic cages!
"And should you wish to make them free,
Just ope the door and you will see"*
How all agog, with plumed wing,
They ready are to soar and sing
With Truth's own bards and sages!

"The lawyer and the grave D.D.," *
Whom sect-dividing enmity
In life-long strife engages,
Might then fling to the winds their "creeds,"
And cease to fight schismatic screeds,
And turn to preach and practise free
At last *True Christianity*,
Which knows no "gilded cages!"

A SUNDAY IN MAY.

I.—At Prestonkirk Church: Morning.

BY the river, flowing sweetly,
In the time, when, bright and featly,
Young May cam' to braird the corn,
And it upward sprung to greet her,
Gleaming green, and fresher—sweeter,
In the dew o' early morn!

Doun the gate I quietly daunder'd
To the Kirk, and sadly ponder'd
On the lives o' rich and puir;
The peer and peasant in their hames,
The pomp and poverty that shames
Alike their joy and care.

* Vide the Professor's "Creeds and Canaries.

When, lo, the Kirk ! sae heichly cantled
On its knowe, and ivy mantled,
'Mang the tombs fu' sacredlie !
Large an' hamely 'tis—nae feature
Grand or gorgeous, nor in stature
As our "Lamps" o' Lothian be.

But if here Man's work be barren,
Fairest Nature doth adorn
Sweet an' fair the hallow'd scene !
Wood and water, corn fields fertile—
Teeming with luxuriance—kyrtle
This God's Acre like a queen.

Now the worshippers draw hither ;
Men and women, a' thegither,
Fill the House o' God within.
Hark ! their Sang o' Praise they're singing,
From frail sinful hearts 'tis winging
To the God who hateth sin.

Next their "Shepherd," young and fervent,
A true leader and Christ's servant,—
For this great flock rev'rently,
With no mock ecclesiastic,
But with heart-born words, makes plastic
Their souls' wants to soar on high.

Then the Inspired Word he readeth,
Earnestly, as when he pleadeth
At the Cross divine for man :
All about the auld devices—
"Offerings" and "sacrifices"—
"Needful in Jehovah's plan."

Anon the sermon. (Whare the text was,
If in Psalms or Eccles'astes—
Haith ! I really have forgot ! .
Surely, surely 'twas from David—
But as I its gist have savèd,
Book and chapter matter not.)

From the simple words, then—"Let us
Into the Lord's House beget us,"
Such a theme's developèd
Of fresh thought and reasoning subtle—
Yet true Gospel ring and metal—
Knox seems risen from the dead.

Logic, eloquence—ay, passion—
But devoid the clap-trap fashion
That obtains with narrow minds;
Sensible—and credit craving
Only for what's worth believing—
Ev'ry word a heart-home finds.

Leeze me on such halesome preachers;
Best exemplars—helpers—teachers,
Leaders fraught with God-like powers,
On the Master—all reliance;
Hand in hand with sense and science—
May such priests be ever ours!

II.—At Home: Midnight.

The fire burns dimly in the grate,
The lamp upon the table—so,
As I sit questioning my fate,
Neither in joy nor in woe;
I know that I must surely die,
But what death is I cannot tell;
No surety unto me draws nigh
Beyond the dead man's fun'ral bell,
But I have hope, and hope means life
For all the tongues of Nature say
That naught is useless—so this strife
A calm Hereafter may repay:
If that hope's false, this Universe,
To all mankind, is but a curse.

THE FLITTIN' DAY.

Ae sweet May morn, when blabs o' dew
At bud an' blade were hingin',
An' larks, to hail the dawn anew,
Were up the welkin wingin' ;
In quiet, I, my Muse to try,
Slipt sleely doun the Loaning,
To ane dear nook athort the brook
—But soon to fa' a-moaning!

A rumblin' like a yirthquake shook
My simmer morning bourie ;
Sae I ran out, an' lap the brook,
To see what was the stourie :
Alack, alack ! I stagger'd back,
My bardic wrath forgettin'—
To learn its cause was cairts in raws,
Wi' scores of puir folks' "flittin' !"

On every road the heapit teams
Swung hameward—rockin', noddin' ;
The household gods portentous gleams
Of instant wreck forbodin' !
But ropes an' strae made guid that day
To haud in coalition,
Clocks, cradles, stools, beds, tikes, and dails,
Secure—despite position.

A-tap the cairtloads, wives and weans,
Crouch'd eerie an' dumfoun'ert ;
I wat, weel sheuken were their banes,
An' sair was mony a lone heart !
The grave guidman, the "coo" in haun',
Cam' soberly an' hinmaist ;
But aft, I trew, nae crummie noo,
As in past time was seen maist !

And what by ord'nar' look'd to ane
That siccan scenes has view'd aft,
Was,—the new modes in plenishin',—
Clocks, knick-knacks, grates, an' woodcraft ;
Red polish gleam'd, veneerin' seem'd
The real mahogany that day ;
And easy chairs, an' sofa lairs,
Tauld plainly how the cat lay !

The lads haill clad, the lasses braw,
An' deil o' either sickly ;
My saul waxed proud to see them a'—
O' little drunts ne'er stickly—
A sturdier class will seldom pass
Your traveller's view the same day ;—
Pith, body, sense, intelligence,
And pluck ne'er lag nor lamely !

An' seein' this, 'twere hard to tell,
Why should be a' this "flittin' ;"
Sae straucht I speir'd the hinds themsel',—
Quoth they, as they'd been bitten :—
"Ye silly gowk ! with ferm fowk—
(An' ye but only kenn'd it !)—
Some fyke's aye wrang, they're bound to gang,
An' try mak' shift an' mend it !"

I answer'd, sadly, to mysel',
Ye seem the silliest gawkies,
To rive auld hames, 'mang frem to mell,
For sic wheen triflin' mawkies !
"D'ye think," quoth I, "that heaven ye'll try
When ance ye win the new place ?
My lads, before, there's ill in store,
And all unknown 's its true face !

"Out o' the pan, intil the fire,
Is neither fine nor fittin' ;
But even waur, despite desire,
May be the wage o' 'flittin' !'

"What then, what then? again, again,
Flit on, flit on like Show-Jack;
Till, some slee day, Death ca's to say—
Your final 'flittin'' now mak'!"

ON ANOTHER FLITTING DAY MORNING.

THE flittin' teams I mark afar,
An' froun upon this world's way;
Our country neuk has been the star
An' gem o' Scotia mony a day;
Wha say her children are na free—
Ye gowks, ye gowks, come here an' see!

But are they wise wha freedom sae
Accept in this nomadic style?
Are they auld Scotland's staunch mainstay,
Wha canna stay themsel's the while;
But flit and flutter here and there,
Like bumbees that on nettles fare?

I wat the wale o' our Scots folk
Hauds little share in this day's show;
The feck o't is but scum an' brock—
The dregs up-jumlet from below;
Whilk being licht, as froth is licht,
Maun e'en wi' the first puff tak' flicht!

For a' that, wha can weel deny
What noble fellows, bane an' brain,
Some flitters are! I gaze, an' sigh—
"There's mair sides to this tale than ane!"
That's sae! an' just because it's sae,
We acquiesce, an' let it gae.

A BOYISH FREAK.

[WRITTEN "ABROAD!"]

JOHNNY KIRK an' Me
Sail'd far owre the Sea,*
In a ship ca'd the "Ossian" by name!—
Noo Johnny Kirk an' Me
Pine far owre the Sea,
An' greet 'cause we canna win hame!

THE FA' O' THE LEAF—A FRAGMENT.

[THIS "FRAGMENT," AND THE EIGHT "SONGS" WHICH IMMEDIATELY FOLLOW IT, WERE WRITTEN IN MY JUVENILE PERIOD.]

WINTER trips on Autumn's heels
To her ither climes awa';
Dark grow the woods an' gray the fiel's
Where the fitfu' sunbeams fa';
Gloaming comes wi' afternoon,
Hastening nicht to hide the grief;
Luna, pale, amid the gloom,
Mourns her earthy chief;
Streams rin wildly to the sea,
Winds sing weirdly through the tree—
At fa' o' the leaf!

Summer's requiem—hear it sung
O'er wide ocean in the night,
When the trumpet storms are strung
Wild as Neptune's own delight!

* To London (!)

Hear the staves upon the shore
Struck by Boreas in his glee!
Where Tantallon's ruins tower
Ruin's tale will be,
Misery an' wreck will cry
Nature's dirges to the sky
Frae the listless sea!

"Nature's dirges"!—
Hear them through the moaning wood,
Hear them o'er the dreary plain,
Down the valley o' the flood,
O'er the waters o' the main!
Read them in the murky sky
In the hour o' closing day,
In the dowie flowers that lie
Drooping by the way!
List them in the robin's lore
Lilted at your cottage door
A' the cheerless day!

November's winds are sweeping
Over Nature's bier!
Winter's arms are creeping
Round the dying Year!
And a never-fairing shower
Comes flickering on the blast—
Dead Summer's worn dower,
With which sweet May her dress'd;
And o'er his naked feet
The leaves Young Winter strews,
And binds with wind and weet
The vestment round his thews.

I.—"MITHER CALEDON."

SHED that veil o' cloud atwain,
Loot owre me wi' smile sae fain,
Listen to thy callant's strain—
Mither Caledon!

Roll on the ages owre thee !
Wallace eras nae mair be ;
But thou—right and liberty !
Mither Caledon !

Generations, law an' line,
Tumble frae that lap o' thine ;
Thou ! stern an' rude, but heart divine—
Mither Caledon !

High in thine eternal seat,
Eagle-eyed the epochs greet ;
Then glean their flowers at thy feet—
Mither Caledon !

Arise ! and take the "vaward,"
Girt with righteous purpose hard—
Thine old shield and surest guard,
Mither Caledon !

Ahead ! scan out the march-way,
Point a warld to light an' day,
High on hill-tops, and away—
Deathless Caledon !

II.—WILLIAM WALLACE.

THEY slew thee—did they ? Let it be !
No more : it cannot be undone,
But, truly, could thy fate back run,
I would not wish one breath for thee.

The tyrant and the hero sleep—
Lift up thy heavens, God, on high,
Let light abound, let darkness die,
And truth thy utmost confines keep.

The tyrant and the hero, then,
In equal, perfect justice show—
The fiendish lust—against the glow
Of truest, noblest love for men.

He, high beyond all factions, grew,
And, despite them, his purpose held,
Through petty turmoil, still unquell'd
The hero rose—we see him now.

All power, the worldling's power and gold,
To stoop and take were at his feet;
Or, early death, defamed to greet,
And let sure time his worth unfold.

And, all undoubting, death was ta'en,
Through torture on the traitor's tree!
O Wallace! never liberty!
For this forsakes our land again!

III.—KYLEY BROUN.

[The Deceiving Drover of Perth.]

O A' ye men folk come to buy
At canny Cupar Fair,
Hielan' cattle, stots, or kye,
Of your spare brass beware!
There is a little Highlander—
A man of lies and mickle stir—
Tak' ye tent—beware o' "her,"
An' keep an e'e aroun'!
He blaws his beasts up to the skies—
Swears ilk ane's ta'en ta Hielan' prize,
Syne heaves his heid—this Man o' Lies—
As 'twerna Kyley Broun!

In his ain shire he flees aboot
An' buys the auld wives' kye
(Nae doubt he'd steal them, tail an' clout
If he but daur't to try).
Within his byre, aff coat he flings,
An' binds ilk Coo wi' wicked strings—
Frae ilka horn risps aff the "rings"
To swear she's young, the loon!
He blaws his beasts, etc.

His puir auld mither's heart he'll break,
If it can break ava,
Her rare red head, I trow, alake!
E'en now is streak'd wi' snaw.
It's weel to wish she mayna see
The destined doom that he maun dree,
When, racking at a gallows tree,
He birles canny roun'.
He'll blaw na, then, up at the skies—
Swear she hath got ta Hielan' prize;
But hing her heid—this Man o' Lies—
The found out Kyley Broun!

IV.—THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

FAST phalanx'd on the Bannock-side—
Oh! look a risen land;
For one last stroke for freedom dear,
Take up her final stand!
Confess'd in heaven's fixed decree—
'Tis life, 'tis death—but liberty!

Her pennons, dyed in war's red tide,
And banners shaped in fight,
Flap memories about the winds,
And wrongs of Wallace wight!
A thousand arms shall pledge the foe—
A thousand fold the tyrant's blow!

De Boune and Clifford, heralding
The dawn of freedom's morn,
First cross the weirds in deadly strife,
The foes of Bannockburn,
And summer Sol bursts out to see,
A sacrifice to liberty!

A voice, as of a mighty wind
Up from a redeem'd sea,
Sweeps every wrong and woe away
With one word—Victory!
And smiling peace, so long forlorn,
Hallows the banks of Bannockburn!

V.—A NEW HARVEST LILT.

[This was Written when Cutting the Grain and Grass with "Machines" first became Common.]

Wi' a birr an' a whirr awa', awa',
Wi' a birr an' a whirr awa', awa',
Owre golden rigs we ca', we ca',
Wi' a birr an' a whirr awa' awa',
Nae hooks are noo ava, ava,
But muckle machines ha'e a', ha'e a',
An' blue look the greycoats frae Armagh
At the birr an' the whirr awa', awa'!
Wi' a birr, &c.

Bright Sol keeks owre the eastlin' hills,
An' fresh the mornin' zephyr swells
On happy bands in ilka fiel',
Baith sonsie lass an' souple chiel.
In kilted coats fu' trig an' spree,
Wi' rosy cheek an' pawky e'e,
Ilk lass steals glances at her jo
Biggin' the stooks in a gowden row!
Wi' a birr, &c.

What's care to do wi' them or me
When plenty gladdens ilka e'e?
As lang's the blue lift disna weet,
A frowning brow ye downa greet.
Cast sorrow to the winds, say we,
They're snools that choose to pine an' dee;
Let coofs their canker'd fancies dree,
We'll toil an' sing as lang's we be.
Wi' a birr, &c.

Before us spreads the gowden corn,
Abune us shines the King of Morn,
Around us westlin' breezes blaw,
Amang the stooks awa', awa',
Strong hearts an' leal we're a', we're a',
Nor dolts nor drones ava,' ava',
The nicht we sleep, the day we ca',
Wi' a birr an' a whirr awa', awa'!
Wi' a birr, &c.

VI.—A PARODY.*

What Can a Young Fellow Do wi' an Auld Wife?

[Written For, and Sung On, an Interesting Occasion.]

WHAT can a young fellow do wi' an auld wife?
What can a young fellow do wi' an auld wife?
Oh! curst was the siller that tempted me till her,
To barter my freedom for bondage an' strife!
Sure, curst was the siller that tempted me till her,
To barter my freedom for bondage an' strife!

Baith evenin' and mornin' she's scoldin' an' scornin',
Her tongue, ever wagging, leads me a dog's life;
Her commands, her caprice, my sad torments increase,
Oh, dreidfu's the nicht wi' a flytin' auld wife!
Her commands and caprice my sad torments increase,
Oh, dreidfu's the nicht wi' a flytin' auld wife!

She moonges, she mummles, she grumphs, and she grummles,
An' orders me roond wi' a tongue like a knife;
'Tis to "sense" and not "beauty," she says, I owe duty—
O, wae on the day I wed wi' an' auld wife;
'Tis to sense and not beauty, she says, I owe duty,
O, wae on the day I wed wi' an auld wife!

*A "parody," but Burns's song "What Can a Young Lassie," was only an "improvement" upon an old song of the same name.

My auld chums, sae witty, on me hae less pity,
Than had wi' Meg Lauder the Piper o' Fife ;
E'en them wha lauch least maun on me crack their jest,
An' speir hoo I like my walthy auld wife ;
E'en them wha lauch least maun on me crack their jest,
An' speir hoo I like my walthy auld wife.

But hark ye, my jokers, ye'll maybe prove croakers,
And change me your sang when my bank notes are rife ;
When the auld creature's deid, an' a stane's at her heid,
And I am espoused to a charming young wife ;
When the auld carlin's deid, wi' a stane at her heid,
And your "daft" chum's espoused to a charming young wife !

VII.—LITTLE LAUCHIN' JEAN.*

THRO' stookit fields o' yellow corn
I held me to my dearie,
But dowie thochts, an' dool forlorn,
Made my heart wae and wearie.
I watna hoo this mood had come—
Maybe 'twas Autumn's sheen ;
But weel I wat wha cleared the gloom—
My little lauchin' Jean !

The genty, merry, lo'esome lass
Was waitin' by the style,
But crooch'd ahint a whinny bus',
To tease me wi' her wile.
Thocht I, "What's up? nae lassie here ;
She promised, too, yestreen"—
When skirl on skirl brak' on my ear
Frae little lauchin' Jean !

* This song has been set to music by Mr G. Henschel, of London, and the composition has been very favourably received. Copies may be had from Mr Wm. Sinclair, Haddington, and Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt & Hartzfeld, Ltd., 84 New Bond Street, London, W. Price, 2s net.

Sour dool forsook me then at ance,
I stood 'maist gyte wi' joy,
An' join'd her mirth—as if by chance—
Proud victim o' her ploy.
O warld ! what bliss was mine in turn
That heaven-like harvest e'en,
Among the stooks o' gowden corn
Wi' little lauchin' Jean !

Her wee saft loof enclasped my arm,
Her e'e look'd up in mine ;
We neither trow'd nor minded harm—
Leal love is pure an' kin'.
An' never mair ae fit o' care
That nicht daur'd intervene ;
My only smart was wae to part
Wi' little lauchin' Jean !

VIII.—"JAMIE THE JOITER."*

O HAE ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter ?
It's hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter
Wha drank a' his siller, syne Fortune did wyte her,
For the mony mischances o' Jamie the joiter ?

A jack o' a' trades, man, when sober a day,
He wad men' for a neebor a stool or a shae ;
Set their auld clocks a-tickin' when a' "cures" wad fail—
Mak' trocks for the bairnies, or spin them a tale.

It fell out, our doctor—a Nabob—teuk ill,
And, drinkin' his ain drogs, himsel' he did kill ;
Syne his widow, dementit wi' grief or wi' gear,
An' teetotal crazy, for Jamie 'gan speir.

Wi's best Sunday sark on, an' 's face weeshin' clean,
Joit'rin' Jamie laid siege to the Nabob's fair queen ;
An' the en' o' the twalmonth—let Wut nane deride !—
Saw the "joiter" Guid Templar, the widow braw bride !

* A ne'er-do-weel.

The maister an' laird o' a grand mailin' noo,
Jamie cuist aff the auld man an' ta'en on the new ;
But the daft days he minds yet, an' John Barley bree,
Whaurever it haps him an auld crony to see !

Wow ! hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter ?
It's hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter ?
Wha won the rich widow, an' now stars it brighter
Than the fules that a' laugh'd ance at Jamie the joiter !

"FAR AWA'."

[Written by Request for the Glasgow Haddingtonshire Association, for their Annual Festival.]

YE banded friends for noble aims,
Wha kythe the kindly Loudon face
Compatriots St. Mungo names,
The wale o' Scotia's waly race !
Far wander'd frae the native place
Atween the sea an' Lammerlaw,—
This nicht in fancy we'll retrace
The dear calf-ground that's far awa' !

By castled and cathedral'd Tyne
In gratefu' thought we'll backward stray,
Where Knox the fearless sprang lang syne,
An' risin' Balfour hath his sway.
Where erst we sped life's early day,
An' pu'd the mellow hip and haw,
By mony a shaw an' breezy brae,
In bonny Loudon far awa'.

Atween Tantallon on the shore
An' far lone Soutra on the muir,
To deeds heroic aft of yore
Our daurin' fathers kindled there ;
And tho' auld Noll did fool them sair,
At Hill o' Doon, through Leslie's flaw,
At Prestonpans we made it square,
When, like fley'd sheep, they ran awa' !

Traprain, the Bass, Pressmennan Loch,
The Garletons an' Gullane hie,
Fra Wallyford to Auldhamestock,
Landmark our matchless auld countrie!
And, worthy such a land to be,
The Loudon lads an' lassies a'
In fame an' honour tap the tree,
And lead the race, ev'n far awa'!

The pearl an' pride o' a' our shires,
We'll roose auld Loudon till we dee;
The trusty sons o' trusty sires,
Bright honour sall our device be!
And love fraternal, true an' free,
Shall closer still an' closer draw—
Despite how rank or place decree—
The Loudon laddies far awa'!

SONG: THE BROKEN BANK.*

WAUR than auld times, when deidly weir
Made Caledon blude sairly,
This last sad fleg is like, I fear,
To break her auld heart fairly;
Ane waesome soun's in a' her touns,
An' hill an' dale, wi' bitter wail,
Tell that the blow has e'en brought low,
The land that prosper'd rarely!

* This song was written to be sung at a Public Concert which was to have been held in aid of the sufferers by the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank, but which, however, like its subject, "collapsed" too soon.

As on Fa'kirk an' Flodden fiel's
She lost thro' treason merely,
Sae now she fa's by fause-loon chiels,
Betrayed—dishonoured clearly!
Throo a' her bounds, the cry resounds;
"Wae worth their name that wrought such shame,
An' aimed the blow, that brought sae low,
The land we lo'e right dearly!

But while thae traitor knaves their meed
In durance wait securely,
O wha their stricken dupes will heed—
The wreck'd an' ruin'd surely?
Will nae strong hand, owre a' Scotland,
Be sheuken out, and raze the blot
That wad defame her matchless name,
An' rieve her honour purely?

Behin' Fa'kirk cam' Bannockburn!
We paid back Flodden dearly!
Sae noble plenty may return,
Whaur poortith pinches sairly!
Let each true Scot, in ha' an' cot,
Grip hand in hand—a dauntless band;
Wi' word an' deed, to serve in need,
The land they lo'e sincerely!

Then wae an' want, a lang fareweel,
An' routhie times come early;
Fareweel, deil greed! for aye, fareweel—
Leal Scotland fits thee puirly!
And hail again, thou goodly train—
Stern worth an' truth, an' love an' ruth,
That raised sae high, in days gane by,
The land we lo'e sae dearly!

DORA.*

[Written by Her Loving "Gran'-Pa," When She Had Left Him.]

FAR, far awae
As folk can gae
Frae ane anither in this warld,—
Out owre the brine,
Athort the Line,
Far back in dim Australia swirl'd,
Her wee wings noo,
My "*Dora Doo!*"
Hath gotten closely coor'd an' curl'd!

But my late pet
I'se ne'er forget,
Tho' she were fifty times as far!
Her winsome ways,
Her comic plays,
Her freaks an' fancies singular,
"Ga-Ga"† shall mind
Till, stark an' blind,
Grim death has "Ga-Ga" under bar!

Up in the daw'
Before us a',
Skelpin' about in her nicht goun,
Richt sune was she
Strecht ben to me,
Blythe at my auld back to creep doun!
There, fou' o' fun,
Her ploys begun,
That wadna end till hours had flewn!

* Daughter of Mr and Mrs George Fleming, now of Queensland, whither they emigrated with DORA, then in her third year, in the early part of 1898. In the eyes of all her friends and acquaintances DORA was as a child both "extraordinary" and "beautiful."

† The child's first name for the writer.

Lord ! bless that bairn
Wi' weal unsparin' !—
The dearest, funniest imp on earth !
Unending glee—
Whaure'er she be—
Mete to her as her right of birth !
For, tho' she's young,
May I be hung,
If e'er I meet her match for mirth !

March 10*th*, 1898.

"OUR JOHNNIE."*

HO ! here he comes again wi' his Shanter cappy on,
Buskit an' dinkit like a prince royal !
On his "Mammy's" knee at e'en he rules as on a throne ;
Ilka ane within the house is his subject loyal !
And, for a fowre year auld,
Haith, he's a Ruler bauld—
A Tyrant and a Despot wha will never brook denial !

He rouses i' th' morning by first scriech o' day,
Screaming like a corbie for "something to eat !"
An' up maun loup his servitors, withouten delay,
For fear their petted darling should "begin to greet !"
Sae he rairs an' he yatters,
Uncaring what it matters—
Loud yelping ere five o'clock for "something to eat !"

* This was written at the request of a sister, who has now been long resident with her husband and family in North America ; "Our Johnnie," her eldest son, having in the interval grown to a very successful Winnipeg merchant.

The women-folk o' the house are his shackled slaves
They daurna for their vera lugs his cheep disobey !
For instant comes her penalty gin ane misbehaves
—In roarings waur than Grumphie's on the killin' day !
Wi' his face thrawn out o' shape
An' his little mou' agape,
Maist unearthly skirls he metes them that daur his will gainsay !

Yet, to dabble in a glaur-hole, or wade deep in the burn,
This Despot in a daidley will condescend an hour ;
Or, as leader o' the wean band, will tak' the foremost "turn"
—Swinging on the yaird yett, or plouterin' i' the stoure ;
His mates—they a' boo to him !
As King he doth subdue them !
His threat that he'll "tell Mammy," gars the bauldest rebel coo'r !

When comes his early bed-time, an' he's tired out at last,
Our Monarch abdicates, an' 's pleased a bairn to be ;
Syne aff come little booties, little socks, an' coaties fast,
An' doun in his wee nicht-goun he slips at "Mammy's" knee !
There, wi' faulded hands, he kneels,
And in innocence appeals,
To Him Wha of the children said—"Suffer them to come to Me !"

O wha can wonder then, if a tender woman doates
On a brawny wean like this, an' 's blin' to mony a "faut ?"
Let her wair her love upon him—time will rub out childish blots,
While the true love o' his Mother shall never come to naught !
Doun to his latest day
It will glim life's chequered way,
And illume wi' ray divine Sorrow's dreariest, darkest spat !

BACK AT THE AULD ABBEY BRIG.

[Below Haddington.]

SAE as thou wert langsyne,
Braid-sheeted, gleamin' Tyne,
Thou threids this hallow'd scene o' my life's early morn—
Aye still the same fair stream,
Tho' sair, sair's changed life's dream,
An' I'm a stranger grown i' the place where I was born!

As owre the brig I gaze,
I'm lost as in a maze,
While the gloamin' breeze comes soughin' like a wail for the dead past;
And in the river clear,
Dim dusky shades appear—
Like forms o' friends departed, by memory fond recast!

The weel-kenned banks I scan,
The woods on either haun';
The glimmering "Cascade," like a fair vestal's sheen;
The auld mill an' the weir,
The kirkyard lone an' drear—
The white-wa'd ancient clachan, whare sae happy I hae been!

Beneath me is the "Green,"
And the dark, deep pool wherein
I hook'd my maiden trout one memorable Fast-day;
Wi' nervous joy an' fear,
Owre head I whisk'd him clear—
High through the middle air, some twa score yards awae!

And there, by "Corbie Wall,"
Grew the spire-like spruce tree tall,
From whase cloud-stabbing tap I shook the May morn dew,
Reiving a wild-bird's brood,
When, in owre careless mood,
I slipt my daring perch, an' swith cam' doun, I trew!

But ilka bush an' tree,
Bank, brae, an' grassy lea,
To auld "Sam's" sorrowing heart reca's its tale o' yore ;
For him a' Nature here—
Yearth, lift, an' atmosphere—
Is laden sick wi' memories o' the "days that are no more !

Whaur's a' the auld folk flown,
That, fifty towmonds gone,
Ca'd this auld village "Hame," ere its last glory fled !
Saved wi' the wreck, not ane,*
Alas ! is left behin',
Upo' the final exodus one mournful gleam to shed !

Its Worthies, weel I min' !
Shoe-cobblin', "Auld Corrine !"
A veteran Peninsular, who focht wi' Sir John Moore—
How fain was he to tell
O' the nicht his hero fell,
When on pension days he quaffed a dram, an' loud for "grief wad roar !

"Dick Scott !" wee "Sandie Baird !"
"Auld Steel !"—anither caird
Frae that red pack o' Mars that o'er-ran Waterloo.
But, wow ; nae sot was he—
Owre stern an' proud to "spree,"
He strode a "soldier" to the last, majestical an' true.

Now, ane an' a' are gane,
Fled, scatter'd, dead—alane
Here on the Brig I stand, an' muse on life an' death ;
The murmuring stream below
Laps like the sobs of woe,
As I turn an' face the wide warld, an' its lowering sturt an scaith !

* A literal fact.

IN PRESTONKIRK CHURCHYARD.

[March 12th, 1888.*]

The eastlin' wind blew cauld an' keen,
The auld Kirkyaird was clad in snaw,
But eastlin' wind an' snaw, I ween,
That day I neither felt nor saw

My heart was in a coffin there,
Slow sinking doun an open grave ;
The wide world might be foul or fair
For me, sae sunk in sorrow's wave.

I kenn'd the king that coffin held,
As few on earth could ken like me ;
And loyal love would not be quell'd,
And death but quicken'd memorie.

My thoughts, like birds, winged through the past
Dead summers blossom'd fair again ;
I saw that king, baith high and fast,
Enthroned among his fellow men.

The sceptre in his sure hand was
The carle stalk—integritie ;
His croun was truth, and for his cause
He claim'd the friend of right to be.

With stern, but kind and valiant mien,
O'er life's highway he march'd alang ;
Whate'er he wish'd, he gain'd bedeen—
With resolution fixed and strang.

* Alexander Lumsden, a singularly robust, and, in one or more ways, a somewhat remarkable man, the father of the writer, died, overcome with agricultural disasters and domestic calamities of an exceptional kind, on the 9th March 1888, at East Linton, and was buried as above at Prestonkirk on the 12th of March, a very large concourse of the whole people following his corse to the grave, which is within one hundred yards of the spot of his birth. He died in his 88th year.

But sicker ills pursued the king,
His lofty crest was stricken low
A thousand times, but nocht could bring
That regal heart despair to know.

Through wreck and ruin, woe and wan
Wi' steadfast nerve he held his way,
Nor age, nor pain, nor death could daunt
That matchless spirit to this day.

Wi' swelling hearts we leave him here,
O may his sleep be deep and blest!
For never on earth's rounded sphere
Did truer man or stronger rest.

TWA HAMELY BALLADS.

I.—The Battle of Dunbar.

YE Lammermoors, ye silent hills,
Ye plains and vales that kythe sae fair!
Thou braid-spread ocean that upfills
This scene o' Peace—beyond compare!

O bide ye in rapt nicht a while!
O wake na wi' the morning dawn!
Reck not War's legions thee despoil;
Hear not its dreid trumps o'er thee blawn!

Alas! ye happy hills an' plains,
The day breaks that will bring to thee
A heart-break time o' waes an' pains—
E'en mortal mane an' miserie!

Schismatic strife—fanatic zeal—
Grown furious, meet wi' sword in hand,
And priestly arrogance—for skill
Is looten tak' supreme command!

A LESLIE brang the Scots hereon—
Twenty an' seeven thousan' men—
An' rank'd them on this Hill o' Doon,
As trig as gin they'd been but ten.

CROMWELL, "*Lord General*," gnaw'd his lip,
An' claw'd his croun sic skill to dree,
"This Scot has smit me owre the hip!
I'm ill at ease, I'm sick!" quo' he.

"He Caldbrand's Pass hath closed;—nae way
Is left us back to the South-land!
'Twere well my foot should pack, an gae
Tak' ship, an' flee this cursèd strand!

"Syne, grant—O Lord!—I'll head my horse—
My brethren dear of Marston Moor!—
And pierce a route—yea—nay—*perforce*—
To mak' this fell retreat secure!"

Meantime in either host the "saunts"
Of countless sects spared not their wind;
They preach'd and pray'd, an' scream'd their chaunts,
An' threep'd ilk ither hairse an' blind.

"This pending battle? Whey! the Lord"—
(On this point maist the Scots agreed)—
"The Fae ane harvest for our sword
Serves ripe an' ready!—shear't wi' speed!

"Scud doun this hicht—hack, kill, an' slay!
Brook not wan Heretick to stand!
All, level all! nane sall gainsay
Ye Holy Covenant of this Land!

"As Israel ance, at auld Gilgal,
The Philistines crush'd doun amangs,
Sae noo do ye!—upo' them fall—
Ooter destruction mete their gangs!"

Sae frae this "coin of vantage" sped,
Into the pit an' clutch o' death,
Tumultuous hordes—raw levies—led
By screichin' gomrells—drunk wi' "faith"!

Oh! whaur is he, the ae ane man,
That ever yet could cope wi' "Noll?'
Whaur's worthy Leslie wi' his "plan,"
Anither Bannockburn to poll?

Ah, sirs! he lack'd the pith o' Bruce,
To king-like rule as weel as scheme!
Owre soon the sophists preach'd him loose,
Owre sune his rule pass'd like a dream!

Sae did the Southrons thank the fools,
Sae did their hearts loup wild to see
The living bands, like weel-play'd bools,
Row prizes to their feet sae free!

Cromwell out-spak'—he could nae less'
His vera saul cried out for glee—
"Behold! the Lord His cause doth bless,
He gives His enemies to me!

"Mount! mount, ye soldiers of the Lord,
Ye ironsided veterans true!
Mount! fall upon them—pike an' sword—
They'll be as weedlin's now to you!"

The Onset, given by foot an' horse;—
What time the risen sun was seen
Brent in the east start on his course,
The ball began—fast, fierce, an' keen.

Aroun' this hill, doun to the sea,
The war-cluds row'd, an' when they rase
Were seen high-borne, out-flutterin' free,
The "sacred" flags o' freens an' faes.

An' gleams, an' streaks, an' flashes white,
Frae spears, an' swords, an' armourie,
An' brazen guns—glanced, glisten'd bright,
An' sparkled owre that war-toss'd sea.

An' wild abune't, ane uproar 's heard,
Like winter storming Norlan coasts,
An' piercin' *that*, ilk side's watchword—
"The Covenant!" and "The Lord of Hosts!"

The cannon boom'd, the muskets crack'd,
The swords an' lances clink'd between;
Drums, trumpets, bagpipes, blared an' rack'd,
An' rived the bleeding Peace in twain!

But swith as ane thrice ten micht count,
The English Horse were victors there;
Syne up, like fiends, the hill they mount,
Wild waving lang swords in the air.

The Scots stude firm—they e'en repulsed
The fore-front foeman, but their best
Were sune cut throo, an' then, convulsed
Wi' fear, a' turn'd, an' hamewards prest!

They scatter'd like a hirsel, when
Wild worrying tykes race them amang,
A panic mob—recruits an' men—
A priest-led, a sair-habbled gang!

In horror Mercy turn'd about,
Forsook the shamefu' field for guid!
Lowsed License, stark-mad, ruled the rout,
An' Slaughter sicken'd even wi' bluid!

Yet gloaming cam' at gloaming time;
The harvest moon rase braid an' glad:
But never yet in Scotland's clime
Did e'ening close owre scene mair sad!

Red-gashed in gory death there lay
Three thousan' lads, that i' the morn
In youth an' strength sang care awae,
An' a' War's dangers laugh'd to scorn !

. . . . . .

Ye Lammermoors ! ye silent hills !
Ye vales an' plains sae rich an' fair !
Thou blue-spread ocean that upfills
This scene o' peace beyond compare !

O bide ye ever in this style,
Wake ne'er again at morning dawn
To see War's legions thee despoil,
Or hear his fiend trumps o'er thee blawn !

NOTE.—As for other things, the district of Dunbar (one of the most beautiful and interesting in Britain) is celebrated as being the scene of two great national battles, both of which ended disastrously for the arms of Scotland. The first contest took place six centuries ago—on the 28th April 1296. The cause of this great defeat was an imprudence similar to that which occasioned the one of the second battle, nearly on the same ground, in the time of the Commonwealth. Concerning this now world-famous combat, Robert Chambers says :—" Immediately after the death of the King (Charles I.), when the Cavaliers rose in the North for his son, in what was called "Pluscardine's Raid," Leslie sent a party against them in the month of May, 1649, under the command of Charles Hacket, and Strahan, by whom they were totally dispersed. On the resignation of the Earl of Leven, Leslie was appointed to the chief command of the army raised on behalf of Charles II., after he had accepted the Covenant and been admitted to the Government. In this situation he showed himself an able general, repeatedly baffling by his skill the superior (in discipline and experience, not in numbers) forces of Cromwell, whom he at last shut up at Dunbar, and, but for the folly of the Church and State Committee, which had been the plague of the army during all the previous troubles, had undoubtedly cut off his power. Yielding to the importunities of this committee, he rashly descended from his commanding position, and was signally defeated on the 3rd of September 1650. Upwards of three thousand men were left dead on the field, ten thousand were taken prisoners, two hundred colours, fifteen thousand stand of arms, with all the baggage and artillery, fell

II.—The Battle of Prestonpans.

"HAIL! hail!" cried Cope, "Hail, Prestonpans!
For oysters, fish, an' glorious beer,
The Queen o' touns!—thy creels an' cans
Heap high thy valiant friends to cheer!

"The morn, my lads—the brek o' day,
Sall see yon beggary scum doun-dang'd;
Syne sall the Auld Pans barrels pay
Rare meed for Chairlie—shot, or hang'd!"

Grit is our drouth—but thole a wee,
Till but we've claw'd thae lousie 'clans,'
Syne, by this swurd! I voo we'se pree
A wassail worthy Prestonpans!"

Sae spake the souple Sir John Cope,
Ane cheery Captain aye was he;
His bed that nicht was Seton Slope—
Him ready graith'd to fecht—or flee!

thort the Moss, in plaids—or nane—
The breekless legions o' the North,
In raggit droves abreed were lain,
Like their chiefs' hirsels owre the Forth.

The pawky Mune, throo rifts o' cluds,
Teuk merrie peeps athwart the plain!
The wanton Winds play'd wi' their duds,
While loud the caterans snored amain.

They wha had plaids had hapt their chouks,
An' ither pairts, in decent trim;
But maist had nane, sae their bare bouks
Besmudged the field fell grue an' grim!

into the hands of the English. . . . After the Restoration, Leslie was created, in consideration of his great services and sufferings in the Royal cause, Lord Newark, by patent dated the 31st of August 1661, to him and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, with a pension of five hundred pounds per annum. . . . His lordship died in the year 1682."

Their watch-fires flicker'd weird alang
The battle line frae east to west ;
The siller Firth lay twined amang
Her isles an' shores, to silence prest.

Midway atween the muir an' sea,
Like rucks o' beans the English foe
Group'd gross and huge, the stars on hie
Wink'd to the watch-fires doun below.

And carefu' Cope, ahint a tree,
Glower'd sleepless on the clans' array !
In muckle stress an' stoor was he
They didna rise an rin awae !

He swat an' sech'd in anxious plicht,
Sair puzzled that they didna flee ;
Till creepin' fogs fill'd a' the nicht,
An' he the rebels couldna see.

But wauk'ning morn the misty wraith
Fast scattered wi' the dawning dun ;
A loun-ness lay on earth like death—
Cope fetch'd his horse—he'd heard a gun !

" Hark ! footsteps !—Ho ! to arms ! " he cried,
" I shall be butcher'd in cold blood !
Up, Gardiner, up ! hast not descried
The rebel torrent all a-flood ? "

Jump ! hurry-scurry ! clear was seen
The clans come on wi' fiery scudd !
Ilk band a phalanx, rivalling keen
Its neibors, wha wad first draw blood !

" Upon them, lads ! " Clanranald shouts,
" Cast plaids an' sarks—your bare briests striek ;
Let dirks an' claymores find their throats !
Strike hame !—nae quarter give nor seek ! "

"Wild, thund'rous grew the battle din
As drums an' pibrochs urged the fray."

Then throo the land the "slogans" rang,
Wild as the winds roun' Loch-na-Gar ;
Yell cover'd yell, while forward sprang
The mist-born children of red War.

High in the glume abune the foe,
Like white sea-birds, their claymores wheel'd,
Ere, like sea-birds, they flasht below
To their sure prey neth Saxon shield.

Wild, thund'rous grew the battle din
As drums an' pibrochs urged the fray,
An' mingled wi' the yells o' men,
An' clank of steel an' musketry.

The twa hosts reel'd in mortal throe ;
One moment, but the Highland spate
The Royal red line—ay or no—
Rush'd, brak', an' owre-ran ilka gate !

Ane warlike fragment of their wa',
A while, in hero-majesty,
Stude Christian Gardiner—in his fa'
Made deathless—that he chose to die !

But whaur was Cope—the sapient Cope—
A wary Captain aye was he ?
His carcase, freend, on Seton Slope
In "cold blood butcher'd"—seek not ye,

Whan Chairlie chairged wi' a' his loons,
Bauld, on his steed, the Noble Wicht,
Chairged in the east the ferm touns,
An' pat baith sheep and kye to flicht !

Nor dykes, nor yetts, nor collie dougs
In this invasion stey'd him aucht ;
Frae Hielant tikes he saved his lugs,
An' Berwick wan wi' fient a faucht !

Close on their Captain, wild, pell-mell,
His faithfu' warriors strave an' ran ;
Cope swore they'd "never march'd so well
As then, sin' the campaign began ! "

In Berwick barracks' beild thae chiels,
Clawing their pows like "lousie clans"
Tholed that sair nicht—*sans* kegs an' creels,
An' "wassail worthy Prestonpans ! "

The "clans" disturb'd them naucht—*they* reived
The gentle faes whom they had slain ;
An' boots an' brands—ev'n sarks "retrieved"—
Jews pike gey bare, but they left nane !

NOTE.—The far-celebrated Battle of Prestonpans was fought on the 20th of September, 1745, just over 159 years ago, between a number of the clansmen of the Scottish Highlands, led by Clanranald in rebellion, purposely to dethrone George the Second, in favour of Prince Charles Edward and his father, and 'a section of the British army—numbering, horse and foot, about 6000 men —under the command of the illustrious Sir John Cope. The battle, as is well known, issued after the first furious onset of the Highlanders in the complete overthrow and calamitous retreat of the Royalists—and the death of their best soldier, the virtuous and heroic Colonel Gardiner of Preston, whose family mansion stood within gunshot distance of the sad scene of his last moments. A few hours after the brief contest, his body was discovered on the battle-field, stripped of everything that had been thought worth carrying away. Some years ago an obelisk or pyramid monument was erected in his honour, directly fronting his house at Preston, and close to the main line of the North British Railway. As indicated in the ballad, Sir John Cope, with a few of his followers, hastily sought and found shelter on the evening of the day of the battle in the garrison town of Berwick —50 miles from "Seton Slope," his dreadful camp-ground of the previous night. He arrived none the worse of his long and heroic ride, and slept well—at least in comparative safety !

END OF COUNTRY CROONINGS.

GLOSSARY.

A', all.
A-bee, alone; *lat a-bee*, let alone.
Abeigh, away from.
Ablins, perhaps.
A'body, everyone.
Abune, *Aboon*, above.
Addle, foul water.
Adie, *Yaedie*, Adam.
A-dreich, at a distance.
Ae, *Yae*, one.
Aff, off.
Aft, *Aften*, often.
A-gley, aslant; astray.
Ahint, behind.
Aik, oak.
Ain, *Awn*, own.
Ainee, *Ance*, *Yince*, *Wance*, once.
Ain-lane, oneself.
Air, early.
Airm, arm.
Airn, iron.
Airt, art; direction.
Airth, earth.
Aith, oath.
Aithur-Sait, Arthur Seat, a hill overlooking Edinburgh—"The Lion Hill."
Aits, *Yitts*, oats.
Aiver, a cart horse.
Aizel, a burning cinder.
A-jee, oblique; swayed; a-jar.
A-low, below.
A-lowe, aflame.
An, if.
Ance, once.
A-near, near to.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Ashet, a large oblong plate.
Athort, across.
Atoure, apart.
Atweel, indeed.
Aucht, *Eicht*, eight.
Aucht, aught.
Auld, old.
Auld-farrant, old-fashioned.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
Awmry, pantry.
Awms, alms.
Ayont, beyond.

BAABY, baby.
Bade, lived; dwelt.
Baird, beard.
Bairn, child.
Baith, both.
Bane, bone.
Bannocks, thick cakes.
Barglin, discussing warmly.
Bass, a famous rock island in the Firth of Forth.
Bauchles, old foot-wear.
Baudrons, the cat.
Bawbee, a half-penny.
Bawbees, money; capital.
Bedeen, immediately.
Beld, bald.
Beltane, May-day.
Belyve, soon; by-and-bye.
Ben, in; within.
Ben-end, inner apartment.
Bicker, a wooden bowl.
Bide, stay.
Bield, shelter.
Bien, nice; cosy.
Biggin, building.
Biggit, built.
Bikes, houses; wild bee hives.
Billie, brother.
Bink, dresser.
Binna, barring.
Bire, *Byre*, cow-house.
Birl, toss; turn quickly.
Birr, hurry; spiritedly.
Blabs, blobs; large drops.
Black-coats, clergymen.
Blae, pale; desolate-looking.
Blauds, big pieces of anything.
Blate, bashful.

Blaw, blow.
Blaws, brags; bounces.
Bleck, to blacken.
Bleeze, blaze.
Blethers, nonsensical talk.
Blink, a little while; to wink before sleep.
Bluid, *Blude*, blood.
Blythe, cheerful.
Bobbit, bobbed.
Bocht, bought.
Boddle, small copper coin.
Bonnie, fair; lovely, etc.
Bonnilie, beautifully.
Booed, bowed.
Bools, bowls; marbles.
Boord, *Buird*, board; table.
Booze, dissipate; spree.
Bosie, bosom.
Boud, but; must.
Bouk, bulk; body.
Bowrie, a little bower.
Brackens, ferns.
Braid, broad.
Braird, the first sprouting above ground of vegetation.
Brak, broke; broken.
Brander, a gird-iron.
Brands, *Brawns*, calves of legs.
Brang, brought.
Branny, brandy.
Brass, slang for money.
Brattle, quick race.
Brats, youngsters; aprons; clothing generally.
Braucht, brought.
Braw, dressy; brave; fine.
Brawly, very well.
Bree, *Broo*, brow; the sea; soup; liquid generally.
Breeks, trousers.
Breid, bread.
Breik-up, face up.
Breist, breast.
Brent, fair; bright; smooth.
Bretwalda, A Saxon ruler.
Brig, bridge.
Brise, *Brize*, press; bruise.
Brither, brother.
Brock, badger.
Bro', broth.
Brochan, porridge.
Brownies, fairy servants.
Browster, brewer.
Brulzie, strife; tumult.
Brust, burst.
Buckie, shell; a cross or ill-mannered fellow.
Buff, humbug; nonsense.
Bught, a sheep fold.
Buiks, books.
Bumbazed, confused.
Bumbees, wild bees.
Bummle, bungle.
Bund, bound.
Bungs, old or worn horses.
Burd, bird.
Bure, bore; Bure-the-gree was victorious over all others; highest estimated.
Burn, a brook.
Busk, to dress or adorn.
But, without; wanting.
But-an'-ben, the outer and inner apartments of a dwelling.
Bykes, hives; dwellings.

CA', to drive; to name.
Ca'd, called; drove.
Cadger, a petty pedlar.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a sturdy fellow.
Cairn, a heap of stones or sods on a hill.
Cairts, charts; maps; cards; carts.
Callants, boys; young men.
Caller, fresh; cool.
Cam', came.
Camsteerie, muddled; confused; perverse.
Cankert, ill-tempered.
Canna, cannot.
Canny, peaceful; prudent.
Cantled, tilted; set up.
Cantrips, tricks; incantations.
Canty, cheerful.
Carle, old man.
Carline, old woman.
Caubers, cabers.
Cauld, cold.
Cauldrife, bleak; spiritless.
Cauler, *Caller*, new; fresh; cool.
Caup, a wooden vessel.
Cavey, a hen coop.
Cawk, chalk.
Cawsey, *Causey*, the causeway.
Ceefers, illiterates; dunces.

Chafts, cheeks.
Chammers, chambers.
Chanler, candlestick.
Chap, fellow; strike.
Chapin, chopin; a measure.
Chaw, *Chow*, chew.
Cheeps, low notes; whispers.
Chiel, *Chield*, fellow.
Chimla, chimney.
Chouks, sides of the head.
Chuckie, chicken; also affable old person.
Chuckie-stanes, pebbles.
Clachan, a village.
Claggit, clogged.
Clam, climbed.
Clark, learned; a clergyman; writer; author.
Clarty, muddy; dirty.
Clashes, chat; idle talk.
Clatters, common gossip.
Claucht, *Claught*, clutched.
Claut, a patch.
Claver, to speak nonsense; to waste time gossiping.
Cleck, hatch.
Cleckin, offspring.
Cleek, link.
Cleuch, a cleft; a rocky hollow; a precipitous crag.
Clim, to climb.
Clishmaclavers, slanders; false rumours; wild reports.
Cloit, a fall; also a soft person.
Clootie, *Auld Cloots*, the Devil.
Clour, fell; strike hard.
Cluds, clouds.
Clute, *Cloot*, hoof.
Cluish, threw disdainfully.
Cluits, shins; feet; legs.
Clutha, the river Clyde.
Cockernonny, the back hair of a woman when gathered into a knot.
Cockie, a little fellow.
Coft, bought.
Comytee, committee.
Coo, cow.
Coo-byre, cow-house.
Coof, *Cuif*, a stupid fellow.
Corbie, a ravenous crow.
Corpe, a corpse.
Coor'd, cowered.
Coorse, coarse; course.
Coosten, thrown off; discarded.
Cosh, comfortable.
Cots. *Cot-houses*, small cottages.
Couldna, could not.
Coupers, dealers; merchants.
Couthie, affable; genial.
Cowes, beats; wins.
Cowp, fall; also exchange.
Cowte, a young horse.
Crabbit, cross; too nice.
Crack, to chat; converse.
Crackit, a little crazy.
Craig, the throat; also a crag.
Craitur, creature.
Crap, the produce of the ground; the first stomach of a bird; *to crap*, to cut short; to dock.
Creech, the name of Burns' Edinburgh publisher.
Creesh, fat; gravy.
Creeshed, *Creashed*, thrashed.
Crinch, a small bit.
Crokit, died.
Crooch, to bow down
Croud, crowd.
Croun, crown; summit; top.
Crouse, bold; lively.
Cruick, *Cruik*, crook.
Cruive, sty; hut.
Crummie, *Crum*, the cow.
Cuddy, donkey.
Cuddies, donkeys; blockheads.
Curn, some; a small number or quantity.

DAD, father; to knock.
Daffin, fun; merriment.
Daft, crazy.
Daidly, a child's pinafore.
Dails, deals; thin planks.
Dairts, darts; bolts off.
Dang, beat.
Darg, a day's work.
Daunder, saunter.
Daur, dare.
Daver'd, stunned; rendered temporarily unconscious.
Daw, the dawn.
Dawty, darling.
Dee'd, died.
Deid, dead.
Deidly, fatal.
Denner, dinner.
Denty, dainty; trim; genial.

Deuk, a duck.
Ding, knock down.
Dinkit, dressed fancifully.
Dinna, don't.
Dinsome, noisy
Dirl, vibrate ; smart painfully.
Divot, a thin-cut sod.
Doilt, confused through fatigue.
Doited, crazy through age.
Dool, *Dule*, the goal in games ; also sorrow or care.
Doo, dove; a term of endearment.
Doom's-fire, remorse ; the supposed dispair of sinners at death.
Doot, *Dout*, doubt.
Dorty, proud and displeased.
Douce, sedate.
Doug, *Dowg*, dog.
Douk, bathe ; duck ; dive.
Doun, *Doon*, down.
Doun-dang'd, totally overthrown.
Doup, seat ; hind quarters.
Dour, obstinate ; saucy.
Dow, can ; thrive ; done.
Dow'd, withered.
Dowf, sad ; spiritless.
Dowie, woe-begone ; melancholy.
Downa, cannot.
Draiglet, draggled.
Drappie, a small drop—generally of whisky.
Drawgon, a dragon ; monster.
Dree, suffer ; endure.
Dregg, drag ; also dreg.
Dreigh, *Dreich*, sad ; desolate ; slow.
Drogs, drugs
Droukit, wetted through.
Drouth, drought.
Drouthy, thirsty ; drink-loving.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy ; jumbled.
Drumliest, dirtiest ; grossest
Drunts, complaints ; faults.
Dub, a shallow pool.
Duds, clothes ; rags.
Dumfounert, dumfounded.
Dung, driven ; fatigued.
Dunt, a hard silent blow.
Durstna, dare not.
Dwallin, a residence.
Dwinin, dwindling ; fading.
Dyke, a low stone wall.

Dynles, trembles ; pains.
Dyvours, bankrupts.

EARD, *Yearth*, *Yird*, earth.
Eastlin, eastern.
Eemacks, ants ; insects.
Een, eyes.
Eer, year.
Eerie, frightful ; awe-inspiring.
Eetem, item.
Efterhend, afterwards.
Eident, diligent ; thrifty.
Eik, each.
Eild, old age.
Eithly, easily.
Elbuck, elbow.
Eldin, fuel.
Elson, *Elshon*, awl.
Eneuch, enough.
Enoo, just now.
Ether, an adder.
Ettle, attempt ; signify.
Even'd, compared.
Exousted, exhausted.

FA', fall ; trap ; lot.
Fae, foe.
Faem, the sea ; foam.
Faigs!, a mild exclamation
Fail, turf.
Fain, glad ; fond ; wishful.
Fair, just ; honest.
Fair-fa'-ye, good fortune befall you.
Fallow, fellow ; to follow.
Fand, *Fund*, found.
Farer, farther.
Fash, trouble ; bother.
Faucht, *Faught*, fight ; fought.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fay, *Fey*, near death
Feart, afraid.
Featly, *Faitly*, neatly ; cleverly.
Fecht, fight.
Feck, greater part ; majority
Feckless, shiftless ; incapable.
Fee, hire ; wage.
Feide, feud ; quarrel ; war.
Fella, *Felly*, young man.
Fen, to make shift.
Ferms, farms.
Ferm-touns, farm-places.
Ferly, wonder.

Fesh, fetch.
Feucht, fought ; struggled.
Fickle, puzzling.
Ficnt, fiend.
Fient-a-fear, devil a fear.
Fier, well ; healthy
Fiere, *Fere*, friend.
Fikey, fidgety ; nervous.
File, defile.
Fire-flaught, fire flash.
Fit-ba', football.
Fit-sted, footprint.
Fivver, fever.
Flae, flea.
Flaff, flutter.
Flauchts, *Flaughts*, flashes.
Flee, fly.
Fleech, coax ; flatter
Fleggs, attacks ; strokes.
Fleyed, startled.
Flicht, flight ; great numbers.
Flude, *Fluid*, flood.
Flure, floor.
Flyte, scold ; a wordy quarrel.
Focht, fought.
Fog, moss.
Foond, foundation.
Forbye, besides.
Forbears, ancestors.
Forfairn, overcome.
Forfochten, exhausted with hard work or travel.
Forgather, meet.
Forjeskit, jaded ; dead tired.
Forleet, forsake.
Fornenst, opposite.
Forrit, forward.
Fou, full ; drunk.
Fouter, queer fellow.
Fouth, plenty.
Fowre, four.
Fowre-words, a short letter.
Foy, a farewell repast or drink.
Fozy, spongy ; soft and fat.
Frae, from.
Fraise, flatter ; make great ado.
Frate, fret.
Frates, *Fraits*, fads ; imaginary ills.
Freath, froth.
Freits, vain fancies ; tricks.
Frem, foreign ; not blood related.
Fricht, terror.
Fu', full.
Fuffin, puffing.
Fule, fool.
Fuish, fetched.
Furder, advance ; prosper.
Fummelt, fumbled ; groped.
Funk, to kick lightly,
Furth, forth ; onward ; forward or outward.
Fykes, fidgets ; trifles.

GAB, mouth ; prate.
Gabbie, garrulous.
Gae, go.
Gaed, went.
Gait, way ; manner ; also goat.
Gane, gone.
Gantree, a barrel stand.
Gang, to go ; to walk.
Gangrels, tramps.
Gapit, opened ; yawned.
Gar, make ; compel.
Gart, *Gar'd*, made ; compelled.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, vigorous : sagacious.
Gate, road ; way.
Gaun, going.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gaw, gall ; to offend.
Gawd, goad.
Gawky, idle or romping fool.
Gawsy, buxom ; jolly.
Gaylie, lively.
Gell, gale ; drunken bout.
Geet, to get.
Genty, gentle.
Gett, a child.
Gey, very ; a good deal.
Gey-an-far, a pretty long way.
Ghaist, ghost ; ill-favoured person.
Gie, give.
Gied, gave.
Gien, given ; gave.
Gif, if ; should.
Gilpy, a frolicsome boy or girl.
Gin, if.
Girn, grin ; snare ; cry.
Glaikit, foolish.
Glaur, mud.
Gled, glad.
Gleds, hawks ; eagles.
Glee, squint.
Gleg, sharp ; swift ; easy.
Glim, a light ; lamp, etc.

Glum, gloomy ; sad ; sulky.
Glume, *Gloom*. twilight.
Glunch, grumble.
Goaving, sauntering idly.
Gomerell, a silly person.
Gorlings, very young birds.
Gove, stare.
Gowans, daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, golf.
Gowks, foolish people ; cuckoos.
Gowpens, double handfuls.
Gowsty, *Gousty*, large ; gusty ; stormy.
Graip, a stable fork.
Graip, *Grape*, to grope.
Graith, harness ; suds.
Grat, wept.
Gravat, neck tie.
Gree, pre-eminence.
Greet, cry ; weep.
Grien, yearn ; long for.
Grieve, farm steward.
Gript, grasped.
Grippy, greedy ; stingy.
Grit, great ; fibre.
Grund, the ground ; sharpened.
Grumphie, the poor man's sow.
Guid, *Gude*, good.
Guidkens, God knows.
Guidman, husband ; master.
Guilly, a large knife.
Gumption, sense.
Gurly, cold and rough.
Gusty, savoury.
Gutcher, grandfather.
Gysen, to shrink through drying.
Gyte, crazy.

HA' a hall.
Haard, niggardly.
Habble, mess ; trouble.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had.
Haet, aught ; anything.
Haffet, side of the head ; the cheek.
Haill, whole.
Hain, to give in ; be beat ; also to save.
Hairse, hoarse ; thick winded.
Hairst, harvest.
Hairns, *Harns*, brains.
Haith! an exclamation of surprise.
Hale, sound ; unbroken ; healthy ; to heal
Halflin, a youth in his teens.
Half-nakit, half-clad ; undressed.
Haly, holy.
Haly-rude, the cross ; Holyrood, Edinburgh.
Hamald, homely ; domestic.
Hame, home.
Hamely, simple ; unpretentious.
Hansel, *Handsel*, a gift.
Hansel Monday, the first Monday of the year, O. S.
Hantel, a considerable number or quantity.
Hantrin, occasional.
Hap, hop ; cover ; a shawl, etc.
Hapt, *Happit*, covered ; clothed.
Harl, a road rake ; to drag forcibly.
Hash, to spoil ; a slovenly person
Hasna, has not.
Hauchs, *Haughs*, meadows.
Haud, hold.
Haudin, holding ; furnishings.
Haun, *Han'*, hand.
Haverel, a babbler.
Havins, sense ; breeding.
Hawky, white-faced cow.
Hawse, *Hause*, throat ; windpipe.
Hecht, forebode ; promised.
Heck, to eat.
Hecks, racks.
Heeze, uplift.
Heich, *Hie*, high.
Heid, head.
Hempy, a roguish lad or girl.
Hert, *Hairt*, heart.
Het, hot.
Hich, proud ; lofty.
Hicht, height.
Hillock, a little hill.
Hingin, hanging.
Hin-maist, the last one.
Hinner-en', hinder end.
'Hint, *Ahint*, behind.
Hirple, to walk lamely ; cripple.
Hirsel, herd ; multitude.
Hoast, cough.
Hobbleshew, noise ; tumult.
Hode, hid.
Hodden-grey, coarse grey cloth.
Hog, a sheep before the first shear.

Hogmanay, New Year's Day eve.
Hool, husk.
Hoolet, *Howlet*, owl.
Hoolie, slowly; fair; just.
Horse-couper, a dealer in horses.
Hutchin, moving excitedly; jumping.
Housen, dwellings; up-put.
Hout, to flout.
Howdie, midwife.
Howe, hollow.
Howff, haunt.
Howk, dig.
Howkit, dug up.
Howp, hope; wish.
Howtowdy, a fat chicken.
Hunner, *Hunder*, hundred.
Hurdies, posteriors.
Hurkle, to crouch down.
Hurly, a hand cart.
Hyt, mad.

ILK, each.
Ilka, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingine, genius
Ingle, the household fire; fireplace.
Ingle-side, the fire-side; the hearth.
Intil, in to.
I'se, I shall.
Isles, *Aisles*, cinders; embers.
Ither, other.

JAINUS, a genius.
Jake, Jack; John.
Jalouse, *Jaloose*, suspect.
Jamp, jumped.
Jaud, jade.
Jaup, plash, as with mud.
Jaw, gush of water; waterfall.
Jaw, impertinence.
Jee'd, went astray.
Jiggit, jogged.
Jimp, slender; barely.
Jink, to evade by turning quickly.
Jip, gipsy.
Jo, lover; an equal.
Joes, sweethearts.
Jockteleg, a clasp knife.
Joiter, ne'er-do-weel.
Jouk, to duck down.
Jute, tea; sour drink.

KABER, rafter.
Kail, broth; soup.
Kail-stocks, the hearts of kail or cabbage.
Kedgy, *Cadgy*, happy.
Kail-yaird, kitchen garden.
Kain, rent paid in kind.
Kame, comb; crest.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, to peep.
Keeking-glass, a mirror.
Keel, red chalk.
Kemp, strive.
Ken, know; knowledge.
Kenn'd, *Kent*, knew; known
Kenna, know not.
Kensna, knows not.
Kent, a shepherd's staff.
Kep, catch hold of.
Kett, to make of; fondle.
Kilt, Highland garment; to throw.
Kimmer, *Kummer*, girl; gossip.
Kin, relatives; similar kind.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, churn; a harvest supper
Kist, chest; big box.
Kittle, to tickle; difficult.
Kittlin, a kitten,
Knacky, ingenions; handy.
Knowes, knolls.
Knurlins, dwarfs; pigmies
Knitlin, whittling; shaping.
Kye, cows.
Kyte, belly.
Kythe, show; appear.

LAABOR, to work; to till.
Laddie, boy; lad; lover.
Laids, *Lades*, loads.
Laigh, low.
Laird, proprietor; landlord.
Lairge, large,
Laith, loth.
Lane, self; *my lane*, myself.
Lanesome, lonely.
Lang, long; *the Lang Toun*, Kirkcaldy.
Langidge, language.
Lap, leaped.
Lauchin, laughing.
Lave, the rest; what remains.
Lawin, tavern bill.
Leam, gleam; flame.

Leal, true; loyal.
Lear, learning.
Leddie, lady.
Lee, an untruth.
Leefu', compassionate.
Lee-lang, live long.
Lee-some, pleasant; lovable.
Leeze, commend.
Leish, lash.
Lerrick, larch.
Leuch, laughed.
Licht, light.
Lichtit, kindled; alighted.
Lift, the sky.
Lilt, a song; to lilt, to sing cheerfully.
Lingles, shoemakers' threads.
Links, downs; sea-beaches.
Linn, a waterfall.
Lip, ill-tongue; impertinent talk.
Lippen, trust.
Lirk, wrinkle.
Lith, listen; joint.
Loan, a country lane.
Loch, lake.
Lock, a quantity.
Lo'e, to love.
Loof, hand; palm of.
Looms, tools.
Loons, wild young fellows.
Loot, stoop; allowed; plunder.
Looten, let, permitted.
Loup, leap.
Loupin, jumping; violent.
Loupin-daft, raging mad.
Lowe, flame; fire.
Lowin, blazing.
Lown, calm.
Lowse, loose; quit work.
Lucky, goodwife, mistress.
Lug, ear.
Luggie, a child's wooden dish, having one handle or ear.
Lum, chimney; vent.
Lurdane, a lazy shiftless person.
Lyart, grey.

MAAKAR, poet; song writer, artist.
Maiks, equals half-pennies.
Mailin, a farm.
Mair, more.
Mairch, march; to march.
Maist, most.
Man, husband; servant; employee.
Mane, moan; complaint.
Maud, a plaid.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the evening song-bird—the nightingale of Scotland.
Maylicht, the light house on the May island, Firth of Forth.
Meenits, minutes.
Meer, a mare; a lake.
Mell, associate.
Mennins, minnows.
Mense, discretion.
Micht, might; great power.
Mickle, *Muckle*, *Meikle*, big; great; much.
Midden, dunghill.
Mim, prim; quiet,
Mindfu', thoughtful; kind.
Mindit, remembered.
Minnie, *Mither*, mother.
Mint, aim, attempt.
Mirk, dark.
Mistaen, mistaken.
Mixtie-maxtie, confused; jumbled together.
Mony, many.
Mony-mae, many more.
Mools, the grave mould.
Mou, the mouth.
Morn, to-morrow.
Morn's mornin', to-morrow morning.
Mortalis, unconscious; mortal or dead drunk.
Mort-claith, pall; death cloth.
Muck, dung.
Muck-bawk, a farm implement for drawing out straw or dung.
Mune, the moon.
Murnfu', mournful.
Mutch, a woman's house cap.
Mutchkin, a measure holding four gills.

NA, *NAE*, no; not so.
Naig, a horse; young saddle horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, happy; pungent; drink.
Neeps, turnips.
Neese, nose.
Neety, niggardly.

Neibor, Neebor, neighbour.
Neist, next; nearest.
Neive, fist; hand.
Neivefu', a handful.
Neth, Neath, beneath.
Neuk, nook.
Nicher, to neigh softly.
Nicht, night.
Niffer, to barter; exchange
Nips, half-glasses of spirits.
Nither, Nidder, shudder; starve.
Nits, nuts.
No-ae-ane, not a single one.
Noo, now.
Norlan, northern.
Nowte, cattle.

OCH! ah! oh!
Och-hon! alas!
Och-hon-a-ree! a Gaelic exclamation of sorrow or great misfortune.
Oe, grandchild.
Offish, office.
Ongauns, mischievious doings.
Ony, any.
Or, ere; before.
Orra, anything over what is absolutely requisite.
Ordnar, ordinary.
Orp, to sob and weep.
Out-bye, outside; in the open air.
Owk, Ouk, week.
Owre, over.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxter, armpit; to go arm in arm.

PAIK, beat.
Pang, cram; fill full.
Papp, to walk slowly or quietly.
Pappit, went leisurely.
Parled, paralyzed.
Parritch, oatmeal porridge.
Pat, a pot; put.
Pauchty, Paughty, haughty, proud.
Pawky, innocently sly.
Pech, pant.
Pensy, conceited.
Pent, paint.
Phaple, face, countenance.
Pheerin-pole, a long staff or pole used for measuring and marking off land into ridges, drills, etc.
Pig, an earthenware vessel.
Pike, to pick.
Ping, to strike; beat.
Pingin, resounding, beating.
Pingle, to strive hard.
Pinkie, the little finger.
Pirn, a spool or reel.
Plenishin, farm stocking; furniture.
Pleuch, Ploo, plough.
Plouter, to puddle.
Poind, to distrain for debt.
Poo, pull.
Pookin, plucking; tugging.
Poo'r, power, pour.
Poortith, poverty.
Powther, powder.
Pow, the head.
Pownie, pony.
Praisent-bit, present abode or place.
Pree, taste.
Preens, pins.
Prent, print; literature.
Prentit, printed; published.
Prief, proof.
Promish, promise; offer.
Propine, present; gift.
Pruve, prove.
Pu'd, Poo'd, pulled.

QUAT, quit; quitted.
Quate, quiet.
Quaich, Quegh, a drinking cup.
Quey, a young cow.
Quo', said.

RACK, strain; smoke; mist; wreck.
Rade, rode.
Raibles, foolish stories.
Raid, foray; exploration.
Rair, roar.
Raither, rather.
Rale, real.
Ramfeezled, confused and fatigued.
Ramshackle, unmethodical.
Ram-stam, precipitate; pell-mell.
Rape, rope.
Rase, rose; arose.
Rat-rhyme, rhyme said by rote.
Raw, a row.
Rax, stretch; reach.

Redd, unravel; clear up.
Rede, advise; warn.
Red-mud, stark mad.
Reens, reins.
Reestit, stuck; could or would not proceed.
Reif, rapine.
Reive, thieve.
Rife, abundant.
Rift, belch.
Rifted, riven; torn; split.
Riggin', the roof or ridge of a house or other building.
Rin, run.
Roose, praise; extol.
Roostit, rusted.
Roove, to rivet.
Rosin, *Roset*, shoemakers' wax; resin.
Routh, plenty.
Routhy, having abundance.
Routin, lowing, like cattle.
Row, roll; a quarrel.
Rowan-tree, the mountain ash.
Rowt, roar, like bulls.
Ruchles, old articles.
Ruckles, ruins.
Ruits, roots.
Rummel, rumble.
Rummilgumption, sense; judgement.
Runch, rive; tear.
Rungs, cudgels.

SAE, so.
Saem, *Saim*, lard.
Saft, soft.
Saikless, guiltless.
Sained, sainted; blessed.
Sair, sore.
Saip, soap.
Sait, seat; chair.
Sall, shall.
Sang, song; sung.
Sark, shirt.
Saugh, *Sauch*, willow.
Saucht, sought.
Saul, soul.
Saunts, saints.
Saut, salt; bitter; devilish.
Sautit, preserved with salt.
Saumon, salmon.
Scaith, *Skaith*, injury.
Scaud, scald.
Scaur, scare; precipice; escarpment.
Scart, scratch.
Scaup, scalp; head.
Schule, school.
Scone, a cake.
Screich, scream; brisk.
Screich o' day, break of day.
Scribe, writer; author.
Scrimpit, pinched; deficient.
Scunner, disgust.
Sech, sigh.
Seedlins, youngsters; learners.
Seepin, saturating.
Sel', self.
Sey, attempt.
Shae, shoe.
Shaird, portion.
Shammy, *Shinty*, hockey.
Shank, leg; limb.
Shank's-naigie, on foot.
Shanna, shall not.
Shauchle, an ill-formed person.
Shaw, a wood.
Shaws, tops of turnips and potatoes.
Shearin, reaping.
Shielding, a hill cottage, or lodge.
Sheuch, *Sheugh*, ditch; gutter.
Sheuken, shaken.
Shiel, a shelter.
Shill, shrill.
Shilpit, thin; delicate-looking.
Shog, shake.
Shool, shovel.
Shore, threaten; offer.
Shottle, drawer in a chest.
Sib, kin; blood-related.
Sic, *Sich*, such
Siccan, such like.
Siccan-a-ane, such an one.
Siccar, *Sicker*, firm; stubborn; great.
Sid, *Sud*, *Shid*, should.
Sike, a rill.
Sillar, silver; money.
Sin', since.
Sindle, seldom.
Sin-syne, since then.
Skail, spill; disperse.
Skairsh, scarce.
Skaith, *Scaith*, injury
Skeel, skill; wisdom.
Skeelie, a lead pencil; learned.

Skeigh, elevated; lively; skittish.
Skelp, slap; flog; run quickly.
Skelpins, thrashings.
Skids, slides.
Sklate, slate.
Skreed, tear; a big drink.
Skreigh, *Skreich*, shriek.
Skyte, fly forcibly.
Slade, slided.
Slap, a stroke with open hand.
Slap, a gap; quick; instantly.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; ingenious.
Sleished, slashed.
Slewn, slain.
Slick, easy.
Slid, smooth; glassy.
Sliddy, slippery.
Slogans, war cries.
Sloken, slake.
Slot, door-bolt.
Smeddum, vigour; abillty.
Smeek, smoke; suffocate.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smirk, smile.
Smittle, contagious.
Smoor, smother.
Snabs, shoemakers.
Snack, gruff; supple.
Snaw-ba's, snow-balls.
Sned, cut quickly.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mull, snuff-box.
Snell, sharp; chill.
Snod, tidy; comfortable.
Snood, fillet for the hair.
Snools, soft slow people.
Snoove, to proceed leisurely.
Socht, *Saucht*, sought.
Soddent, soaking.
Sodger, *Sojer*, soldier.
Sonsy, stout and happy.
Soo, a sow.
Sooks, sucks
Soom, swim.
Soop, to sweep.
Soor, sulky; stern.
Sorn, to sponge.
Sough, blow softly.
Souple, *Soople*, supple.
Soutar, a cobbler.
Souther, solder.
Sowff, to con over music or poetry.
Sowps, *Soups*, sups; mouthfuls.
Spae, to foretell.
Spang, jump.
Sparks, young dandies.
Spate, flood.
Spaul, shoulder.
Spavie, spavin.
Speel, *Spiel*, to climb.
Speir, *Speer*, enquire.
Spelder, to split and stretch out.
Spence, parlour; inner apartment.
Splairge, splash; bedaub.
Splittie, division; disagreement.
Spree, spry; a drunken fit.
Spring, a tune.
Sprush, spruce
Spunk, courage.
Spunks, matches.
Spunkie, a young lively fellow.
Squackin, crying.
Stab, a stake.
Stack, a rick; stuck.
Staigs, young horses.
Staunch, staunch.
Stank, stagnant water.
Stapp, push into; cork up.
Stark, strong; stalwart; capable.
Starns, the stars.
Staw, stole; to satiate.
Stech, cram; to gormondise.
Steek, shut.
Steekit, closed.
Steeve, firm; tight.
Stend, jump quickly.
Stent, a portion; a beat
Stey, steep.
Steys, stays; props; corsets.
Stick-an-stow, the whole; bag and baggage.
Stirks, one year old cattle.
Stoiter, stagger.
Stooks, ricks of grain.
Stoor, rough, stern.
Stoor, *Stour*, dust; disquiet.
Stots, bullocks.
Stowkins, on the sly; clandestinely.
Stowth, stealth.
Strack, struck.
Strade, strode.
Strae, straw.
Straik, to stroke.
Strand, street gutter.
Stravaigin, idly wandering.

Strecht, Straucht, straight.
Striek, stretch; expose.
Stripe, gutter; open sewer.
Strone, to spout; to pass urine.
Strow, strew.
Stuck-ups, fops; would-be gentry.
Studdy, an anvil.
Stude, stood.
Sturdy, giddy-head; robust.
Styme, a small portion; a glimpse.
Suddle, sully.
Sumphs, blockheads.
Swankie, a supple fellow.
Swarf, swoon.
Swat, sweated.
Swats, small beer.
Sweir, Sweer, swear; unwilling.
Swith, swift; quickly.
Swither, hesitate.
Sybo, a small early undergrown onion.
Syke, a runlet.
Syne, then.

TACKS, leases.
Tae, too; also toe.
Taes, the toes.
Taid, Taed, toad.
Tangs, Tings, tongs.
Tappit-hen, large punch bowl.
Tarrow, to linger perversely at meals.
Tass, a cup for—or of—liquor.
Tate, a very small quantity.
Tatties, potatoes.
Tauld, Telit, told.
Taupie, a slow, backward girl.
Tawse, Taws, the old school scourge for misdemeanants; playing marbles.
Ted, to shake up.
Tee, the mark played for at games.
Teel, till—ploughing, etc.
Teen, provocation; anger.
Teets, Paps, nipples; breasts.
Tent, heed; care, *Tak tent*, take care.
Tentie, kindly watchful.
Teuch, tough.
Teuk, Tuk, took.
Thae, these; those.
Thack, Theak, thatch.
Thack-an'-rape, thatch and straw rope; safety; preservation.
Thairms, catgut; entrails.
Than, then
Thangs, thongs; laces; whips.
Thaucht, Thocht, thought.
Thir, these.
Thole, endure; suffer.
Thon, yon.
Thow, to thaw.
Thrang, busy; crowd.
Thrapple, the throat; to throttle.
Thrawn, ill-tempered.
Thrawart, cross; perverse.
Threep, to argue pertinaciously.
Threid, thread.
Thretty, thirty.
Throo, through.
Throoither, confused together; mixed up.
Thud, a blow; quiet stroke.
Ticht, tight; hard pressed.
Tikes, clowns; hinds.
Tikes, bed cases; ticks.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, lose.
Tinnies, tankards.
Tint, lost.
Tipny, two-penny.
Tippeny, cheap ale.
Tirl, uncover; tumble.
Tirrivees, domestic quarrels.
Tittie, sister.
Tocher, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to walk quietly and slowly.
Toddlin, sauntering leisurely.
Toddy, whisky punch
Toff, slang for fop.
Toober, thrash; chastise.
Toom, empty; to unload.
Toorie, a small heap; a turret.
Toun, Toon, town.
Tout, a slight illness; anger; bother.
Tousie, disordered.
Touzle, tangle; ruffle.
Tow, rope; to haul.
Towmond, twelvemonth.
Tracers, boys employed by the Edinburgh tram-car company.

Transe, passage; corridor.
Trantles, old articles.
Tredd, trade.
Trew, trow.
Trig, trim; tidy.
Trockin, hawking; bartering.
Tron, weighing place.
Trows, knows.
Tryst, appoint; a fair or market.
Twa, *Twae*, two.
Twall, twelve.
Tykes, big dogs; big rough men.

UGSOME, bad; hateful.
Unco, very; strange; extra; uncommon; anything *outre*.
Uncos, news; wonders; famous things.
Unsonsy, unfortunate.

VERA, very.
Virrle, ferrule; broad ring.
Vissy, a quiet view; to watch; overlook.
Vogie, vain; proud.
Voo, vow.
Vratch, wretch.
Vrite, write.

WAB, web.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; wager.
Waddin, wedding; cotton wool.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sad; sorry.
Waefu', sorrowful.
Waesucks! alas!
Wae-worth-him, woe befal him.
Waff, of low character.
Wairp, warp.
Wair't, spend it.
Wale, to choose; *The wale*, the pick; the very best.
Waly, *Wally*, struggle; also pithy; large; strong; beautiful.
Wame, the belly.
Wan, pale; faded; also one.
Wance, once.
Wark, work.
Warl', *Warld*, the world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warstled, struggled.
Wasna, was not.
Wat, wet; wot; know.
Water-brash, heartburn.
Watna, wot not.
Waufish, barely respectable.
Waur, worse.
Wauken, waken.
Wayart, wayward; erratic.
Wean, a child.
Wecht, *Waucht*, weight.
Weedins, uprooted plants.
Weeds, diseases which attack the legs of horses; large swellings.
Weeshin, washed.
Weet, wet; rain; drizzle.
Weir, war; a mill-dam.
Weir, *Weer*, to wear; obstruct; stop.
Weys, ways.
Whalps, whelps; offspring.
Whalpins, beatings.
Whalpit, pupped.
Wham, whom.
Whammel'd, canted; tilted ove somewhat; not straight up.
Whan, when.
Whang, thong; a large slice.
Whaup, a curlew.
Whaur, *Whare*, where.
Wheen, some; a moderate number or quantity.
Wersh, insipid.
Wheesht! hush!
Wheich, drink; whisky.
Whid, an untruth.
Whid, to scamper or run quickly.
Whiles, *Whyles*, sometimes; at the same time.
Whilie, a little while.
Whilk, which.
Whillywha, cheat.
Whindgin, whining.
Whins, furze.
Whitter, a social glass.
Whommel, waggle.
Whuffy, a busy minute.
Whup, whip.
Whuppin, grand; great; vast.
Whupt, whipped.
Wicht, *Wight*, strong; heroic.
Wilyart, shy; bewildered.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, window.

Winnel-straes, Windle-straes, stalks of long wild grass.
Wirricow, a phantom ; a bugbear.
Won, dwell.
Wonn'd, resided.
Wonner, wonder.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! exclamatory : ah ! oh ! etc
Wrate, wrote.
Wrack, wreck ; couch grass.
Wud, mad ; insane.
Wumman, woman.
Wut, wit ; mind ; mental power.
Wyliecoat, an under vest or coat.
Wynd, an alley.
Wyse, coax ; entice ; guide.
Wyte, blame.

YAHOOS, savages.
Yaird, kitchen garden ; a court.
Yammer, to grumble.
Yamph, to bark.
Yap, hungry.
Yaud, old horse.
Yauld, fresh ; lively ; alert.
Yaup, yelp.
Yed, contend.
Yeld, Yeeld, farrow ; barren.
Ye'se, you shall.
Yestreen, last night.
Yett, gate.
Yowes, ewes.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yowl, to howl like a dog ; yell.
Yuke, itch.
Yule, Christmas.

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